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Three Poems

By D. H. Lawrence

I

TIRED OF THE BOAT

SEE the stars, love,
In the water much nearer and brighter
Than those above us, and whiter,
  Like nenuphars.

Star-shadows shine, love,
How many stars in your bowl?
How many shadows in your soul—
  Only mine, love, mine?

When I move the oars, love,
See how the stars are tossed,
Distorted, the brightest lost—
  So that bright one of yours, love—!

The poor waters spill
The stars, waters broken, forsaken——.
"The heavens are not shaken," you say, love,
  "There the stars are still."

Ah, did you see
That spark fly up at us? Even
Stars are not secure in heaven.
  What of me then, love, me—?

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What then, love, if soon
Your light be tossed over a wave,
And darkness drink it up in a grave,
And the whole night swoon.

Unconscious! Then you,
Will you weep the core of the night
Bitter-rotten with tears, blight
The day's flesh through?
—Is that what you'll do, love?

II

SIGH NO MORE

The cuckoo and the coo-dove's ceaseless calling,
Calling,
Of a meaningless monotony, is palling
All my morning's pleasure of the sun-scattered wood

May-blossom and the small blue birds'-eyes falling,
Falling
On the dust and the dark elm-shade are scrawling
Messages white and blue from my betrothed
Down the road.

Up the common, a spider has been weaving,
Weaving
Purple webs across a rabbit-hole, believing
She could keep at home the rabbit from
His dark-hour truantry.

Must I tell her, and set her heart grieving,
Grieving?
Does the coo-dove and the flower know I'm deceiving
Her who never yet in speech or in silence
Lied to me?

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III

AH, MURIEL!

I HAVE many prayers to say.
If I string the planets and the beady stars
Into a glistening rosary,
'Twill not be too many prayers to say.

For I have injured you;
Under the moon's sharp scimitar's
Flashing of delicate wrath,
I did you an injury.

When I come home, promise me,
Promise you will not watch the scar's
Red stroke across my lips,
When I stand in the doorway, shamefully.

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The Careless Lad

By Mrs. Clement Shorter

The careless lad went through the wood
Leaped the retarding gate,
And whistled thrice unto his dog
Who strayed behind so late.

And then he turned him to the North
To find the trodden way,
And there he saw a pretty child
Who on his path did play.

"Come hither now, my little maid,
Come hither now to me,
And tell me of a fair young girl
Called Mary Marjorie."

"Oh would you seek poor Marjorie,"
The little maid replied.
She took him by the strong right hand
And hurried by his side.

The careless lad he turned him East,
And then he turned him West,
Until he passed a withered crone
Who beat upon her breast.

"Why do you weep you ancient one,
Why do you weep and sigh?"
"'Tis for poor maiden Marjorie
Who now is like to die."

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THE CARELESS LAD

The careless lad sang up the hill
And then he whistled down,
And there he passed a laden man
Who hurried from the town.

" Where do you take so great a load
That makes you groan in pain ? "
" A gift for poor maid Marjorie
To make her smile again."

The careless lad went through the mead
With laughter loud and sweet,
And there he saw a shining stream
That trickled by his feet,

" Now tell to me, my pretty child,
That at my side doth run,
What makes this little stream to go
Where never there was one ? "

" Maid Marjorie doth lie all day,
She neither laughs nor cries.
Here flow her mother's tears," she said,
" That fall from her sad eyes."

The careless lad he leaped the stream
And danced across the mead,
And lone he left the pretty child
Who could not dare his speed,

And when he reached the lonely cot
Where Marjorie did dwell,
He boldly pulled upon the latch
And struck the white lintel.

And thrice his careless shoulder pushed
Upon the oaken door.
" Now what is this that holds so strong
That never held before ? "

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" Pale Mary Marjorie doth lie
Beneath some fairy charm.
It is her father's heart that holds
To keep her safe from harm."

The careless lad he laughed full long,
Full loud and long laughed he,
" What pother is all this," he said,
" Where need no pother be ? "

And then he turned him to the South,
And then he turned him East,
And thrice he whistled to his dog
To chide the lagging beast.

And thrice he whistled to his dog,
And once to Marjorie,
Swift rose she from her snow-white bed
Where all alone lay she.

She sprang from off her narrow couch
All laughing in her glee,
And pushed upon the oaken door
That swung to set her free.

The careless lad went through the wood
And leaped the moss-grown gate,
And thrice he whistled to the thrush
Who sung beside his mate.

And thrice he whistled to his dog,
A laggard beast was he.
And once he whistled low and sweet
To Mary Marjorie.

She stepped across the little stream
That through the mead did wind,
And followed close the careless lad
Who never looked behind.

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Sonnet

By H. O. Meredith

Because in that dark night the worm shall eat
  Thy body's loveliness, because its lust
  Shall freeze and blacken in unlovely dust,
Is the embrace of love therefore less sweet ?
Or is man's majesty the less complete
  Because in the end his race determine must ?
  We are more noble if, devoid of trust,
We bear life's banner gaily to defeat.
Let life to life and love to love succeed
  And fall breast-forwards to the grisly king,
    Who hath dominion over mortal men.
For whatsoe'er destruction is decreed,
  He triumphs who goes forth unwavering,
    Of the doomed world a dauntless citizen.

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The Women of Shakespeare*

By Frank Harris

ARTICLE VI

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergaellt.—*Faust.*

In my last article we saw that the portrait of his "dark lady" as Cleopatra is at once the truest and most complex portrait of his wanton mistress that Shakespeare ever painted; it was also his last portrait of her. *Antony and Cleopatra* was probably written early in 1608 shortly before Mary Fitton married for the second time, and left the court and Shakespeare for ever. All the unquenched desire, all the ineffable regret and sadness of his long passion are in those deathless words of the dying Antony:

Of many thousand kisses this poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

When Mary Fitton left him, Shakespeare fell to despair. The forces of youth in him were exhausted; his nerves gave way, and he crept home to Stratford a broken man. It is clear, as we shall see when we come to *The Tempest*, that it was the loving care and tenderness of his young daughter Judith, and rest in his native air, which renewed his lease of life. He was forty-five years of age when he struggled again into the sunshine, shaking and weak, and when he took up the pen once more his work shows in every line diminished virility; of a sudden he had grown old. As I have shown in *The Man Shakespeare*, all his later "romances," as they have been aptly called, are mere pale copies of earlier comedies. The humour in him and the love of life have grown faint; he cannot trouble to find new stories, or

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rather, it is only the old ones which appeal to him; he repeats himself.

Before I consider these later works, I must glance at a play which was written just before his breakdown. *Coriolanus* is an even poorer play than *Timon;* it belongs to the same period in the poet's life. There are only two noteworthy things in it: the boundless admiration of Coriolanus for his mother, and his contempt and loathing of the common people.

We have seen again and again in the course of these studies how Shakespeare was helped by the storytellers, poets and historians from whom he took the skeletons of his plays. *Coriolanus* is an instance of the contrary and shows how he could be led astray by his authority, and through absolute ignorance of Roman history, could turn a picture into a monstrous caricature. The source of *Coriolanus* was Plutarch's life translated by North. Plutarch's view of the Roman plebs in the time of Coriolanus was coloured by prepossessions derived from the mob of his own time, and it suffered besides from his strong aristocratic prejudice. He speaks of the popular leaders as "seditious tribunes," and represents the plebs as a needy rabble. But Plutarch had plain facts before him and had to admit that the poor rabble and their tribunes were the military mainstay of the state. The plebs won redress of intolerable grievances by retreating to the Sacred Mount and thus gave convincing proof of disciplined civil temper.

Shakespeare caricatures all this. He himself, as we have seen, was an aristocrat by nature, in love with all the distinctions, dignities and delicacies of life, an artist-aristocrat of the finest poetic sensibilities, and as a poet-dramatist in the age of Elizabeth his naturally aristocratic temper was cultivated to excess. The middle classes of his time were puritans, who misunderstood and hated his art, and were despised by him as "lying shopkeepers" and insane sectaries. The people to him were mere groundlings, a low mob without understanding or taste. In spite of his loyalty to truth, he attributed the victory of Agincourt to the king and nobles though it was won by the common English archers, and though this historical fact was before him, vouched for by his authorities. In *Coriolanus* he again distorts facts to suit his aristocratic prepossessions. He represents the

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people as curs, " hares and geese," their caps all " greasy," their breaths " foul." It may be said that Shakespeare is here thinking of the English people and not of the Roman, but bad as the English common people may be, stupid as they are, sheepish as they are, they yet have courage enough, courage, indeed, of a high good-humoured kind, but Shakespeare denies his mob any courage and any virtue.

From the point of view of art, this is not the worst fault of his aristocratic bias. Again and again in earlier plays he has shown that he knew very little about men of action ; the fighting men and adventurers who were the most characteristic product of that jostling time were not his favourites. He has never given us any portraits of the Drakes or even of the Raleighs, and here where he has to paint an aristocrat of great courage who is self-willed and self-opinionated, he exaggerates his faults, and turns Coriolanus into an insufferable braggart and bully, and so renders his would-be tragedy ridiculous. Plutarch, helped by facts, was in this instance a far better artist than Shakespeare. He says of Coriolanus : his " natural wit and great heart did marvellously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts " ; but " for lack of education he was so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature ; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation." It is just this " lack of education " which has always been the most conspicuous fault in the English aristocrat ; he has always been, as Matthew Arnold put it, " impervious to ideas," and one would have expected that Shakespeare, who loved books and book-learning and large generalisations, would have noted this and drawn the moral from it ; but he does not. His Coriolanus does not sin out of ignorance and hatred of ideas ; but from insensate pride. Brutus the tribune says rightly enough that Coriolanus tops " all others in boasting," and as if Coriolanus himself wished to prove this, he declares he could fight " forty citizens," and this piece of braggadocio is not his worst. When banished from Rome he takes refuge with Aufidius. In the house of his great enemy he cannot help bragging of his victories over the people to whom he has fled for refuge. The scene is incredible. Aufidius praises him :

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Say, what's thy name ?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't, though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel : what's thy name ?
COR. Prepare thy brow to frown : know'st thou me yet ?
AUF. I know thee not : thy name ?
COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief : thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. . . .

This is as bad as bad can be, and it does not stand alone. Coriolanus shows so badly that we lose sympathy with him and take sides with the mob and their tribunes. Again and again Shakespeare makes similar if less grave faults ; it is fair to say that the worst blunders in all his work, such as this silly picture of bragging Coriolanus, the disgusting caricature of Joan of Arc, and that dreadful scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where young noblemen insult Shylock, who has been cheated and broken by a quibbling trick, are due directly to Shakespeare's snobbishness. As an artist his excessive volubility, even, is not so pernicious a weakness.

The other theme of the play is far more finely handled, and is far more necessary to our understanding of Shakespeare's life. In Plutarch, the mother of Coriolanus has more influence in the crises of the play than his wife. Shakespeare exaggerated this tendency. The wife is gracious and charming in Plutarch, but Shakespeare finds a new trait to give her which is extraordinarily characteristic. We have seen how in youth he disliked his own wife for her violent temper and bitter scolding tongue : Coriolanus here addresses his wife as : " My gracious silence." One cannot but smile at the nursed resentment.

In spite of this praise the wife plays hardly any part in the drama ; the whole interest is concentrated on the mother and son. It is Volumnia who urges her son to be " mild " and win the consulship ; it is she who reproves him for his impatient despotic temper, who induces him at the last to forego his revenge on the Romans, and spare his native city. The speech of Coriolanus when he is on the point of yielding to his mother's pleading is impossible in the mouth of a Roman general, but is all the more characteristic of Shakespeare at this time :

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Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. . . .
. . . You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink my knee, i' the earth
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons. . . .

Surely in the last lines of this self-revealing speech we catch an echo of Shakespeare's pride in himself and his intense admiration of his mother. Why should Coriolanus praise his mother to us? We expect here that he will ask his mother to share in the joy of his victory and exult with him. But what he does is to praise her as if she were dead; and the truth is that Shakespeare's mother died in 1608 some little while before *Coriolanus* was written. It seems to me that his main reason for writing the play was to give some record of his admiration for his mother. A little later he lets her say:

. . . There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother. . . .

Perhaps some of my readers may wish me to carry my guess-work or divination of Shakespeare's real meaning a little further. Volumnia says:

. . . here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. . . .

Now consider the wildly exaggerated lines:

. . . Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy. . .

Coriolanus, as we have seen, has shown his mother every courtesy, and followed her advice again and again. It is poor Shakespeare who in the bitterness of his mourning and sorrow feels that he had not done enough for his "dear" mother while she was alive, had not rendered her courtesy enough. I think it probable from the last lines that Shakespeare when a youth had confided to his mother his intention of going to London, and that she had encouraged him.

So far my guess-work is borne out by the text; but now I would

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carry it a little farther than the text may seem to justify. When Coriolanus yields and agrees to be reconciled to the Romans, this is how he talks:

> O mother, mother!
> What have you done? Behold the heavens do ope,
> The gods look down and this unnatural scene
> They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
> You have won a happy victory to Rome;
> But, for your son believe it, O believe it,
> Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd
> If not most mortal to him. . . .

One might perhaps ask why the gods should laugh at the scene. Nor can Coriolanus know that the result of his yielding will be his murder; it is all out of character, too, for a man brave to madness to be more apprehensive for his own safety than his mother; the fault is slight, if you will, but it is there; the expressions are a little strained, a something forced and exaggerated just enough to make me feel that his mother on her death-bed had probably begged something of Shakespeare which he had granted very reluctantly, and which to him had a touch of bitter humour in it. His mother, I feel, had made him promise to be reconciled to his wife. Think of the words; let them sink in the ear:

> . . . O my mother, mother! O!
> You have won a happy victory to Rome;
> But, for your son believe it, O believe it,
> Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd. . . .

It is all weak and gentle, false to Coriolanus; but most true to Shakespeare because he knew that a reconciliation with his wife could not be other than formal to him and worse—"most dangerous" in fact! He could never forgive his wife the injury she had done him in forcing him to marry her, or the dangers she had exposed him to when she drove him from Stratford with her bitter scolding.

The high interest of Coriolanus is that Shakespeare is intent on showing us in it how he loved his mother, the confidante of his dreams and ambitions in boyhood, and how deeply he regretted her: . . . "no man in the world" owed more to his mother . . . "the most noble mother of the world." . . .

He paints her for us too; Volumnia has quick temper but more

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nsight and good sense; she is always able to control herself in deference to judgment. This mother, Mary Arden, who could not read or write, had in her the wisdom of the finest English natures; she saw her own faults and her son's, and usually counselled moderation. It was not his quick, adventurous and unfortunate father whom Shakespeare adored; but his wise, loving mother. Every mention of her in the play is steeped in tenderness; even the paltry, prejudiced tribune Sicinius has to admit that Coriolanus "loved his mother deeply."

Of course the professor-mandarins will pooh-pooh all this as if it were the very extravagance of conjecture; but after all it is for the reader to judge between us.

Shakespeare showed his grief for the death of his mother and the death of his son very plainly; we are now to learn what a profound impression his young daughter Judith made on him. After his breakdown over the loss of Mary Fitton, Shakespeare probably returned to Stratford for a year or so; possibly he was recalled by the news of his mother's illness, and there he came to know his daughter Judith intimately. She was already twenty-two years of age. He could not have seen much of her on his previous visits; or perhaps he did not then need so much the tenderness she had to give. For now she not only became dear to him; but was a solace and source of strength. From this time on she lives for us in his art. To find her portrait in Marina of *Pericles*, in Perdita of *The Winter's Tale*, and in Miranda of *The Tempest* will surprise some readers, but the evidence is really quite sufficient. It should strike every one that all these plays are warmed, so to speak, with the joy of reunited kinsfolk. All these maiden-heroines, too, have abstract names and are all manifestly portraits of the same girl, who was lost to her father (Perdita) and is now admired by him (Miranda). She is dutiful and sweet tempered, but above all modest in mind and body. As we have seen, all Shakespeare's pictures of girls before his breakdown were tainted with coarseness which often reached the impossible of uncharacteristic lewdness, but Miranda, Perdita, and Marina proclaim themselves virtuous at all costs. Instead of Juliet's and Portia's delighted freedom of speech we have now a careful avoidance by his maidens of suggestive allusions. The

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change is abrupt and marked, and in itself extraordinary. I can only explain it by the supposition that it was his daughter who brought Shakespeare to better knowledge. He goes out of his way to tell us in *The Tempest* that when cast adrift on "a mere butt" to die, it was his angelic daughter who won him back to life and endurance. The confession in the mouth of a magician is so extraordinary that I may be forgiven for believing that it is Shakespeare's account of what his daughter really was to him in his extremity:

> . . . O, a cherubin
> Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile
> Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
> When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
> Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
> An undergoing stomach to bear up
> Against what should ensue.

How the babe only three years old could show "fortitude" Prospero does not tell us; but now let us consider these "romances" in order.

Pericles is the earliest of them and is to me very interesting for a dozen reasons, the most obvious, though certainly not the most important, being that the commentators all agree that "large parts of it are not by Shakespeare." The poets as usual set the tune. Coleridge finds in the beginning signs of Shakespeare's "indifference," and Swinburne talks of the "lean and barren style of these opening acts." Then the professors give tongue boldly. Professor Herford bundles the first two acts neck and crop out of Shakespeare's work: "they are equally devoid of the brilliance of his youth and of the subtle technique of his maturity. They combine the imperfect craft of the 'prentice with the dulness of the journeyman." How categorical these professors are, to be sure, in condemning poor 'prentice Shakespeare who had already a dozen masterpieces to his credit.

Even Marina's story does not please the professor completely. The "powerful realism of Boult and his crew" in the brothel was, he assures us airily, "within the compass of many a Jacobean dramatist."

It is beside my purpose at the moment to prove that all this is evidence of something else than Shakespeare's incompetence.

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I find the master on almost every page in *Pericles*. The character of Pericles is manifestly Shakespeare's work from beginning to end: he is, indeed, an incarnation of Shakespeare himself, and his words are curiously characteristic and beautiful. Take almost his first speech in the first scene of the first act, when the daughter of Antiochus enters:

> See where she comes *apparell'd like the spring*
> *Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king*
> *Of every virtue gives renown to men!* . . .
> Her face the book of praises, where is read,
> Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,
> Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
> Could never be her mild companion. . . .

Where else but in Shakespeare could one find anything like the magnificent lines I have put in italics? Swinburne's idea of a "lean and barren style" is amusing. I wonder how many finer lines there are in all the treasury of English verse than this:

> See where she comes apparell'd like the spring.

The very soul of Shakespeare is to be found in the divine phrase; and what an optimist he was even to the end; he will have it that it is "virtue gives renown to men," whereas surely it is the extraordinary, the singular, whether for good or evil; the "sport," in fact. Nero will probably be remembered for his crimes as long as Marcus Aurelius for virtue.

The whole passage is as characteristic of Shakespeare as anything that can be found in all his works.

The pregnant confusion of that "testy wrath" and "mild companion" should have brought the professors to knowledge, for it is an excellent instance of Shakespeare's overhasty thought.

The next speech of Pericles is just as characteristic. It begins:

> Antiochus, I thank thee who hath taught
> My frail mortality to know itself;
>
> . . .

I do not need to quote more; this is Shakespeare speaking as he speaks in *Hamlet*, without disguise.

I need not continue: it must be enough here just to state that the scene with the fishermen in the second act is so completely Shakespeare's that one might give parallel words from other plays for almost every line of it.

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Professor Herford asserts that the "opening of the third act, by one of the most amazing transitions in literature, suddenly steeps us in the asmosphere of high poetry." But there is no such transition, and he who would attribute the scene of Pandar and Boult and Bawd in the brothel to any one but Shakespeare, is, as the French say, "capable of anything." On one page I find Boult crying to Marina: "that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he could cheapen a kiss of her," and on the very next page Lysimachus says:

> She'll do the deed of darkness,

the very phrase Edgar uses in *Lear*.

What surprised Shakespeare in his daughter Judith-Marina was her modesty. Her innate purity, indeed, astonished him to such a degree, that he shows her in a brothel and depicts her as immediately converting all comers and even the lewd servant to belief in her angelic innocence. And she carries it all through with a high hand. In spite of his disillusions and despairings, Shakespeare is still an idealist.

Marina hardly lives for us though Shakespeare has lent her his singing robes again and again. She cries:

> O that the gods
> Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
> Though they did change me to the meanest bird
> That flies i' the purer air!

But on the very next page she tells Boult he is:

> . . . the damned doorkeeper to every
> Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib . . .

which is excellent Shakespeare who learned scurrility with Doll Tearsheet and Falstaff, but certainly is not pleasing in the virginal Marina, and in the next page when Boult asks, "Can you teach all this you speak of?" she replies:

> Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
> And prostitute me to the basest groom
> That doth frequent your house.

"Prove that I cannot, bring me here again," would be tremendous in its reticence, but as the phrase stands, and especially as amplified by the next two lines, it becomes a rank offence. It evidently took more than Lear's "civet" to sweeten Shakespeare's imagination.

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Of course, this Marina must go on to brag of her gentle birth :

> My derivation was from ancestors
> Who stood equivalent with mighty kings. . . .

The sketch is not realised ; Marina cannot be said to live for us in spite of her love of flowers and her purity, but this last quality makes her so strange an apparition in Shakespeare's pages, that we can set her down as a reflection from the real world, and not an imaginary figure.

The Winter's Tale has a second motive in it : not only does it glow with the joy of reunited kinsfolk, but like *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, and *Henry VIII.* it is also touched with the tragedy of slandered womanhood. Having come to life again and some measure of strength, Shakespeare cannot help playing with the idea of the joy that might have been his, had Mary Fitton been true, had his jealousy slandered her. When Leontes sees his wife's image he cries :

> No settled senses of the world can match
> The pleasure of that madness. . . .

I find further evidence that Shakespeare is thinking of his love, Mary Fitton, in *The Winter's Tale*, as much as he is thinking of his reunion with his daughter, in an incident which takes place towards the end of the play. Paulina reproaches the gentleman for praising Perdita beyond Hermione :

> . . . your writing now
> Is colder than that theme, ' She had not been,
> Nor was not to be equall'd ' ;—thus your verse
> Flower'd with her beauty once. . . .

That " She had not been, nor was not to be equall'd " is significant to me. He has also given Mary Fitton's courage and quick temper to Paulina, and adding loyalty has turned her into another Beatrice. But the most convincing piece of evidence of the personal feeling in the play lies in the fact that Shakespeare here, in Leontes, merely copies the jealousy which he has already depicted for us in Hamlet and Othello, and which he will paint again in Posthumus. It is the act always that enrages him, and not the hurt to tenderness nor the loss of affection :

> . . . his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
> Sir Smile, his neighbour. . . .

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It is the outward and visible sign of the falsity which maddens him :

> Is whispering nothing ?
> Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
> Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
> Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible
> Of breaking honesty— . . .

This Shakespeare-Leontes, too, will generalise his affliction and rave like Lear and Timon :

"It is a bawdy planet . . . no barricado for a belly . . . many thousands on's have the disease and feel't not. . . ."

A chief feature of all these romances written after his breakdown is that Shakespeare falls back again into his incorrigible idealism ; character is immutable. In the first scene of the first act, Prince Mamillius is praised by all the gentlemen with superlatives that mock reality. It is fitting enough in Paulina to call him the "jewel of children," but men don't praise another man's child so extravagantly. Shakespeare is evidently thinking of his own boy who died in boyhood. But his idealism comes to clearest view in his picture of Perdita. She is like a sketch copied on tracing paper of Marina. There is the same love of flowers, but enskied now in the rarest beauty of expression. There is the same innate purity ; she judges her lover by herself :

> By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
> The purity of his. . . .

She loves modesty of speech too : she begs Florizel to warn Autolycus that "he use no scurrilous words in's tunes." Yet every now and then Shakespeare mars even Perdita's maiden purity by his own rank imaginings, as he does Marina's, though not so grossly. Perdita speaks of Florizel as :

> . . . a bank for love to lie and play on :
> Not like a corse ; or, if not to be buried,
> But quick and in my arms. . . .

But a girl cannot be painted by two or three simple touches such as modesty, a love of flowers, and a pout of self-will, for these qualities are common to girlhood. There are not enough individual features given to Perdita to make her live for us, and, worst of all, there are no faults ; she does not cast a shadow.

It takes passion to teach a man what a woman is ; at any rate

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it took passion to teach Shakespeare, for without it, he could not even paint the daughter he loved. Perdita is a prettier and daintier sketch than Marina, but, after all, she is only the merest sketch.

Everything I have said of *The Winter's Tale*, I could repeat about *Cymbeline*. The two motives of his later romances are both repeated in it: joy in the reunion of kindred and the tragedy of slandered womanhood. But Shakespeare has enriched *Cymbeline* with a careful full-length portrait of himself in Posthumus, a staider Hamlet. Again and again, and now through this character, and now through that, he speaks of Mary Fitton and his love for her with the frankness of an old memory. The idealising tendencies in him come to full flower in this play. He will paint us the rose of womanhood in Imogen, and nine out of ten readers, and all the poets, have cheered this long catalogue of feminine perfections as a masterpiece of portraiture. Imogen, of course, like Perdita, does not live for a moment: she has not a single shortcoming; she is faultily faultless indeed, inhumanly perfect; and no man or woman can be made lifelike to us without defects, vices even which bear some subtle relation to the virtues. Shakespeare, too, saw this, but his idealising tendency prevented him from acting on it. In *The Tempest* his Ferdinand says:

> . . . never any
> With so full a soul, but some defect in her
> Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
> And put it to the foil. . . .

This Imogen is not only an abstract of perfection, but perfection as imaged by weak old age, and not responsive-quick as desired by lusty youth. One has only to put her beside Juliet for a moment to realise how Shakespeare has declined into the vale of years. Juliet says:

> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
> That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
> Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
> Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
> By their own beauties.

Posthumus says of Imogen:

> Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
> And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with

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A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn.

Neither of these expressions is finely characteristic; but of the two the words of Juliet are far the truer and more convincing. There is a deeper reality in Juliet's passion; and in her high temper and contempt of the Nurse we catch the features of the living model which lend life to the idealised sketch. Shakespeare's greatest pictures of women are not Perdita nor Imogen nor any of the goody-goody nonentities such as Ophelia or Desdemona; but Juliet, Beatrice, Rosaline, and Cressida, and above all, the incomparable Cleopatra, "the serpent of old Nile."

The life of Cymbeline is to be found in Shakespeare's portrait of himself as Posthumus, and the description of his mad jealousy. He has been in the valley of the shadow of death, and has crept out of it into the sunshine, shaken and infirm, and yet as soon as the blood begins to move again in his veins the memories of his lost mistress begin to throb and ache: the jealous rage of her infidelities burns in him till he dies. Lear's image is the finest word for Shakespeare after his breakdown:

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
. . . I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

We are forced to recognise in this jealous rage of Leontes and of Posthumus an echo of the same insensate passion that raved in *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and screamed in *Lear* and *Timon*. Leontes uses Hamlet's very words: he talks of "paddling palms" (*Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 4), and Posthumus will generalise his anger till it reaches the universal condemnation of womanhood of *Lear* and *Timon*. He says:

Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards; . . .

Again it is the act enrages him:

. . I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow, O all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, was't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried "O"; and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. . . .

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This Posthumus has thought over every fault a woman can possess; he has lived with jealousy for years:

> . . . could I find out
> The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
> That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
> It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
> The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
> Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers revenge, hers;
> Ambitions, covertings, change of prides, disdain,
> Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
> All thoughts that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
> Why hers, in part of all; but rather all;
> For even to vice
> They are not constant, but are changing still
> One vice, but of a minute old, for one
> Not half so cold as that. I'll write against them,
> Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
> In a true hate to pray that they have their will,
> The very devils cannot plague them better.

In these last two lines, I fancy, Shakespeare is thinking of Mary Fitton's intrigue with Lord Herbert and her subsequent disappointment.

Posthumus, as I have shown elsewhere, is not only Shakespeare in his jealousy, but Shakespeare in every fault and every virtue. His sympathy for the poor which we first heard in *Lear* is here marked again: he says of the gods:

> I know you are more clement than vile men
> Who of their broken debtors take a third;
> A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
> On their abatement. . . .

It would be interesting to hear Shakespeare's opinion of Mr. Chamberlain's bankruptcy laws in which these same "vile men" take from their "broken debtors," not a tenth or a sixth, but all they have, and then hold their future to servitude. But even from Shakespeare the English will only learn the lessons that please them, and not the nobler teaching.

Shakespeare's patriotism, too, is here defined. Posthumus says:

> For being now a favourer to the Briton,
> No more a Briton. . . .

He is as wise, too, about life as Hamlet, and a little more hopeless: he can see nothing beyond the grave:

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I tell thee fellow, there are none want eyes
To direct them the way I am going, but such
As wink and will not use them . . .

Like Prospero this Posthumus finds the "fangled world" a dream.

Shakespeare is manifestly thinking of Mary Fitton when Cymbeline thus excuses his blind love for the Queen:

Mine eyes
Were not in fault for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

It looks to me as if Shakespeare had told his love-story to his young daughter. The end is curiously characteristic: "Heaven mend all!" I cannot help recalling here Shakespeare-Biron's expression sixteen years before, when he first met his love and realised that she was wanton: "Heaven amend us: heaven amend us!" But characteristic as it is, it is not all we expected from Shakespeare; yet it was his last word on Mary Fitton and his passion for her. "I could not help it," he cries, "the fault was in me as in her. . . . Heaven amend us. . . . Heaven mend all."

I have always regarded *The Tempest* as Shakespeare's last work; his testament, I have called it, to the English people. But before speaking of its high ethical content, let me just say that the one female figure in it, Miranda, though much more carefully painted, is not so successful a portrait as that of Perdita. Perdita has a touch of wilfulness in her and passion which gives her life; she dances before us with girlish grace, flower-crowned. Miranda is all pity, love, and humble courtesy; she has milk in her veins, not blood, and in spite of the magic of Shakespeare's poetry, she is only an ethereal shadow-shape, hardly as human, indeed, as Ariel. Let us take the confession of her love. She says to Ferdinand:

. . . by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly. . . .

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"I would not wish any companion in the world but you," is a gem of the purest water; but I cannot abide the "modesty" business, and that "prattle" gets on my nerves; it sounds like a giddy young thing of forty-five talking; it is not to be endured. A little later Ferdinand tells her of his love, and Miranda weeps, in Early Victorian fashion, at what she longs for. My will to admire is washed away; Miranda is too mawkish—a mere projection of Shakespeare's idealising fancy, at the fag end of his life.

Of all his masterpieces, and he has written more than a dozen, *The Tempest* is the most extraordinary. We have noticed in him from the beginning the strange union of poet-philosopher; one moment he is all given to abstract thought and generalisation, stringing together a myriad pearls of experience in one phrase; the next he is all passion and poetry with the concrete instance before him and nothing else.

It is a tendency in fine minds to become more philosophic as they grow older, and to busy themselves with types and abstractions rather than with human beings and human passions. Shakespeare shows this impulse in *The Tempest* as clearly as Goethe does in the second part of *Faust;* but Shakespeare's abstractions are far more human. As his thoughts soar into the blue, his poetry lifts with it, and the lyrical interbreathing of human passion adds the pulse of life to the ineffable spirit-beauty of the thought. Shakespeare had the shaping spirit of imagination at his command to the very end; Ariel never leaves him till set free. Goethe, on the other hand, took his abstractions from the pure intellect: his types have no blood in them, no reality: he even gives them abstract names—the Have-Soons and Have-Nothings. But Caliban lives; he smacks of the soil: we know his drunkenness, his desires, his temper; even Ariel on occasion revisits the glimpses of the moon.

I find proof of Shakespeare's divine intelligence in every difference. Goethe has drawn out the second part of *Faust* till it is a weariness of the flesh even in memory; whereas *The Tempest* is among the shortest of Shakespeare's dramas. Till the end our poet's judgment was almost unerring; his instinct tremulously true, like needle flickering about the pole.

He suffered in life infinitely more than Goethe, more even

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than Dante, but he comes out of it all into higher, sweeter air than even the greatest. This *Tempest*, as I have said, is like sun-warmed, love-warmed fruit, filled with the juice of human kindness and sweet to the core.

In *The Tempest* Shakespeare still carries about with him his individual peculiarities. Though he sees himself now for the first time as he really was—a mighty magician and master of a most potent art, he cannot resist making himself a prince as well; and perhaps with reason; for he is in very deed, a sovereign whose kingdom is not subject to boundary of space or time.

The personal touches are most dear to me. Here at the very end he confesses how he gave up all ambitious hopes of governing and state for secret study and the "bettering" of his mind. Like Carlyle he, too, cherished the belief that he could "steer humanity" more wisely and to nobler goals than the professed politicians, and who can doubt his competence; though, alas, the silly sheep-world has not yet realised its need of such divine guidance. Characteristic it is, too, of Shakespeare that he should ascribe Prospero's betrayal and downfall to his trust in the brother he loved. He cannot even here forget the lessons of life. He is delighted to see that Ferdinand and his daughter are in love with each other; but he mistrusts this "swift business" and takes pains to trouble the course of true love, "lest too light winning make the prize light." His own unhappy marriage is in his mind, even at the supreme hour. He warns Ferdinand not to give "dalliance too much the rein," for if enjoyment comes before marriage "barren hate" must follow:

> Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
> The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
> That you shall hate it both. . . .

He confesses to us that unlike the mighty magician he gives himself out for and really is, he feels very infirm and weak, and often has to walk a little to still his "beating mind."

What lessons too he preaches; the same lessons he has preached all his life—repentance and forgiveness. Again and again he conjures us to trust the nobler reason, and not indulge in anger or revenge:

> . . . the rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,

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The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. . . .

And at the very end when life is waning to its exigent he will have all about him cheerful. He will give to all the company, including his enemies, "calm seas" and "auspicious gales," for their homecoming; for it is a "brave new world" and he loves the "goodly people" in it. He is very human too, and in spite of his courage and his desire to give joy and sunny days to others, he knows that for him the end is near and he shudders at the thought of the grave. The epilogue by Prospero is heart-breaking in its unexpected despairing sadness:

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
And what strength I have's mine own
Which is most faint. . . .
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be
Let your indulgence set me free.

In these extremes our Shakespeare discovers himself. At one moment smiling and full of good wishes for all, the next in tears overwhelmed with the sense of man's mortality. We leave him here on his knees praying, our gentle Shakespeare, the wisest and kindest of our race; for though we do not kneel, and have almost forgotten how to pray, to us, also, the road is shrouded in never-ending Night, and whither it leads no man may divine.

* * * * *

Since I began publishing these articles two questions have reached me from all sides. "Can you prove to us," my correspondents write, "more conclusively that Shakespeare's affection for Herbert was merely friendship, and please show us more clearly why he was unable to hold Mary Fitton" . . . "Have you any further evidence on either point?" Even my editor with his usual acumen has put the same questions to me, and encourages me to deal with them.

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The first question is not interesting. I have handled it at sufficient length, it seems to me, in these papers, and really the answer is obvious. Shakespeare and unnatural passion are a contradiction in terms. Think of it. He was one of the most impressionable and articulate of men; he had boys before him playing girls' parts for twenty-five years, and with this terrible lawless passion in him, he never lent one of them an ambiguous word, or invented an ambiguous situation. To any one who knows Shakespeare and the mocking intellect in him which created Iago and Richard III. and Thersites, the assumption is unthinkable. He would have wandered on the forbidden ground at every opportunity: the dangerous suggestion would have lured him back unconsciously again and again; his works would have reeked with it. He was not ashamed of sensual passion or its expression; though he thought it sinful; he avows his desire for his gipsy-wanton in every play and poem in the plainest terms. He curses himself for being too fond; the imperial intellect in him even defends his lechery:

> For why should others' false adulterate eyes
> Give salutation to my sportive blood?
> Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
> Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
> No, I am that I am, and they that level
> At my abuses reckon up their own:
> I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;

Sooner or later Shakespeare's imperial intellect would have asserted that what was good for him was not to be condemned by any man or by all men. But nowhere is there a hint of such an attitude. On the other hand he condemns himself and his mistress again and again for yielding to their natural passion.

Moreover, his envious contemporaries who knew him most intimately, who criticised him most bitterly—men like Jonson who enjoyed his friendship, and who were not afraid to state all they knew about him—never hint at any such vice. Jonson does not hesitate to say that Shakespeare and his friend had between them "but one drab"; but he never suggests anything worse.

The sonnets, too, addressed to the young man which have any warmth of desire in them, are one and all copied from the lyrics

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to the woman; they are faint pastels, so to speak, of his passion for his mistress. The person who cannot feel the significance of this cannot read Shakespeare. Let me give one final instance. We have seen that again and again he has attributed to his mistress that magic of personality which makes "the very refuse of her deeds" become her, so that in his mind her "worst all best exceeds." He has given this very same praise to his Cleopatra, and in Sonnet 96, he attributes this power to his youthful friend: but here the expression is merely graceful and pretty and not passionate:

> Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort. . . .

He continues in two lines which show me that even here, he is thinking more of his mistress than of the youth; and then the tone changes to one of affectionate reproof; he repeats Parolles' accusation that Bertram-Herbert ate up the fry of virginity like a whale, and begs his friend not to go on in this evil way:

> As on the finger of a throned queen
> The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
> So are those errors that in thee are seen
> To truths translated and for true things deem'd,
> How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
> If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
> How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
> If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
> But do not so; I love thee in such sort
> As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

The palmary peculiarity of Shakespeare's intellect is that it always stands for morality—even for conventional morality, for the rule and not for the exception. He regards virginity as the priceless jewel of a girl: virtue in a woman has to him but one meaning; intimacy even in those about to be married is a sad and terrible mistake; lust is an expense of spirit in a waste of shame; seduction a crime; he is English to the heart. He only touches upon inverted sex-relations in *Troilus and Cressida*, and then with uttermost contempt and loathing. I will not labour this point any more, or discuss it further; it is not disputable, in my opinion.

The question of Shakespeare's relations with his wanton mistress is infinitely more complicated and more interesting. Let us now consider the whole story, once more, and see whether we

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can read the riddle of Mary Fitton's unfaith and of Shakespeare's lifelong passion.

In this final survey the reader will not only have to use imaginative sympathy; he will have to trust his guide a little as Dante trusted Vergil. In the last resort it is by faith we learn; by faith alone we grow. I have a very definite idea of the relations between Shakespeare and his superb mistress; so far as I can prove what they were, I will; but beyond proof lies the magic perfumed garden of passion with its velvet-soft ways and flower-starred banks where the whole being is quickened to a diviner life, and men and women, ill-matched in every other relation, may here win to the soul's ecstasy.

First of all there appear to be contradictions, difficult to reconcile, in his mistress's character and in Shakespeare's view of her. The points from which he sees her lie as far apart as winter from summer; they are separated by all the infinite between love and hate. From what we know, indeed, a perfect synthesis of the contraries is hardly to be expected. For example, in Sonnet 141, he tells his mistress she is not in any way perfect; he notes a thousand errors in her, and goes on to declare he does not desire her "sweet body." Here are the astonishing lines:

. . . . .
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.
. . . . .

In Sonnet 151, on the other hand, he asserts that it is his "gross body" which "betrays his nobler part"; his body it is which forces his soul to look on her as his "triumphant prize." At first sight here is blank contradiction on which the professors might chew for ever; yet it is all simple enough really. He wants to tell her in the first sonnet that in spite of her faults, he adores her, that though sensually she is not perfect to him, still in some mysterious inexplicable way she appeals to him intensely. He desires her very imperfections more than perfection itself. He has known more cunning mistresses, women better versed in

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the subtle arts of love; but still he prefers her, and the second sonnet in its unrestrained sensuality only re-affirms this view.

There is just a fragment of evidence as to his mistress's shortcomings as a lover which I have not yet used and which I must introduce here, for it shows I am right in my reading of these apparently contradictory sonnets. In 1599, a miscellaneous collection of sonnets and poems was published under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrime by W. Shakespeare." Some of these sonnets and poems are Shakespeare's; some belong just as certainly to others, but there are two which are not positively attributed to him, which are his, Nos. 7 and 12. The twelfth deals with the difference between youth and age and does not concern us here: the seventh is undoubtedly a poem written about his mistress in the early days of their intimacy. It is a realistic picture of her, almost as complete as the harsh photograph of Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and very like it. The verses were probably written about the same time. They are astonishing as portraiture, and the last line's a revelation:

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is brittle;
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

She was bad as a lover then and not excellent even as a mistress. The distinction itself goes to prove that Shakespeare had already had a good deal of experience.

But loving her with this intensity, why was he unable to hold her? It is true she had been loose before she met Shakespeare,

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and a "wanton" who will be "riggish" is much harder to keep loyal than a maiden. But mere sensuality is not enough to explain why his love was faithless to Shakespeare; Shakespeare should have been able, we feel, to hold any woman in spite of vagrant desires.

I cannot help thinking that the first reason of her infidelity was his own unfaith. True, he is always asserting his own truth and perfect constancy as in Troilus; but the youth protests too absolutely; he makes one suspicious. If we know anything about Shakespeare at all, we know that he was always a loose liver. It is curious, too, that he never suggests the man's prior fault as excusing or explaining a mistress's slips. For example, Cleopatra is excessively jealous; when she flirts with Thyreus and Antony accuses her, why does she not retort, "And you? Did you not marry Octavia in spite of your promises to keep faithful to me?" But not a hint do we get of the retort that would naturally spring first of all to any woman's lips. The Galahad-like, extravagant protestations of Troilus, and this unnatural reticence of Cleopatra's jealousy, where it would be both natural and justified, confirm my suspicions. Mary Fitton was probably as true to Shakespeare as he deserved, she gave herself to him, we know, with utter abandonment, and certainly taught him all the phases of jealous passion so that he was able to reproduce them afterwards with miraculous assurance in Cleopatra. The admissions of Enobarbus show that Mary Fitton had more of the tenderness of true love in her than Shakespeare.

But if they both loved, why didn't the ardent passion wear itself out naturally? How came the madding fever to last for over a dozen years? The explanation is to be found in the circumstances of the lovers. The two were far apart. Mary Fitton was held to the court, and Shakespeare to his theatre. And in their separation both were continually tempted; the flood of desire was thwarted and hemmed and turned awry by all sorts of obstacles.

Why did Shakespeare take his mistress's slips so bitterly to heart? He must have known that the flesh is as faithless in women as in men, and just as quick to feel the allurement of change and the temptation of novelty. We feel that he should either

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have had resolution enough to conquer his mistress gradually, and win her to loyalty by ineffable tenderness, or he should have accepted her for what she was and thanked her for what she gave.

Could he at any time have won her completely? Every one will answer this question according to his own experience. But let us take upon us the mystery of things for once, and be as God's spies and discover the heart of the secret. Had Shakespeare, instead of telling Mary Fitton how he desired her, told her how beautiful she was; had he given her tenderness as well as passion, and honeyed flatteries rather than jealous reproaches, he might have kept her true to the end. It was just his weakness, his terrible, greedy sensuality, that blinded him and prevented him from using his attaching soul-subduing qualities. This once Shakespeare was as human-foolish as the rest of us. He tells us in *Troilus and Cressida* that love and wisdom don't house together:

> . . . To be wise and love
> Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

He desired Mary Fitton too madly to be master of his resources and play the game; he did not love her unselfishly enough to win her or lightly enough to accept her infidelities.

The whole of Shakespeare's mature work is coloured by his love of his gipsy-mistress; all his great tragedies are steeped in his insensate passion for his "whitely wanton." Mary Fitton did not lead Shakespeare to the "heart of loss," as his Antony cried, but to the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Fame. Yet he does not see, or will not see, that it was just his intense passion for his mistress that inspired *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Timon*, *Antony and Cleopatra;* in other words, that he owes the better half of his fame to the "siren" he rails at and condemns. He does not see either, or will not see, that the woman a man loves must be his ideal; must correspond most intimately to all his desires—conscious and unconscious—as coin to die; to blame her therefore is to blame himself; she is his complement; to condemn her is self-condemnation.

Shakespeare has shown in his *Cleopatra* that he came very near complete possession of his proud passionate, witty mistress—

> A little less and what worlds away

his partial failure was the tragedy of his life.

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The Problem of Unemployment in Germany

Labour Exchanges, Relief Works and Insurance against Unemployment

By Dr. Otto Most

In considering the remedies for unemployment it must be emphatically stated, in opposition to the views represented by the Socialist party, that our whole civilisation is in the last resort based upon the energies of the individuals composing the community, upon their sense of responsibility and their personal initiative. A form of social policy which would hamper these indispensable forces for the future development of the State and of economic life, is, therefore, more dangerous than absolute inactivity on the part of the public authorities. Consequently the latter must only intervene in the economic life of the country when the two following conditions exist:

(1) An interest on the part of the whole community, which is of greater importance than particular interests opposed thereto.

(2) When self-help is not sufficient for the protection of this general interest of the community. The great, difficult and too rarely appreciated art of communal social politics in general, and of municipal measures for the prevention of unemployment in particular must be based on strict observance, of the limitations just mentioned, while on the other hand taking care that the social obligations of the Commune are not neglected.

I

An organic balance between supply and demand in the labour market is in the interest of the whole community. Wide-

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spread unemployment, whether permanent or temporary, direct or indirect, threatens the general economic welfare and the civilisation of a country, and diminishes, as is clearly shown by criminal statistics, the security of person and property. The dangers resulting therefrom, and the impossibility on the part of individuals to avert them, impose upon the State and the municipalities the duty of adopting measures against unemployment. These measures are of two kinds: preventive and remedial. All preventive measures must be based upon a calculation of probabilities, and can only to a certain extent be reckoned upon the basis of normal conditions. Consequently they are subject more or less to failure in presence of emergencies which deviate to a great extent from the rule. Thus the preventive measures against unemployment and the permanent establishment of Labour Exchanges must be distinguished from the remedial measures and the temporary adoption of relief works. Insurance against unemployment which forms a third branch of this problem will be here treated from a historical standpoint and therefore in close connection with the question of relief works.

The main conditions to be aimed at by a Labour Exchange are rapidity, cheapness, trustworthiness and impartiality combined with trade and local centralisation on the one hand, and inter-local extension on the other. It must show absolute impartiality between employers and workers, and keep itself informed of the changes in the labour market by means of statistics. The ideal, therefore, is that one office should occupy the position of a centre of exchange for a whole district, without distinction of occupation or sex, of skilled or unskilled, of industrial or agricultural labour. Thus only is it possible to enable the workers who cannot any longer find employment in their own trades to secure suitable places in other occupations. As, however, it is not always possible to find these opportunities within the same town or district, an ideal Labour Exchange must be in possession of particulars of the demands in other adjoining districts—an object secured through the federation, or some looser connection between the Exchanges scattered over a larger area.

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How far are all these conditions fulfilled to-day in Germany? In order to answer this question it is necessary to record in detail the various forms of organisation of Labour Exchanges. They differ from each other according to the bodies by which they are administered. The professional Labour Exchange carried on for profit is the oldest of these forms of organisation, and numbers from six to seven thousand. On a moderate calculation they annually provide places for a million workers, or at least have business dealings with them. Even at the present day about half of all the places provided for the unemployed are obtained through these private profit-making Exchanges, notwithstanding the fact that a number of legislative measures have been taken to put an end to the evils connected with this particular form of organisation.*

From its very nature this system of profit-making Labour Exchanges is an evil in the economic organism, and must be so from the fact that the business interest of the agent naturally aims at the most frequent possible change in the holders of positions, while the public interest requires the greatest possible steadiness of occupation. Consequently the public interest demands the abolition as far as possible of this form of Labour Exchange. This end is furthermore rendered desirable by the fact that however well conducted, these private agencies cannot be centralised and extended in the manner which has already been shown to be desirable.

Of quite different character are those Labour Exchange organisations which are exclusively in the hands of those personally interested in them, *i.e.* workmen and employers. England is the home of the Trade Union Labour Exchange, and the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW are aware of the important part played by the English Trade Unions in this direction. In Germany such Exchanges are rarely worked by the labouring classes purely for their own sakes, but rather as an instrument in the struggle to secure higher wages, particularly by those Trade Unions which are under Socialist influence.

* In this connection may be mentioned in particular the "Reichsgewerbeordnung" of June 30, 1900, which rendered it necessary for them to take out licences.

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One noteworthy distinction between the Labour Exchanges run by workmen themselves and the private agencies is the absence of fees in the former. Furthermore, they render obligatory upon their members the use of these Exchanges as well as the grant of an allowance for travelling expenses from place to place, all of which are unquestionable advantages. Their weakness lies in their decentralisation, and above all in their one-sided management, which emphasises the hostility to the employers. The consequence is that in certain circumstances they serve less to promote social peace than to envenom the struggle between classes, and that precisely at economically unfavourable moments when they completely fail to fulfil the important social function performed by Labour Exchanges. A great deal of what has just been said applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the corresponding Exchanges established by employers, who consider themselves entitled, on the other hand, to take a similar course, because in their opinion the command of the Labour Exchanges is the sole means by which they can secure more durable and permanent relations with their workers, which are necessary for the steadiness of trade and the maintenance of sound economic conditions. On both sides, however, there remains the chief objection which is too frequently felt in practice, that in this form of Labour Exchange the interests of the whole community have to give way before those of the founders of the particular organisation.

In presence of these defects of the profit-making Labour Exchanges on the one hand, and of those established by workmen and employers in their own interests on the other, public societies have organised Exchanges in a number of German towns. Some of these have been founded *ad hoc*, and some have been more or less successfully grafted on existing institutions. In practice these institutions have, with rare exceptions, but very little importance. The better workmen for the most part have nothing to do with them, owing to a lack of confidence in these institutions from the administration of which they are entirely excluded. The natural consequence is that employers do not apply to them, as they consider that they are not likely to find there the kind of workman which they seek. A further evil

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is the insecure financial position of these institutions which depend upon the benevolence of private individuals. Altogether this category is declining, in so far as the Exchanges have not entered into some sort of connection with the Communal administration, and thereby secured a more trustworthy support.

None of the organisations just sketched can either, from the point of view of their character or of their practical development, claim to meet the conditions of a good Labour Exchange. On the one hand we are threatened with the creation of a number of small Exchanges, a condition of affairs particularly serious in times, both of exceptional industrial activity and of depression, when individual private Exchanges are utterly incapable of bringing supply and demand into harmony. On the other hand the conflict between the classes would be intensified by an organisation which ought in reality to serve both parties equally. It is the consciousness of this unsatisfactory state of things, and not any artificial bureaucratic idea, that has led the German municipalities during the last decades to regard the establishment of Labour Exchanges as a social duty.

Space does not permit of an adequate treatment of the historical development of Labour Exchanges in Germany. Their extent and the rate of their development is sufficiently shown by the fact that in Prussia, the largest of the German Federal States, the public Labour Exchanges, which were three in number in 1880, had increased to 29 in 1890, to 183 in 1900, and to 248 in 1908. In the latter year there were 55 similar Exchanges in Bavaria, 11 in Saxony, 15 in Wurtemberg, 17 in Baden, 10 in Hesse, 16 in Alsace Lorraine, and 17 in the remaining Federal States, so that the total for Germany was 389.

It is noteworthy, in view of what has occurred in England, that, in general, the suggestion to establish public Labour Exchanges has proceeded in almost all the Federal States from the Governments, although it is true that the Communes then voluntarily established them as a consequence of their sense of social duty. Thus, in Prussia, the Ministers of the Interior and of Trade and Commerce, as long ago as 1894, issued a joint recommendation to establish Labour Exchanges, beginning with the towns of any considerable population. Efforts are

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now being made to direct this stimulating activity of the Governments, which has certainly not decreased in intensity, and deserves a great part of the credit for the present condition of affairs, towards the introduction of legislative measures for the obligatory establishment of public Labour Exchanges in all municipalities with over 10,000 inhabitants. The views of authoritative circles are very divided as to the utility of this proceeding. At the Fifth German Labour Exchange Congress, held at Leipzig, in November 1908, there was anything but agreement upon this point, and the Chairman of the Union of German Labour Exchanges finally declared himself against their enforced creation by legislative enactment. The Imperial Ministry for Alsace Lorraine has nevertheless issued an instruction dated April 23, 1908, calling upon the authorities engaged in the erection of public buildings, which are either carried out by the State or under contract, to make use in the recruiting of labourers of the nearest Municipal Labour Exchange. The success of this experiment remains to be seen. As long ago as 1884 a petition was presented to the Reichstag by working-class circles, demanding the regulation of Labour Exchanges by an Imperial law. At its Fifth Annual Congress held recently, the Union of German Restaurant Employees, that is to say, the representatives of a section of the community whose employment agencies are far from satisfactory, declared itself in favour of an Imperial law regulating Labour Exchanges, and providing that in all Communes of 20,000 and more inhabitants there should be established either a State or Municipal Labour Exchange. This demand will be regarded as a matter of course, when it is remembered that the number of public Labour Exchanges is still much less than the private. In presence of 2430 Exchanges established by employers, 1000 established by the working men themselves, and 130 other organised Exchanges in Germany in 1904, there were only in round numbers 400 of a public and general character. But the real significance of the public Labour Exchange system is, however, less evident from these figures than in the results of the work done. Some years ago, as will be seen from the Memorial of the Imperial Statistical Bureau concerning the measures taken for the

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prevention of unemployment, the public Labour Exchanges, notwithstanding their very small number, secured almost as many places as all of the other Exchanges, with the exception of those carried on for a profit. Throughout the German Empire about one-half of the Labour Exchanges are now private undertakings, while of the rest fully one-half are public. In 1908 the public Labour Exchanges in Prussia and Bavaria alone provided some 600,000 places. There can be no doubt that both these figures and the proportion to the total figure are increasing from year to year.

Of these 400 public Labour Exchanges not a single one is directly maintained or supported by the Empire or any of the States. On the other hand, Agricultural Chambers and the authorities of several country districts have together with the towns, established public Exchanges. These Communal Labour Exchanges, which almost without exception deal with all kinds of labour, may be divided into three categories: (1) Communal Exchanges administered by officials under the exclusive control of the local administration; (2) Communal Exchanges administered by "colleges" or corporations which are, as a rule, either completely or almost completely composed of equal number of workers and employers with an impartial chairman; and (3) Exchanges established by societies and supported by the Communes, the administration of which is carried on by an association or committee formed *ad hoc* and dependent either wholly or mainly on funds furnished by the municipality.

The bureaucratic form is the oldest in point of date, yet is obviously declining in presence of the so-called *paritätisch*, in which workmen and employers are equally represented.

Only one bureaucratically administered Communal Labour Exchange in Germany, that of the City of Posen, shows a number of places provided exceeding 5000, while a great majority show hardly any results in the provision of work, and consequently merely exist on paper. In the year 1904, of the 150 bureaucratically administered institutions then in existence, only 22 had provided more than 150 places in the course of the whole year.

The Communal Labour Exchanges administered by a

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" college " or corporation are on the whole organised on uniform lines. They are under the direction and control of a Commission composed of a chairman, who is neither an employer nor a workman, and committee men. The number of the latter varies for the most part from five to nine. These are elected, with certain local exceptions, partly from the municipal representatives and partly from the *Gewerbegericht*, while the Burgomaster, or a delegate appointed by him, acts as chairman.

The Society and Union Labour Exchanges financially supported or maintained by the Commune are mostly administered by a society formed for public ends. Latterly, however, these organisations tend more frequently to be administered by a Union of different societies and authorities, whose design it is to secure the largest possible participation in the work of the Exchange. Such Unions exist and are working successfully, for instance, in Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Halle-on-the-Saale. In Düsseldorf the Union is composed of the Municipal Administration, the Chamber of Commerce, and ten societies of employees and workers. The Administrative Council consists of ten elected representatives of the employers, and an equal number of representatives of the employees. According to the rules the chairman must neither be an employer nor a workman. His election, by the meeting of the Union, must be confirmed by the municipality, which bears the whole cost, and thereby secures a certain influence over the institution, as this cost must be voted in every annual budget of the municipality.

A similar " collegial " system of administration prevails in the other Labour Exchanges supported by the Communes, inasmuch as the chairman of the Society and a committee appointed *ad hoc* exercise the control.

We now come to the question whether in general the purely Communal Labour Exchange, the constitution of which is entirely fixed by officials or those Labour Exchanges, which are only financially supported or maintained by the Communes, and in the working of which officials only co-operate, is the better type. If the Commune has the right and duty to interfere in these matters, the form of organisation must be that

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which permits it to act in a manner in complete accordance with its own intentions. Naturally this form of organisation is the purely Communal one. On the other hand, it may well be that the Society Labour Exchange under favourable conditions possesses greater mobility and power of development. On the other hand, it runs the risk of hasty action taken without consideration for general interests, and in the matter of expenditure may find itself in conflict with those who have provided the money for its maintenance. On the whole, I agree with the authoritative views expressed in the Memorial of 1904, issued by the Imperial Statistical Bureau: "Where Society Labour Exchanges capable of development are already in existence, it is not desirable to substitute Communal Exchanges for them; in the contrary case, however, it is simpler and at least equally useful to establish purely Communal Exchanges, with a council composed of representatives of the employers and employed." Of course local conditions may render it necessary to modify this rule.

II

The object of the Labour Exchanges is to organise supply and demand in the labour market. In themselves, however, the Exchanges are unable to create more work than is already in existence. Thus, at certain periods, the Communes find themselves burdened by an excess of unemployed labour which cannot be removed by any regulation of the labour market. Consequently, in periods of exceptional economic distress, the German municipal administrations have seen themselves obliged to organise relief works without any particular consideration for the question whether they will prove profitable or not, or whether they are immediately necessary. During the last few decades there have been numerous instances of such relief works by town municipalities; first, in the periods of depression from 1881 to 1895, and then in the years 1907, 1908 and 1909. Individual Communes have also provided special work in the periods intervening between the years mentioned,

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but their efforts were rather of the nature of regular provision to meet the requirements of seasonal unemployment.

Effectively to avert a danger it is necessary fully to realise its real nature. The danger of unemployment consists less in the fact that the masses have no revenue than in that they have no work. The provision of work is to be regarded chiefly from an educational and police standpoint in the old good sense of the word. There is, however, a not less important consideration which governs this question, namely, the financial-political. During the last few winters the German towns have expended many million marks in providing employment for workmen out of work. Düsseldorf alone, in the winter of 1908–1909, expended nearly 500,000 marks for this purpose, and other large cities have spent correspondingly large sums, while numerous smaller Communes have followed suit to the extent of their financial capacity. The importance of this expenditure becomes evident from the fact that, for instance, in Düsseldorf it amounted in round numbers to no less than 10 per cent. of the total State income tax revenue in the same year. From this we see the danger which exists for the balancing of the municipal budget, particularly in great industrial centres, a fact that must not be lost sight of in view of the constantly increasing demands made upon municipal funds. To-day, many industrial cities, with a large working-class population, are obliged to tax their inhabitants to the utmost limit of their capacity merely to cover their current expenditure. If to this be added hundreds of thousand of marks to provide work for the unemployed, the pressure upon the taxpayers may become as great as upon the municipal financial administration itself.

The question now is less whether assistance of this kind is to be given, than the form which that assistance is to take, in order (1) that the community may be relieved from the burden of unemployment; (2) that the unemployed may be adequately assisted; (3) that instead of being demoralised thereby the work given to them may have an educational character, and (4) that the financial administration of the municipalities may not be endangered. The measures adopted by Düsseldorf in this direction may be regarded as typical. The steps taken by this

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city for providing occupation for the unemployed, with which the writer is particularly well acquainted, are distinguished as much by their extent as by their careful preparation.

The extent of these relief works becomes obvious from the fact that the number of days' work provided was 38,400 in the winter of 1901–1902; 21,089 in 1902–1903; 27,293 in 1907–1908, and 91,045 from November 17, 1908 to April 15, 1909, while the number of unemployed who received work from the corporation on one day in 1908–1909 reached the unprecedented figure of 1302. In the winter 1909–1910 this number was 267. Such extensive action, of course, demands particularly careful preparation, which has in fact been effected in Düsseldorf for a number of years past, by the drafting of a plan every summer for the work of the following winter. According to this plan part of the work is carried out by the Municipal Administration itself, and part by contractors who bind themselves to supply work for a certain number of the unemployed.

The wages were paid on a system based on the amount of the work done and the needs of the individual, as well as on the prevailing daily wage and payment for piece-work. During the last two winters they amounted on an average to 3 marks 25 pfennigs, a sum which appears to be certainly not small when compared with the average daily wage in the district, which is 3 marks 50 pfennigs (3*s.* 6*d.*), and the quality of the workers.*

III

Although the unemployed in Düsseldorf and in many other districts are adequately paid on the relief works and are secured good treatment by effective control, yet the system leaves much to be desired. The best organised remedial measures for unemployment at present existing show very serious defects, particularly in the decline of the sense of responsibility among a large part of the workers who are more and more disposed to claim such work as a right; secondly, in the moral damage done

* I shall be glad to furnish readers who may desire to have further particulars of relief works in Germany with the necessary information by letter on application to me at the Rathhaus, Düsseldorf.

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by too highly-paid work, which is rarely suitable for those who are engaged in it, and, finally, through the danger to the municipal finance caused by the high expenditure for this purpose.

An improvement in the whole system of treating unemployment can only be secured through insurance against it. It is true that the idea of insurance against unemployment has latterly fallen into a certain discredit among moderate and authoritative students of social questions in consequence of numerous impracticable projects, risky experiments and thoughtless Press and Parliamentary discussion on the subject. The root of all these errors lies in the fact that people have not, on the one hand, a sufficiently clear idea of the nature and objects of insurance against unemployment, and on the other, of the practical possibilities of carrying it into effect.

Acting on the principle that "work is better than alms" a socially useful insurance against unemployment must start by first providing useful work, only giving money allowances when this becomes impossible. Furthermore, a necessary condition precedent of all forms of insurance is that the assured shall have a legal title to assistance under certain conditions previously established. Another is that the assured shall himself contribute to the fund, as, in the contrary case, the grant would be simply alms and not insurance.

The details of the course to be adopted can be decided less upon theoretic grounds than upon a study of the practical experiments that have already been made, and of the forms that have already been tried by insurance companies, employers and workmen, States and Municipalities. The following short account will show how far these different groups have actually taken measures to solve this problem in Germany.

With the exception of a few attempts, which failed from the very beginning, insurance companies have hitherto refrained from establishing systems of insurance against unemployment, chiefly on the ground that it is impossible for them to calculate the possibilities in the way of earnings of the various classes of the community with which they have to deal.

On the other hand, the efforts in the way of self-help have not been unimportant. In addition to a number of large private

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firms who have established systems of insurance for their work-people, numerous Trade Unions, particularly in England and Germany, pay allowances to their members when out of work. In 1907 there was paid in England 8.6 million marks (£430,000) with this object, and 6.7 million marks (£335,000) in Germany, which amounts to 21.5 per cent. of the total expenditure of the Trade Unions in England, and 14 per cent. of that in Germany.

Rightly recognising that if any public bodies are to take this question in hand, it is the Communes who are first called upon to do so, several municipalities both in Germany and abroad have already made experiments in the introduction of insurance against unemployment. These are clearly divided into two classes, one in which the membership is obligatory, and the other in which it is voluntary. The latter system is the only one that has practically been adopted thus far in Germany.

The oldest insurance against unemployment in Germany is the "Versicherungskasse gegen Arbeitslosigkeit im Winter" ("Insurance Office Against Unemployment in Winter"), founded in Cologne in 1896, on the model of the similar insurance office at Berne. It is not in reality a municipal organisation, although it is in close connection with the town administration from which it receives an annual subsidy of 20,000 marks. Participation in it is voluntary. The weekly contribution for common labourers is 25 pfennig, or 3*d*., and 35 pfennig for artisans. Admission is open to all male labourers of over eighteen years, who have lived for at least one year in Cologne. Persons who have no regular employment—occasional day labourers and the permanently incapacitated—are excluded from membership. As will be seen from its name the Society occupies itself exclusively with unemployment in winter. The business year is divided into a period, during which the premiums are to be paid, namely, from April 1 to the end of November, followed by a second period, when allowances are made, extending from December 15 to March 15. During this latter period the assured are in case of need either provided with work or have a claim for a daily allowance for a period of eight weeks at the

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outside, from the third working day after they report that they are out of employment. This allowance is 2 marks per day during the first twenty days, and 1.50 marks per day for the remaining time. From the very first this institution has been comparatively little used. The number of the assured has never exceeded 2000, although the number of artisans and day-labourers in Cologne may be safely estimated at least 120,000. Indeed, this figure of 2000 (in 1909–1910 it was 1811) is only approached in years in which there is reason to anticipate a bad winter. In general, scarcely any persons insure except those who can reckon, with certainty, to be out of work in winter, and, above all, masons and their assistants. The consequence is that an exceptionally large proportion of the assured fall upon the fund. In 1909–1910 there were 1295 cases with 25,283 days' allowances out of a total of 1811 insured persons. In the opinion of the Labour Statistics Department of the German Imperial Statistical Bureau this particular institution is not in reality an insurance against the risk of unemployment, but rather a benevolent institution in favour of the members who are practically certain to be out of work owing to climatic conditions. The masses of the unemployed, and indeed precisely those who require assistance most remain unassured, hoping to find occupation on the relief works of the town, or running the chance of becoming a burden on the Poor Law Guardians.

The Insurance Office of Berne has had exactly the same experience as that of Cologne, as has also that established by private persons in Leipzig in 1903 for insurance against unemployment throughout the whole year.

The example of Leipzig as well as that of Cologne, sufficiently shows that Communal insurance institutions, to which the admission is voluntary, have no particular importance, and never can have for reasons inherent in the conditions of the case.

Many students of social questions consider that an escape from this dilemma is to be found in the Ghent system, which consists in the grant of public subsidies to funds raised by Trade Unions for members out of employment. It was first introduced in Ghent in 1901, and has since then been applied in

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Belgium and elsewhere in various forms. Thus the French Parliament has since 1904 granted an annual subvention of 100,000 francs to such unemployment funds. Since 1905 a like sum has been paid by the Municipal Council in Paris for a similar purpose. In Norway those funds for insurance against unemployment, which bind themselves not to refuse aid to any worker of the insured categories of labour, receive one-fourth of the amount expended by them from the State and the Communes. Since 1907 Denmark allows an annual credit of 250,000 crowns to be divided between unemployment funds under similar conditions. In Germany the best known attempt to introduce the Ghent system has been made by Strassburg, whose arrangements have since served as a model for other cities in the Empire. A similar arrangement has been enforced in Mülhausen, in Alsace, since December 1909, and in Friburg i. B., since March 1910, as well as in a number of the adjoining suburban municipalities of Strassburg, and in Erlangen in Bavaria.

On December 27, 1906, the Town Council of Strassburg granted, as an experiment for one year, a sum of 5000 marks (£250), at the outside, in favour of insurance against unemployment. The regulations concerning insurance against unemployment, which were approved of at the same time and came into force in January 1907, provide that every unemployed person who belongs to the insurance fund, or who contributes to the insurance fund of a Union of workmen or employees shall receive a sum from the Municipal Council in addition to the amount paid to him by that fund. This subsidy amounts to 50 per cent. of the sum received by the unemployed person from his own Society, but must not exceed 1 mark per day.

The Ghent system is the form of insurance against unemployment which has thus far been most frequently demanded by the working-class organisations. Its fundamental defect consists in the fact that it only benefits a small part of the working-class population, and precisely those who are already provided for in other ways. This number is much smaller than would be gathered from the membership of the working-class organisations, as several of the Unions have either not yet introduced those payments to their unemployed members, or cannot intro-

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duce them within any measurable distance of time. Even among those who receive assistance this system affords the least help to those who need it most, for according to its fundamental principle the contribution from the municipality is reduced in proportion to the smallness of the payments made by the Trade Unions. A further objection is that the Ghent system increases the contrast between organised and unorganised labour, and thus endangers social peace.

The fact that in Strassburg the system of relief works continues absolutely unchanged, notwithstanding the contribution by the city to the insurance against unemployment, shows to what a slight degree the town subsidy relieves the distress.

As a partial recognition of all these defects of the Ghent system a combination of it with optional insurance has been recently proposed, the former being intended for the members of Trade Unions, and the latter for those labourers who have not yet formed such Unions. It will be seen, however, from the facts already set forth that such a combination will not dispose of these defects, as both institutions would still fail precisely to assist those who are most in need of being insured.

All these objections lead naturally to the question of obligatory insurance against unemployment which, as a matter of course, can only be taken into consideration when its object is in the first place to secure work for the insured, only granting him a money allowance when that cannot be provided.

The idea of a German Imperial Insurance against unemployment has been frequently discussed in the Reichstag, but there is at present no prospect of its adoption, as the Imperial Government and the majority in the chamber are only disposed to take the question into practical consideration when an adequate technical basis for it has been secured. In view of the condition of unemployment statistics described in my first article, this basis is still completely lacking, and it is at present impossible to see how it can be secured. Politicians who desire to find a practical way at an early date have, in these circumstances abandoned the idea of obligatory insurance for all the Federal States as well as for each one of these States individually, and advocate an obligatory Communal insurance. Under this

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scheme each municipality would be at liberty to organise an insurance fund, or refrain from doing so, but if it were to organise such a fund it would have the right to render participation in it obligatory upon the workers in its district. Only one such system of insurance has thus far come into existence, and the results have not been very satisfactory. In May 1894, the Canton of St. Gall, in Switzerland, passed a law entitling the municipalities on certain conditions to introduce insurance against unemployment on a Communal basis. In the same year the city of St. Gall took advantage of this permission, and established such an insurance fund. The statutes of this fund obliged all male workers within the city bounds, whose daily wage did not exceed 5 francs, to subscribe to it. The premiums, which were in proportion to the salaries, were 15, 20, and 30 centimes (1½*d.*, 2*d.*, and 3*d.*). No contribution was made by the employers, but both the municipality and the State granted subsidies. That of the State was fixed annually in the Budget, while the municipal contribution was, according to statute, not to exceed 2 francs per head annually of the members of the funds, excluding, however, the cost of administration. The allowance was granted at the utmost for sixty days, and amounted, according to the class to which the insured belonged, to a sum of from 1.20 franc to 2.40 francs. At the end of the first year the number of members was 3430, and the amount paid as allowances 23,504 francs, of which 21,674 francs was covered by premiums, while the remainder, together with the cost of administration was met by the municipality. This fund was only continued for two years. This unsatisfactory result was due to the general dissatisfaction not with the institution itself, but with its defective organisation. These defects were such as to render the St. Gall experiment quite irrelevant as an argument against obligatory insurance against unemployment.

The idea of obligatory Communal insurance against unemployment has recently been taken up again by municipal administrations, and in particular by that of Düsseldorf. On July 22, 1909, a meeting of the Town Council passed the following resolution based on a Memorial drawn up by myself:

"This meeting of the Municipal Council approves of the

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Report of the Statistical Bureau concerning insurance against unemployment, and it requests the administration, by means of a Report to the superior authorities and in such other ways as it may consider suitable, to promote the adoption of a law by the Empire which will give the municipalities the right to establish obligatory Communal insurance against unemployment for such groups of persons as will be more particularly described in the said law."

If such a law were passed, the task of securing the necessary technical basis would cause far less difficulty for the districts or communes than for the whole Empire or a single State. The institution may be based somewhat on the following lines: (*a*) The obligation to contribute to the fund would exist for all workmen in the Empire who are now obliged to insure against invalidity, and whose residence and working place fell within the bounds of the insurance fund. (*b*) The necessary money would be raised in the first place through the contributions of the workers, and in the second place by means of a subsidy from the municipality, which would also bear the cost of administration. The employers, on the other hand, would not be called upon to make any contribution, being already so heavily burdened for social purposes, but they would be obliged to collect the contributions of their employés and to hand them over to the administration. (*c*) The fund would only be called upon to make an allowance in case of unemployment for which the assured person was not responsible. The existence of this unemployment would be decided by a Council which would be best composed of workers themselves. (*d*) The fund, which would be in close connection with the existing Labour Exchanges, would first provide work for the insured, and only give him money when it was not possible to help him otherwise. The question whether the work offered was of a kind suitable to the insured would also be decided by the Council. The allowance should be sufficient to enable the man receiving it to support himself and his family without other assistance, that is to say, it should be based upon the daily wage in the district. (*e*) The fund should not be obliged to make any allowance until the insured person had at least paid contributions for a period of

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six months. (A provision of this kind is essential in order to prevent a town, which may perhaps be only one in a district to introduce the system, from exercising an undesirable attraction upon labour from surrounding districts.) (*f*) The members of this fund should have a legal right to the allowances provided for by the statutes of the fund. (*g*) A suitable system of dividends should be adopted to remove the hardships which may arise from certain workers being obliged to contribute to the fund without ever calling upon its assistance.

The Municipal Council of Düsseldorf submitted proposals to the superior authorities in this sense. The matter is still under consideration, but in spite of numerous objections has already received so much attention and support that the hope of success is not unjustified, although it may not be immediate.

Quite recently the executive committee of the German Municipal Congress (Vorstand des deutschen Städtetages), as well as many State officials in Baden, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, for instance, have considered this question of Communal insurance. It remains to be seen what the eventual results will be. That an agreement on positive proposals will soon be arrived at is hardly to be expected in view of the great differences of opinion that exist. Here and there the Ghent system is again brought forward, as for example, in the Memorial issued at the beginning of the present year by the City of Charlottenburg, on the question of insurance against unemployment. Nevertheless there is a steady increase in Germany in the number and importance of those who declare " If we are to have Communal insurance let us have one that really promises success. Experiments and half-measures, like those of Ghent and the optional system, simply damage the good cause and are of no advantage. It is only in the direction of obligatory insurance that any progress can be made." These views are supported not merely by the considerations set forth above. They are further confirmed by the history of the German Imperial working-class insurance. What would be the position of that great institution if it had been based upon the principle of the voluntary participation of these sections of the community for whose benefit it was introduced ? There can be but one answer to that question.

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"Une Promenade Sentimentale"

By George Moore

EVERY lover believes that his love exceeds that of Tristan or of Romeo, if he did not he would only be half a lover. No one knows how deeply love has gone into him until death has robbed him, till he has wept over the corpse; and I did not know how deeply I had loved Paris until last month I discovered that the Paris I had loved was dead—dead as Juliet, Romeo, Tristan or Isolde, dust and ashes even as they.

Last September, under a glittering sky, and falling leaves, I found myself in the beloved neighbourhood of the Place Pigale, looking round for the familiar aspects and signs of the *petite bourgeoisie* and the artists who used to live there in the 'seventies and the 'eighties, finding no trace of them, only a base and sordid commercialism. There was the Nouvelle Athènes, whither Manet, Degas, Pissarro, Déboutin, Forin, Catulle Mendès, and Paul Alexis used to come in the evening, the *café* in which I learned French, and all I know of literature and art. But how changed is that *café!* What a terrible, nondescript world frequents it! No trace in it of the *petite bourgeoisie*, or of the artists of old time, only a ferocious cosmopolitanism from which I turned with horror. Opposite is the Rat Mort; that, too, has been transformed, commercialised. The house in which Fromentin used to live—that capable painter, and one of the most beautiful writers of French prose (I used to see him walking across the *place* in the morning, looking like an Arab, having become like the Arabs from long residence in the desert)—it, too, has been changed into a restaurant whither the guides from the Grand Hotel lure the tourists with promises to show them artistic life in Paris.

Leaves still dangled at the end of long stems in the avenues,

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and the sunlight drew pretty patterns upon the ground, and I walked meditatively along the boulevard, seeing in my mind's eye *les bals* of old time, La Reine Blanche, and La Boule Noire. Dear little *bals!* they have gone, and their places have been taken by the Moulin Rouge, a great establishment with placards outside announcing all kinds of new attractions. For whom? For the horde of tourists who come every evening from the hotels to see paid women dance—" ghastly imitations," I said to myself, " of the natural gaiety of old time."

In answer to my inquiries I was told that the Elysée Montmartre still continued a precarious existence. Sometimes it was open, sometimes it was in bankruptcy. " But how can it continue? " I said, " since the artists and the *grisettes* have gone? " The restaurant of *Père Lathulle*, in which Manet painted his celebrated picture, that also is a memory now. The Cirque Firnando, an old haunt of mine and of Alexis—was not the heroine of his witty comedy, *Monsieur Betsy*, an *écuyère* of that circus?—that, too, was gone, and in its place I saw a row of new houses—iron girders covered with a little lath and plaster through which one hears every sound, even one's neighbour's dreams. Modern comforts are there; yes, there are bathrooms, a thing unknown in Montmartre in the 'seventies. One washed less in those days, but one wrote better and painted better. Perhaps art and cleanliness are incompatible? Leaving this point still undecided I turned into the Rue Laval. Now it is called Rue de Victor Massé, and my feet found their way instinctively into the Rue Pigale, and thence into the Rue de Douai. There are some fine houses in this street. In that one, No. 22, Ludovic Halévy lived. It was there I used to meet Jacques Offenbach, and Meilhac and Bizet; but it would require a great deal of space to mention all the celebrities one met there, or to give any adequate idea of the elation that a young man felt on finding himself at last in the very centre of Parisian literary society. Halévy is now dead, his widow lives elsewhere, and I wondered who would live in those well-known rooms, the rooms in which *The Grand Duchess* was written. The noise of the street has increased ten-fold. Halévy abandoned them a few months before his

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death; no man of letters will live in them again. As I passed on, a memory came into my mind of the Faisan Doré, an old-fashioned restaurant at the end of the Rue de Martyres, and I turned to the left after passing the Place Saint-Georges to see if it still continued. The Faisan Doré was sought in vain, and I passed the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, saying to myself, "It still remains, but the worshippers—they have gone."

The great boulevards have changed as much as the boulevard Extérieur. It is many years since Tortoni passed away. Tortoni! What a host of old friends the name evokes! Amid the little circle of chairs collected round the corner of the Rue Taitbout all the great artists of thirty years ago used to come to drink absinthe or vermouth. Tortoni was a pious observance, the fulfilment of the Parisian day; our rule, our practice, and our pride. Manet was always there—Charpentier too, and Scholte—the terrible *chroniqueur* whose wit every one dreaded. Across the street is the Café Riche. Butch has been transformed, brought up to date; it is now all white paint, gold, and a dazzle of electric light; and a band is there always, and improvising the same rhapsodies that it has improvised for the last ten years.

Every one that knows Paris, every one save those that knew Paris thirty years ago, thinks that if Tortoni exists no longer, and if the Café Riche has been commercialised, the Parisians have found other *cafés* elsewhere in which to drink absinthe, talk and edit their newspapers. A mistake. Our *café* life is over; there are no more *cafés* for the Parisian. Catulle was the last that went to his *café*. He was to be seen at the Café Neapolitan every day; on the day of his death he sat there surrounded by his followers; and out of respect for his memory I crossed the boulevard and sought for a chair in his corner. Every one was occupied. It would have been pleasant to drink to him among his own chairs, where I had known him, where I had listened to him. But not in a bar-room. For while London and Edinburgh and Dublin have been dreaming vainly of the improvement it would be to substitute *cafés* for public-houses, the public-house, or the bar-room, is ousting the *cafés*

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on the great boulevards, and it has come there in a form more hideous than its original English form; it has come in a very garish guise indeed. Open to the street is the marble counter covered with brilliant glass, dazzling in the rays of electric light, and the walls are covered with blue tiles and variegated mosaics representing Adam and Eve; and where one least expects it one catches sight of a large monk in blue majolica, astride on a beer-barrel.

Certain parts of Paris are protected by what is known as *une servitude*, that is to say, a limit is put upon the heights of the buildings, and this saved the Place de l'Opera from what is known in New York as a sky-scraper. One of these is being built, but the front overlooking the Place de l'Opera will conform to the existing architecture. This was the only concession that could be obtained. The boulevard front will be many storeys higher. Every street has suffered, more or less, from modern improvements. The Rue de la Paix, perhaps, most of all, and among the monstrosities of taste the Hôtel Mirabeau takes first place easily. A marble front in variegated marbles, and a marble hall in which I am not sure that a fountain does not play, can easily be imagined, and very little common sense is required to understand how its cheap grandeur conflicts with the solid and excellent architecture of the Second Empire. The Place Vendôme, once the fashionable habitance of the aristocracy of the First and Second Empires, is now given over to hotels, milliners, dressmakers, and curiosity shops. On making inquiries I found that only one gentleman continues to live there; all the rest have sold their mansions, and this is a pity, for the Place Vendôme is one of the most beautiful places in Europe. It is protected in a measure by the *servitude*, the architecture cannot be changed, and the beautiful high roofs showing against the clear sky contrast strangely with the shop fronts along the pavements. The architecture of the Rue Castiglione is First Empire, houses of three storeys high, with small garrets making a fourth storey, and these garrets are in beautiful proportion with the windows and the doorways, and the width of the street. *La servitude* still holds good, the stone cannot be touched, but in one place a high garret

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has been added, and it is in such flagrant violation of all proportion that one turns away thinking that sense of proportion has left the world for ever. Other things have come, railways and motor-cars and, perhaps, aeroplanes, but for better or worse a sense has been lost, "the sense of proportion," I muttered as I crossed the street into the Tuilleries Gardens, compelled by a sudden thought, for Manet had painted a crowd of Third Empire notorieties under the trees, the women in bonnets and crinolines, the men in braided coats and trousers and chimney-pot hats. In those days there was a mode. No one goes now to the Tuilleries but nursemaids and children. There are two children in Manet's foreground scratching amid the gravel, and when Sir Hugh Lane, who has been knighted according to Sickert for admiring Manet, stood in front of this picture explaining to Steer that the woman in the blue bonnet was La Marquise de Gallifet, and the woman in the yellow gown La Comtesse de Castiglione, and the man talking to her Le Prince —Steer, gently interrupting said, "and the two children in pink and blue frocks are, I suppose, Ricketts and Shannon"—a joke which will not be appreciated outside of certain studios.

But there are gardens in which my memories gather more fortuitously than in the Tuilleries—Bullier. I had read that morning that Bullier was going to be sold, and thought of the old gardens where, when I was a student at the Beaux Arts, I had danced with many *grisettes*. Could it be true that Bullier was going to be pulled down? Would Paris be Paris without Bullier? And wondering if the commercialisation of my beloved city would end with the Rue de Rivoli, I crossed the Seine, saying what every man says when he crosses a river—"that tide has been flowing always, only we are changing." The bookstalls—have they gone too? I asked myself. No, there were still bookstalls, and the quays seemed much the same. "At last," I said, "I am getting into Paris."

In the Rue du Bac everybody was speaking French, and what a relief it was to hear the familiar language after the babble of tongues in the Rue de Rivoli! There were women in *peignoirs*, too, with baskets on their arms buying things in the shops. "This is Paris," I said, "the Paris that I knew long ago." The

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faces, too, were French, and scanning them eagerly as I went along, I turned into the great street which leads to the Théâtre de l'Odéon. Sometimes one forgets the name of a street in which one knows the aspect of every house. There is the restaurant Foyot. It reminded me of the old days, and I passed round the galleries of the theatre, glad to see the Luxembourg Gardens again, nor did I go very far without meeting a sight which reminded me more of old Paris than anything I had seen in the Rue du Bac—a long-haired student loitering in the pale, September sunlight, reading as he walked. It was so pleasant to see him loitering that the temptation to speak to him was irresistible. For a week I had been in Paris without hearing the French language, and devoured by a thirst to hear it again I said to him :

"*Si vous êtes du quartier Latin peut-être. . . .*"

And from him I learned that Bullier was not going to be pulled down, but rehabilitated with all sorts of new splendours, new attractions. The news was so welcome that for a moment I forgot what the new attractions meant. "It only means," I said at the end of five minutes conversation, "the commercialisation of the Quartier Latin," and I told him about the Quartier Montmartre, and we bade each other good-bye, regretting that there would be no Parisians left very soon, it being the idea of all strangers to come to Paris, and the desire of all Parisians to live in the country. My meditation grew sadder. The beauty of the Luxembourg Gardens was before me; I was in the midst of a spectacle of old time that nothing would ever change. An old priest, sitting in the sun, reading his breviary, made me feel like Julian the Apostate, who, when on his way to make war against the Parthians, found all the temples in ruins, and no trace of the ancient worship left except one old priest sitting on some ruined steps with a goose in his lap which he had come to offer in sacrifice. A little further on I came upon three nuns, old women laughing amid the falling leaves, and walking with alert steps. One passed suddenly in front of the others, reaching out her hand to catch a leaf, and the movement made me think of Botticelli's women dancing their melancholy dance in the spring wood. A peasant, or one

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who looked as if he had come from a cornfield, sat in a sunny corner, his face covered with his hand, in an attitude of deep dejection or of philosophic calm. "Now of what is he thinking?" I asked myself, and an absurd line heard the night before in Richepin's play, *Le Chemineau*, came into my mind:

Il songe aux blés fauchés qu'on ne fauchera plus.

Rounds of applause had greeted this vacuous verse, and I walked on, laughing at the imbecility which one finds even in the city which has been long considered the wittiest in the world, seeking half-unconsciously a remembered piece of monumented wall, hidden in the shadows of trees. I came upon it suddenly, and it seemed more beautiful than ever in the melancholy autumn sunlight. A great Neptune poured water from his urn in the cool recesses of the stone-work, and beneath him a naiad clasped a young man as eagerly as she had clasped him thirty years ago. The red leaves were falling in the stone basin, and the carp hung motionless in the still water, a little redder than the leaves. "How beautiful all this is!" I said, "and how beautiful are the high-pitched roofs!" Our word castle evokes images of moats and portcullises and rough life; the French word *château* is evocative of the great kings of France, and we see their curled wigs flowing over their shoulders, their gold-headed canes in their hands, and their beautiful women walking in hooped skirts through the balustraded *parterres*. The great monarchical epoch has passed away, the castle is now a museum, the property of the public. The thought that I might enter it to see the pictures crossed my mind, but the day was too beautiful to see pictures, and the Ministre des Beaux Arts has collected too much bad sculpture in his gallery, so I remained outside, admiring the high-pitched roofs, and the balustraded *parterres* full of autumn flowers: geraniums, begonias, dahlias, hung over the edges of the vases, soon to die. "A few more days and they will be gone, even the sunlight," I said, "is passing from us, this autumn sunlight, so fugitive and faint. Two or three more weeks of sunny weather, and then winter; but never in my life have I lived more intensely than this morning, visiting the scenes that impressed themselves upon my memory years ago. There is joy in melancholy. We

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middle-aged people mingle joy with our sadness . . . and now it is time for breakfast. I must breakfast in the *quartier*. And where shall I breakfast better than at Foyot's ? "

A French omelette, the wing of a chicken, a pint of French wine, a cup of coffee, a cigar, and then the bill. Living still in the memory of old time I asked the waiter "*pour la note*." He looked at me for a moment in astonishment, and then translated my French into his own special jargon, crying to the *caissière*, "*l'addition du cinq*."

"I suppose," I said to myself as I walked out of the *café*, "that I am one of the last who will ever ask in a *café* "*pour la note*."

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Nihilism in Contemporary Russian Literature

By E. J. Dillon

Russian literature reflects to a greater extent than any other the main tendencies of the political and social movements of the day. It discharged this function under the *régime* of the autocracy, and it continues to discharge it under the semblance of the Constitution. Nobody can read, for instance, the novels, verses, or short stories of to-day—the number of which is legion—without noting how largely their authors have yielded to moods induced by the political and social changes which the Revolution ushered in. And from an artistic view-point that influence was largely mischievous. For the last phase of the reform agitation began in 1905 as a political saturnalia, and ended later as highway robbery, debauchery, and homicidal frenzy. And the literature which mirrors forth the rise, progress, and collapse of this political "reformation" is leavened with nauseous pornographical sketches, with anthems to Venus and Priapus, with penitential psalms chaunted to the infinite void, and with soul-searing cries of despair. But the upheaval of the mud volcano of 1905 did not create, it merely revealed, this fund of sexual impurity and spiritual impotence. Its origins are of older date. Ever since the Crimean War the tendency to what Turghenieff aptly called Nihilism had been marked, and continuous. It is the negation of religious dogma and spiritual truth, a revolt against moral law, a protest against human statutes, a spurning of ideals and a renunciation of hope. It had gone on almost unchecked by State and Church, and successfully fostered by light literature which grew popular in proportion as it became Nihilistic and didactic. For men of letters in the Tsardom have ever been expected not only to

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teach, but to teach doctrines and sentiments subversive of the established political and social order.

The unwritten law which demanded this heavy sacrifice of art to politics was enforced by severe pains and penalties. Popularity depended almost always on its fulfilment; nay, literary criticism, starting with this monstrous conception of art, sought the line of cleavage between the æsthetically beautiful and its opposite in the author's attitude towards the established *régime* and its three manifestations—Church, Government, and Society. Turghenieff, judged by that law, was cheered and hissed in turn for the varying political tendencies which critics fancied they discerned in his novels. For a like reason the Liberal Nekrassoff usurped a higher place in literature than Feht, whose poetical gifts far outshone his own, while my friend Leskoff—a born artist—was literally ostracised because when weighed in the political balances his message was found wanting. Maxim Gorky, on the other hand, owed much of his extraordinary vogue—and for a time he was set above Turghenieff and Tolstoy—to the aggressive hatred he displayed of God, the Church, and the social fabric.

Nor was it letters only which were on the wrong track. Other arts had gone equally astray. Some painters, like my friend Nicholas Gay, who had begun as promising artists and risen high as heralds of the new era, closed their career as unconscious caricaturists whom men of balanced minds pitied as they passed. The poem, the drama, the story were used with increasing frequency as vehicles for the spread of the gospel of the nothingness of the all. Hence short tales with a purpose, novels with a key, literary criticisms which, read between the lines, are political manifestoes, have been amongst the specialities of Russian letters since the days of the Crimean War. In this way art came to be a corrosive solvent of the Church, the political *régime*, and the current system of ethics.

This process had been sapping the groundwork of society for decades before the "revolution." Its principal medium among the arts was literature, but education in each of its stages was more potent still. Theories and maxims which a journalist dared not set forth in a leading article a novelist could generally

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unfold in a story or a piece of literary criticism, and a schoolmaster or schoolmistress could engraft on the minds of the children as easily as the sower cast his seed on the ploughed earth. The fruits sowed at that spring-time of Nihilism ripened fully under the scorching heat of the revolution, and appeared as negation of principles, as revolt, as despair. Childlike faith had vanished, science had not filled its place, moral restraints were pulled down, and in man's soul was left an aching void.

"Who am I?" exclaims all of a sudden a student of natural sciences in one of Krinitzky's short stories.* "'Why am I?' incisively asked a strange voice within him. And Volodya became aware that he was quaking at the sound of it, quivering to the depths of his being at the utterance of this awful query. For in truth he has no knowledge as to who he is, or what he has been put here to do. Down to now he had contented himself with such answers as these: 'I am Volodya Bubnoff, a student of the Faculty of Natural Sciences, and it behoves me to eat, drink, clothe myself, and go to the University to study.'" But now these propositions appeared to him as utter babble. "Volodya Bubnoff—those are empty words. And is it more than a hollow phrase to say that I must drink, eat, and study? A felon condemned to death has not to eat, nor drink, nor study.' In short, he perceived that everything which he knew down to the present moment was nothing but words."

The Nihilism underlying these reflections caught on everywhere, chilling enthusiasms, stifling aspirations, paralysing endeavour, and poisoning spiritual energies at their source. For Russians were naturally predisposed to this psychic cancer by the pessimistic mood that damps their spirits from childhood. In every function of life and labour it makes itself felt. The plaintive note of their national music, the soul-gripping melancholy of their folk-songs, the dreamy sadness of their fairy tales, and the inexorable ruthlessness of their proverbs are among its lasting manifestations. Pessimism is a national trait. It creates

* The heroes of Revolutionary literature have much in common with those of the period immediately preceding. Neither their love nor their hate nor their resolution is fixed. They wander aimlessly about a world which itself is aimless. As *The Mystery of a Badger*, by M. Krinitzky, is an instance, I quote from that rather than from fiction of an earlier date.

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the soul-atmosphere of the average man and woman, who grow so used to it that they will not breathe any other. Remedy a Russian's grievance and you have taken away one of the necessities of his life. Rescue him from hell and he will forthwith make another hell to his taste out of earth or, if needs be, out of paradise. And the fatal charm thus exercised by world-ache and hopelessness was heightened by the revolution. The disappointment produced by the events of 1905, the bitterness of utter and needless defeat, the sting of ridiculed illusions, and the moral exhaustion brought on by all these causes intensified the pessimism of the masses and took literary shape in the writings of contemporary men of letters. When the fateful hour of armed revolt struck and the contest between an epileptic people and a paralytic *régime* began there were no restraints, moral or religious, left standing. Nor could it be otherwise, seeing that to the typical Nihilists of the day life is but a thing that is not, the echo of a jarring sound that comes from nowhere, the cruel joke of a nightmare demon hurled into space.

The revolution was less an outburst of manly indignation against a social fabric grounded on sham appearances and moral hypocrisies than a running amuck of frenzied men, women, and children, who knew not what they did. It was a monster with froth on his lips in an epileptic fit. The force it developed was wasted. Like a straw fire it flared up bright and dazzling for a moment, and then died out leaving a handful of ashes. And in the literature that holds the mirror to life's realities we perceive the same types of aimless men, the same threshing of straw. The bearers of the new names in the golden book of art have, like their heroes, been seekers of the unattainable, not finders of the beautiful, the true, or the good. They fail to attune our emotions to a spiritual mood because their creations are out of vital relation with the silently working spiritual forces of the nation and the age. Their sensibilities are narrowed; to their gaze one half of human life—the better half—is invisible. Their art is therefore one-sided; it gives us no higher conception of human existence, brings us no inspiriting message. If literature be a revelation of the widening potentialities of man's living and striving, Russian revolutionary literature is an unfruitful revelation of life's impossi-

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bilities. And it is not only æsthetically the reverse of beautiful, but scientifically the reverse of true.

Low though they have actually fallen, however, contemporary Russian literature would have sunk wholly into the slough of despond but for a remarkable movement which the historian may chronicle as effective and the philosopher must deplore as degrading. I allude to the new impulse given to fiction by M. Artzybasheff and his friends, who might well be called the sensualisers of Russian literature. These writers draw their imaginative motives on the one hand from the wild events around them, and on the other hand from a body of beliefs which may be traced back through many meanderings in Russian steppes to Nietzsche. Man is lord of creation, and is therefore the master of his own actions, the moulder of his own fate. He is unfettered, absolute. His nature demands free scope for development on its own lines. The old checks and barriers, raised by religion and morality, may be set aside as arbitrary. They have no justification. Altruism, self-restraint, love of one's neighbours, are landmarks of an old world which has passed away. They were set up for our foregoers, a different race of men. We and our likes hunger and thirst for life, life in all its million forms. The idolatry preached by Church and State has lived its day. Neither human society in the present nor divine revelation in the past command our allegiance. We are here to live, to enjoy, to follow the bent of our nature. Absolute liberty is our devise, truth to our own nature our sole rule. Selflessness is a lie in action. We live

> By the hunger of change and emotion,
> By the thirst of unbearable things,
> By despair, the twin-born of devotion,
> By the pleasure that winces and stings,
> The delight that consumes the desire,
> The desire that outruns the delight,
> By the cruelty deaf as a fire
> And blind as the night.

The German infusion into the world-philosophy of the Russian tramp is not the undiluted philosophy of Nietzsche. It differs largely from this. But antinomianism is a trait common to them both, the assertion of the liberty of man to do his will on

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the lines of his nature heedless of restraints. Forward! For in Europe the Nietzschean creed was assimilated by the elect of civilisation to whom philosophy was second nature, in Russia by the least cultured of the masses, by men and women who had been casually brought to the fore by advantages of education dispensed by a sort of charity system to serfs and the sons of serfs. And these individuals, thus cut off from their natural environment, out of harmony with their new surroundings, listen greedily to the words of any tempter that may say: "Taste of the fruit of the Tree of Evil." Hence they respect no code of morals, recognise no commandments of God or statutes of man, listen to no promptings of conscience. They slake their thirst of pleasure at any fountain and still their hunger with any food—even the showbread of the house of God. It is the extent to which this antinomianism is carried that will amaze the Western critic. For it is not merely conjugal fidelity or virgin purity or the sacredness of close kinship or the barriers of sex that are oversprung by the followers of this new gospel; they literally recoil from nothing.

Worship of the human body or love of physical beauty is not the cardinal function of this latter-day sect. It would be more aptly described as a transference of allegiance from the soul to the senses. Heretofore the "movements of the flesh" were curbed and checked by the power of the spirit. And he who succeeded in thus keeping them under was in some sort a hero. Henceforth it is the flesh that shall prevail over the—"so-called spirit." What pleasures so ever a man's senses crave, it is right they should enjoy. A comely maiden in the bloom of youth and health and good looks has lost her heart and pledged her troth to a youth with whom in a couple of days the priest will unite her. Beaming with happiness, she is thrown together with a young man of temperament. Their eyes meet. An irresistible longing comes over them both. Casually, while changing oars in a boat, their arms touch, flesh rests on flesh. All at once the electric charge of the senses plays upon them, and, yielding to the voluptuous seduction, he and she obey the call of nature and are supremely happy.

For this vile imaginative motive Artzybasheff, it must be

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admitted, has found an artistic formula. He gives correct and vigorous expression to the essential traits of his models without overstepping the boundaries of his art. Unlike his colleagues, he is hardly ever didactical. He illumines and adorns moral ugliness with such taste and simplicity that it sometimes glows with a fascinating light. In his most immoral creation, Sanin, the typical youth, who embodies egotism, self-indulgence, the negation of law and duty, Artzybasheff gives proof of a marvellous power of interpreting the sensuous side of human nature. From the point of view of form, then, one finds little to censure in the works of this strange prophet. The canons of beauty are hardly ever transgressed in his creations. He studies measure and practises reserve. To revolutionary conceptions he hardly ever offers up an æsthetic sacrifice, the form alone influencing whatever of thought and emotion he has to express.

What we miss most in Artzybasheff is purity of feeling. He lacks the master qualities which spring from high sensitiveness to the main sources of emotion and thought in human life. What is central in man, the very heart of the complex human organism, is treated as a mere outgrowth or is wholly unheeded. On the other hand simplicity, grace, sympathy with his characters, clearness of vision and daintiness of touch are all engaged in associating images of beastly—aye, worse than beastly—indulgence with much that is æsthetic and attractive. And if the spread of immorality was the aim in view it has been attained with marked success. Artzybasheff's "Sanin," after having been sold in scores of thousands of copies in Russia, advertised, criticised, and reprinted in four editions, was at last forbidden throughout the Empire. And to-day not a copy of it can be had in all the Tsar's dominions for less than fifty per cent. above the original price. Imitators however at once arose who carried the movement still further, but contrived to slip through the meshes of the law. One book, for instance, purporting to be the diary of a girl who performed her sexual duties according to the commandments of the new Church, serving several masters at the same time, escaped prohibition by means of the simple device of an introduction condemning Saninism and an epilogue

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narrating the loathsome end of the female whose terrible experiences are recorded in the diary.

If Russian literature showed signs of moral aberration before the abortive Revolution, it was seized with frenzy during that saturnalia of unbridled licence and unpunished crime. From the slopes of Parnassus it dropped into what the leading Russian Press organ * describes as a narrow lane of disorderly houses, a sexual No-Thoroughfare. For society itself was gone delirious. Neurosis of sexual origin seized on a number of pioneers of the revolution, and youth with its impressionable nature was its first and principal victim. In many places secret leagues of schoolboys and schoolgirls sprang into existence for the purpose of preaching and practising free love. The influence of Artzybasheff's "Sanin" is writ large in this degrading sexual mania, which will take a place in the history of human aberrations beside the religious suicidal outburst in the times of early Christianity and the flagellant practices of the Middle Age. The hero of this perverse novel found zealous imitators in everyday life among lads and lasses whose psychical systems were prematurely shattered. Some public-school boys set their ambition on imitating, others on outdoing, the hero Sanin. Free Love Associations were formed in Minsk, Kieff, Orel, Kazan, Ekaterinburg, Warsaw, and other places. The league of Kief is reported to have had at one time as many as eighty members and six premises where they secretly met and held their *séances*. Veiled accounts of their agapæ are given in some of the newspapers. Females of tender years became mothers. In Ekaterinburg a schoolgirl of fourteen is described as dying in childbirth.† From other girls' schools hardier parents of the same age had to be dismissed to their houses. From this aspect of the "reform" agitation one gladly turns away. It had to be mentioned in connection with the origin and effects of the revolutionary movement in Russian literature. To complete the picture it only remains to show the part which the Press played in this demoralising process.

One of the journals of St. Petersburg writes: "It was we who perturbed and debauched the children's minds. It was we

* *Novoye Vremya.* † *Ibid.* May 15, 1908.

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who poured into them the poison of negation, of the denial of authority, it was we who defiled them with the filth of modernism. We taught our children the omega of political doctrines, questionable and unsifted, while they were still unacquainted with the alpha of social duties and of science. Who has not heard of public-school boys of the first and second classes who belong to the social revolutionists and are followers of Marx? This is no fiction. . . ." As for the roots of the disease, "They are in ourselves, in the entire social organism, in the decay of the family, in the viciousness of fathers and mothers. During the revolutionary period our youth threw themselves upon politics. School and family were powerless to hold the children back. When the revolution was over the grown-ups turned to pornography. And the children followed at the heels of their parents. Who tried to check them?" *

Against the indictment of literature for its gross immorality Artzybasheff's friends protest. They set up a defence which rests on the comparison of literature to a mirror. It is the old plea on which the admirers of Pyræicus the rhyparographer relied: whatever is, deserves to be treated by the artist. If the literary creations of the new school reflect Russian life as it is, what right has the critic to indict the author who reproduced that life? And the workaday reality does in truth seem parallel to existence as we see it in the world of imagination created by Artzybasheff and his disciples. If you put the matter to the test of evidence, they add, you cannot withhold a verdict of acquittal.

"Take the Leagues of Free Love," they argue. "They are quite as much phenomena of Russian life as the sectarian movement or the wave of Socialism. You may inveigh against them if you will, but you cannot shut your eyes to their existence, and if it be meet to preach a crusade it is also seemly to describe the enemy against whom the crusaders are setting out. Again, is not the celebrated letter in which a young girl of seventeen broke a lance in favour of the Free Love Leaguers a human document of quite as much import as any that Zola ever worked up into his famous novels? It was printed in one of the chief journals of

* *Bourse Gazette*, June 6, 1908.

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Minsk in answer to a series of diatribes that had appeared in that paper against the Leaguers and their doings. 'I,' wrote this maiden champion of the new doctrine, 'I am a girl of seventeen, and a resident of the town of Minsk. I took a keen interest in the articles on the League of Free Love. They sent many a thrill to my heart, for they dealt more particularly with the members of the female sex, to which I belong. Every one of those articles is a homily on our morals, on the corruption of our manners, and it teems with reproaches. But not one word is anywhere said about the nature of human beings, about the needs of life and the demands of temperament. We are treated just as though we were not human. All the articles insist on measures against the Free Love League—*i.e.*, they devise barriers against the satisfying of nature's requirements. Well, I affirm with conviction that nowadays no such barriers will be efficacious. As for myself, I may state that if I have not as yet joined the League it was for reasons beyond my control, but I shall be a member, and it is not articles on morality that will hold me back. And I am not the only one: there are many others like me. Moreover, the longer it lasts the more fully will such a league assert its rights, because the portion of every one is to enjoy life and satisfy nature's demands. Heretofore woman has been the prisoner of her feelings. To-day she has begun to free herself from those bonds, realising that she too is a living creature and is entitled to enjoy life like everybody else. Can it be that there are still people who fancy that nowadays a girl of eighteen moves about the world with banded eyes and does not perceive what is going on around her and how life works out? To-day even a girl of sixteen understands thoroughly that every male satisfies freely the wants of his nature, or, to put it differently, indulges in free love, whereas we females go on suffering everlastingly, killing every desire within us. Are we not human beings, then, or are we wholly devoid of such appetites as males have? Does our heart not beat, does our blood not seethe in our veins? For whose sake then, and for what purpose do we stifle life within us? . . .'" *

"Now can human documents such as that," cry the apolo-

* *Novoye Vremya*, May 1908.

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gists of Artzybasheff, "be entirely ignored by the artist who is of his country and his age? And if not, it would be wasted breath to urge that a realist should not utilise them after the manner of his school. Or is art to be kept wholly aloof from life and its salient manifestations? The historian, the psychologist, the philosopher may deal with them, but to the man of letters they are to be taboo? According to your account, plagues more dire than those of Egypt have been let loose upon our land, and we poets and novelists are alone to shut our eyes to their ravages!

"One of the keenest observers on your side—the side of traditional morality—puts the blame on the revolution and writes: 'Licentiousness is rife; shattered are all conceptions of honour, of good and evil, of the sacredness of an oath, of duty—nay, even of that popular boon, liberty, to secure which was the cause of all the outbreaks. Our revolutionists have travelled far—so far that they preach the artificial spreading of the plague in Cossack settlements, with the help of learned bacteriologists, in order to pay out the Cossacks for quelling the revolts. . . . Side by side with this, we are acquainted with the revolting spectacle of hundreds of young ladies and female students bursting through the doors of disorderly houses in Cronstadt in order to hold intimate converse with sailors there in the hope of thus winning them over to the cause of the rebellion. Many of them were refused admittance for lack of room, and others for lack of good looks. . . .'* Now do not such phenomena as these point in the same direction as our novels and short stories, which you would have publicly burned by the hangman?

"Or take another sketch of real life which appeared in the Press, and say why its outlines should not be filled up and coloured by the literary artist. One day three Russian girls arose suddenly, comet-like, on the horizon of Warsaw. They drew and riveted the attention of the population, not because of the round of gay and festive scenes that made up their lives, but because of their tender ages: twelve, fourteen, and sixteen. Try to realise all that that implies. Children who might still take an interest in dolls and other toys, they frequented the circus every night,

* *The Great Crash*, by Veshchy Oleg, pp. 19 and 20.

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where they had an expensive box. In the daytime they were to be seen in one of the fashionable *cafés*. Late at night, after the circus, they were wont to repair to a smart restaurant or a cabaret, to order copious suppers which they washed down with champagne, and to delight the waiters with generous gratuities. During the latter half of their erratic career they frequented a certain cabaret, where they would stay until the representations were over and the curtains down, and then it was their wont to retire to a *cabinet particulier*. To this retreat they would invite the musical nigger, whose performance had won their young hearts, ask him to join them in their symposium, to play to them and allow himself to be admired. 'On the whole,' the journal naively remarks, 'the manners of the youthful trio did not at all resemble the ways of young girls.' One night they kept up the feast of unreason and the flow of soul until morning, when the bill was presented. They then declared themselves bankrupt. The proprietor of the cabaret, indignant at this breach of commercial morality, handed them over to the police. It was then ascertained that they had run away from Moscow and that the two youngest children were the daughters of a professor there, and were travelling at the expense of the girl of sixteen, who had appropriated a few thousand roubles from her father. The trio had foreseen and wisely provided for everything, even for the day when their stock of money would give out. Arrived at that point, their intention was to commit suicide and pass through the ever-open door as behoves orthodox Nihilists. And for this purpose they had purchased a revolver. When arrested they had nothing but the revolver left. . . .*

"Is not the many-coloured life of which those scenes are mere symbols, is not the procession of abnormal figures that stalk or crawl and whine, and finally pass through the open door into outer darkness, with here and there a strong, lusty man and woman who have the courage to be themselves, worthy of being limned?"

Such, in brief outline, is the defence of the realistic school of Russian revolutionary literature.

To these pleadings the true answer has often been given. It

* *Novoye Vremya*, November 11, 1908.

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is not against the use of those materials—repellent though they are—that protests have been uttered; it is against their abuse. In the works of fiction complained of, loathsome vice is not merely incarnated in men or women; it is embellished, being personified by a dashing hero or a lovable heroine. It is dwelt upon with zest, it is analysed with scrupulous, nay, with loving care; it is set before us as the attribute of brilliant *dramatis personæ*, and our admiration, nay, our imitation, is challenged. Hence at the head of nearly every one of the Leagues of Free Love mentioned above were youths eager to emulate Artzybasheff's hero, Sanin. And for Sanin there was nothing holy, nothing impious.

Sanin is but a single figure in a gallery of family portraits, the study of which affects one like a visit to a sanatorium for neurotic patients. Although the painters are many and their modes of composition and characterisation very different, the kinship of each of the originals to all is perceptible. It is like the nose of the Habsburgs, which gives an unmistakable character alike to the face of Franz Ferdinand in Austria and to that of Alphonso XIII. in Spain. Take as a case for comparison the hero of one of Leonid Andreyeff's finest short stories, called "The Abyss." Nemovetsky differs from Sanin in some things, nay, in many, but the family kinship asserts itself in the hegemony of the sexual instinct over moral principle, over personal honour, and over the manly feeling which in old Russia generations of social influences working on self-respect has cultivated. Nemovetsky, like Sanin, is an everyday youth with nothing of the hero in him. But he is young, healthy, and in love with life. The moral restraints which he feels are neither weaker nor stronger than those of his comrades in the technological institute. But at the sight of the temptation they fade away like cloud-pictures before the summer sun. He is out walking in the fields with a pure-minded charming girl.

The day was drawing to a close, but still the pair kept sauntering on, talking the while, heedless of the time and the route. In front of them on a sloping hill a grove stood out as a dark mass, and athwart the branches of the trees glowed the sun like a red-hot coal, setting the air aflame and reducing it to fiery gold dust. So close at hand and so bright was the sun that everything round about seemed to vanish in his presence, and he alone remained, beautifying the road and smoothing it. The glare pained the

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eyes of the wayfarers; they turned back, and all at once everything grew dim in their sight, dim and calm and clear, little yet distinct. Away somewhere in the distance, a mile or more, the red sunset caught the towering trunk of a pine, which burned amid the greenery like a candle in a dark room. . . .

And the dimness in front of them did not check nor change their conversation. Crystal-clear, cordial and soft, it flowed onwards in a smooth current running ever on the same theme: the strength, the beauty, the deathlessness of love. They were both very young: the girl was only seventeen, while Nemovetsky was four years her senior. Both of them wore students' uniforms, she being attired in the modest brown frock of the female public school and he in the becoming garb of the technological institute. And as their talk was, so was everything else about them, young and beautiful and pure: their well-built, plastic figures were permeated by the atmosphere and akin to it:—the light, elastic step and the fresh voices which even when articulating simple words vibrated with dreamy tenderness, like a rivulet purling, on a calm spring night, before all the snow has gone from the dark fields. . . .

Where the road was cut by a little ditch he offered to help her. He stretched out his hand—a hand that was not inured to physical toil—firm and white as though it were a woman's. Zinotchka was in high spirits; she felt as though she would like to jump the ditch, scuttle away, and cry, "Catch me." But she checked herself, nodded slightly in dignified acknowledgment, and somewhat timidly proffered a hand which still showed the plumpness of a child's. A desire came over him to squeeze that palpitating little hand, but he too restrained himself; with a half bow he took it respectfully and modestly turned aside, when, as she swung upwards, the girl's leg was slightly exposed to view.

And they started off again and chatted away, but their heads were still filled with the feeling generated by the touch of the hands which had come together for a minute. She still felt the dry warmth of his palm and his tightly drawn fingers: it was an agreeable sensation, and yet it brought with it a touch of conscientious disquietude. He felt the yielding softness of her dainty little hand, he beheld the black silhouette of her foot and the tiny slipper that simply and tenderly enclosed it. And there was something sharp, disquieting, in this undimmed picture of the narrow strip of white petticoats and shapely foot, and with an unconscious effort of will he blotted it out. . . .

The shades of evening lengthen, the dusk thickens, but the pair still stroll on, happy as souls in the abodes of the blissful.

"Could you die for the person you loved?" Zinotchka asked, her eyes riveted the while on her tiny hand. "Yes, I could," answered Nemovetsky decidedly, gazing at her openly, serenely. "And you?" "Yes, I too." She fell into a reverie. "It would be such happiness to die for the man one loved. I should like it very much." Their eyes met, bright, serene, conveying to each other something good and their lips smiled. "Wait a moment," she exclaimed; "there's a thread on your coat." And trustfully she raised her hand to his shoulder and cautiously took the thread between two fingers. "There," she exclaimed, and, growing serious, she asked: "Why are you so pale and so thin? You work too hard. Yes? Do not fatigue yourself; it is not necessary." "You have light blue eyes, and there are bright little points in them like weenie sparks," he replied, examining her eyes. "And you have black eyes. No, brown and warm. And in them . . ." Zinotchka did not say what there was in them. She turned away. A blush came slowly into her face, her eyes grew embarrassed and timid, and her lips involuntarily smiled. . . . And without waiting for the smiling Nemovetsky, who looked pleased at something,

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she tripped blithely forwards, but soon stopped short. "Look," she cried, with doleful surprise, "the sun is gone down." "Yes, it's gone down," he responded, with a sudden keen pang. The light had fled, the shadows had died, and all things around were wan, dumb, lifeless. . . .

The happy pair, losing their way, came upon three ruffians, whose looks boded evil. Zinotchka, like a bird in a cage, fluttered, trembled, looked around for help. Her partner offered money to the scoundrels, who in their vulgar way were brother Nihilists, but a blow on the shoulder and another under the chin disabled him. He gradually lost consciousness. The last things he remembered afterwards were the red beard of his assailant, which touched his lips as he was being carried in the man's arms, and beyond that the blackness of the forest and the light blouse of the girl, endeavouring to run away from her pursuers.

When consciousness returned Nemovetsky was at the bottom of a trench. Slowly he took up the threads of memory where they had been swallowed up by the void. And when he had thought things out, he could not accept the picture as a representation of the reality. It must be a dream, a nightmare. He rose to his feet, climbed up the hill, groped his way in the darkness among the trees, and cried out for Zinotchka. But his voice was swallowed by the silence of the night.

All at once "there at his very feet a white turbid blotch swam into his range of vision. It resembled a spot of faint light, frozen and fixed. It was Zinotchka who lay there."

"My God! What's this?" cried Nemovetsky, with dry eyes but with the voice of a man sobbing. And falling on his knees he touched the recumbent form. His hand fell on the naked body, smooth, yielding, cold, but not dead. . . . "Darling, my dove, it is I," he whispered, groping in the gloom for her face. And again in another direction he stretched his hand, and again it came upon the bare body. And in whatsoever direction he drew it, he always came in contact with the naked female body, smooth, yielding, and, as it were, warming up under the hand that touched it. . . .

He felt at her heart: it was beating feebly, but regularly; and when he bent down to the face he felt a faint breathing, as though Zinotchka were not in a deep swoon, but merely slumbered. And he called to her softly: "Zinotchka, it is I."

And now he felt that for some reason it would be well if she did not awake for a long time yet. Holding his breath and glancing rapidly around, he carefully caressed her cheek and kissed first her closed eyes, then her lips, which softly gave way under the pressure of his heavy kiss. Frightened at the thought that she might wake up, he rolled back and his heart sank within him. But the body was dumb and motionless, and in its helplessness and accessibility there was something piteous and irritating, something that drew one irresistibly to it. . . .

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The story of which I have given but inadequate scraps closes with the significant words: "And the black abyss swallowed him." Nemovetsky and the criminal ruffians who had ruined the innocent girl were in verity brother Nihilists.

Russian literature, it seems to me, has come to the close of an epoch, and is now in the last phase of decadence. The energy that sustained it in the days of Pushkin, Lermontoff, Goncharoff, Dostoyeffsky, and Tolstoy is spent, and the brilliant efforts of Gorky, Artzybasheff, and Andreyeff may be likened to the last flicker of a candle-end. The dominating idea, the *leit-motiv* of Russian fiction, nay, of Russian art generally, has been, it seems to me, a continual struggle to burst the fetters that hampered personality. At first this striving was unconscious, like that of a bud in the earth shooting up towards light and warmth. In time it grew more and more deliberate, waxing stronger after every new position it won, and finally it degenerated into an assertion of the all-might of the individual will and the nothingness of social restraints or religious checks. To believe in nothing and allow oneself everything is the philosophic groundwork of contemporary Russian literature. And to my thinking this is not so much philosophy as Nihilism pure and simple.

It may well be that underneath all this decaying matter the germ of a new type of national art is silently sprouting and gradually expanding, and drawing nearer to the light. During the first shocks of the revolution it seemed as though deep chords had been touched and emotion of the creative kind had been aroused in the consciousness of the nation. But as yet there have been no signs of it in literature. Revolutionary writers, even those who, like Artzybasheff, keep well within the bounds of their art, produce work which, though instinct with a formal kind of beauty, is neither adequate to the lasting facts of man's nature nor in harmony with the highest thought and sentiment of the human race.

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In the Convent Garden

By Clare Frewen

The Convent is all that remains of a grey stone Renaissance Château. Stone steps descend in a double flight to a spacious walled-in garden, where there are giant trees, open spaces, an island in a lake, wildernesses with winding paths where the branches meet overhead, and statues of various saints are overgrown and neglected. But there is another Convent across the garden, " Le petit Couvent," where live the oldest nuns and the smallest children.

Beyond the western wall one can hear hoarse shouts, the stumbling of horses and rumbling of wheels over cobblestones, which remind one of the vicinity of suburban Paris. The restlessness of the city has not penetrated, and our atmosphere is one of complete peace which lulls to rest all the desires, anxieties, and cares one has experienced in the world. I sometimes wonder whether fragments of our peace ever drift beyond to inspire a kind thought in the passer-by. There seems to be a spell over the garden, the distances are so blue, the trees, the water of the lake, even the sky seems to be perpetually blue, and the flowers that are not blue are either white or mauve and perfect harmony prevails. This effect is entirely unpremeditated, for Nature, not Julien, is the gardener, and the *bosquet* in springtime testifies to Nature's forethought in landscape gardening:

> . . . There the bluebell spreads a purple dome
> O'er grassy temple where no priest may come,
> Beside them bashfully the violet
> In cloistered cell by fernery beset
> Is loth to know and happy to forget.

With the bluebell and the violet are blended the purple orchids, the cuckoo flower, and the white anemone that is lightly touched with mauve. No mortal could have made a

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more careful selection. Julien has no use for flowers, he is only tolerant of vegetables, but most of his day is spent in sweeping leaves. In the autumn, he has no sooner swept a few together than the wind comes and scatters them afresh, but he works on good-humouredly and spring finds him still making imaginary leaf-stacks. Wherever they can, ferns and wild things grow, even the garden paths are green with moss, and the irises are wild that grow by the lake.

Since I have undertaken the care of the western border it has begun to assume an almost herbaceous appearance. I interested myself more particularly in this border because the sun sets behind it, and the varied skies form a glorious background to my flowers. Sometimes it is orange-coloured and fades into pale lemon, or else it is a more peaceful *couleur-de-rose* fleeced with violet, and at dusk the white flowers gleam mysteriously in the half-light.

The nuns smile indulgently at my work although they think it is a vanity; everything to them is vanity which aspires to beauty, even a garden. They have no time to waste in contemplation, I am the only "looker-on," the only inmate who can spend days in luxurious appreciation.

It would be useless for one person unaided, to attempt to do everything there is to be done, so I merely plant and leave things to do the best they can. Perhaps that is why they do so well and so gracefully; flowers resent being cut and trimmed, and tied in a hard clump to a stake, or being labelled with archæological precision. They prefer to be loved for their tangled beauty, and grow better for love than for skill. Orientals, whose favourite flower is the lotus, fail to understand our love of a rose, they say they cannot see any beauty in a flower which decays on its stem. There are no decayed blooms on my rose-trees, their perfection seems to impart their gratitude.

When at certain hours the air is pervaded by the joyful sounds and laughter of children, I select the vicinity of the lake as my playground, for that is nearer to the Petit Couvent and the quite small children, and I love their laughter best.

There seems to be no special reason why the eldest nuns live at the cottage, perhaps they love to pet and spoil the children,

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and in their old age a little indulgence is granted them. On Sundays the little ones attend Mass at the big Chapel. They wear long white muslin veils like the older girls, and sit in the gallery where Mère Clotilde plays the organ. At a certain part of the Mass, the sun, when it is shining, reaches the big window at the back of the gallery, so that a great stream of golden light pours down upon the little veiled heads as though Heaven especially blessed them. It is marvellous to witness the decorous behaviour, and silent way in which, according to rule, the babes in their uniform dark blue frocks, walk back in a solemn procession to their own Convent. I wonder whether it is not a little unkind to restrain their voices and prattle, for what is sweeter than the laughter of a child? But French children seem to conform more easily to discipline; it is transmitted through the generations.

I lived here as a child, and have returned not to take the veil but to seek comfort. Purple-robed nuns, like gliding shadows, look up as they pass me by, and their faces reflect a smile more full of sympathy than all the words they leave unsaid. Sympathy they give to those in trouble, and trouble it is which brings people to the garden, they do not ask the nature of that trouble. They know that God has taken a soul away from me, to increase His glory, and so they burn a candle day and night before the altar. To me, that candle represents the burning question: "Why?" To the nuns it represents an attitude of resignation: "Thy Will be done." To me the future looms impenetrably dark, there are no white flowers to light it up as in the garden at dusk; my way is a labyrinth, and the sky overhead is black and starless. I am only waiting for my eyes to accustom themselves to the dark, and then I will set forth once more to face the world.

Many other graves of sorrow there are here, besides my own, deep-buried sorrows that have no monument and no name; the flowers which grow over them are big-eyed, silent, respectful of dead grief. At the foot of the garden is a grotto. There the Virgin stands with folded hands and uplifted eyes—praying. All the secrets are hers: a veiled figure kneeling at her feet; a bunch of flowers, a dangling rosary, a burning taper, each tells a secret. Mary hears and comforts, but never ceases praying, for

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it takes more time than there is in eternity, to intercede for sorrowing humanity. I sometimes kneel at Mary's feet, but my grief will not frame itself in words, so I leave a flower in my stead, and perhaps that flower tells.

From the grotto a narrow flower-bordered path leads to the lake. In the evening, when distance becomes dimmed, this path with its countless white flowers appears to end in a mist which might well be eternity. If the road to heaven is bordered with flowers it must be like this road, leading to my lake. I call it " my " lake, for no one seems to claim it more particularly than I do, but the island with its weeping willow belongs to St. Pierre, not to me. He sits there on a pedestal, in bronze, and threateningly holds the keys of the gates of Heaven, he allows me to share the island with him, but he is very impassive and will not unlock the gates. It is weary this waiting, but I am glad of the seclusion of the island. At night when the bronze figure has been merged into the blackness of the distant trees, the island belongs to the melancholy grey owls, that hover around like shadows, and the restless fluttering bats—these are the souls who are waiting with me.

Every morning on my way to the island, I pass by the cotton tree where the children are playing. They all know me and run to me when I come in sight, each trying to be the first to tell me something, and most of them wanting only to be kissed: " Seulement un basier," they implore, mingled with the bribe that when they have had their *baiser* they will be very good and let me go. It seems as if the absence of their mothers leaves them in want of kisses. At first when this was new to me, I would go to the island with a heavy heart, and pour out my soul to the impassive saint.

" St. Pierre, you will surely not open the gates to these mothers who have left their little ones in need of kisses ? "

Sitting at the water's edge with the irises at my feet, I marvel at what passes my understanding. Sometimes two children come and play in the open space beyond, where the marguerites grow. Their favourite hour is the evening when there are long shadows on the grass. Their names are Joy and Félicité, and these are the children who would have been his and mine.

Joy is long of limb and swift of foot, as I imagine an Arcadian.

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His skin is cream and roses, and his cheeks feel fresh and cold when I press them against my own; he has golden curls, dark lashes, and alert blue eyes. He looks like me, but he is brilliant like him. Moreover, he knows the ways of all the animals and the nature of the wild flowers. He says the world he comes from is a wilderness of flowers, and they are nearly all blue, that is why he is fond of the Convent Garden. I watch him chase the butterflies, and when he trips and falls it is a great joke and we both laugh immoderately. Félicité is content to roll among the daisies, she is too young to walk, neither can she talk, but weird sounds lead one to suspect she is trying to sing! Joy says that when Félicité grows up she is going to be a girl, so he condescendingly throws flowers into her lap. He is already learning that the weaker sex must be pandered to, and he does it charmingly.

Sometimes the door of my room slams, and Joy comes in, and climbs up on to the foot of my bed, and sits opposite me, cross-legged. On these occasions Félicité does not accompany him, he comes alone to discuss weighty matters—at least, so he says, but before long he has slid to the floor, and is playing some mysterious game among the cushions. When he is tired of playing he comes and tells me the real object of his visit, which is usually of an unexpected nature. Once he said to me:

"I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me I ought to have another sister."

"But is not one enough?" I asked in dismay.

"No, every boy should have two."

"Why?"

"Because otherwise the one is so lonely when the brother goes to school."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I just do know it. Some day I shall forget it when I am born, but after awhile I will know it again."

"You will never be born——"

Joy continually asks for Life. He is impatient to begin his work, he says he is tired of playing with shadows and that it is time he worked with realities. Those are the only hard moments

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for me, I cannot give him what he asks, I have no excuse, no explanation, except that he is:

> Woven out of Faith and Hope and Love too great
> To bear the bonds of Life and Death and Fate;

and then I ask him: "Why do you want Life? Why should you be sacrificed to the world?" and his answer is so simple: "To help it!"

But why should the world be helped, why should he help it? Think of putting Joy into the world and watching him day by day become less joyful.

"I want Life," he persists. "I want Life, and Riches, and Power."

"But if you have Riches you will be luxurious, and of no use to any one; you will never be great, and you will never be able to serve your country."

"But I do not want to serve my country, I want to serve the world, I do not want Riches for luxury, but for Power—to help."

"But I cannot give you Life."

"Oh yes, you can."

"You do not understand."

"Grown up living people always say that."

"But a spirit can only have birth because two people love, there is no one for me to love; do you know what love is?"

"Of course I do, all the world is love; you love me, I love the flowers, the flowers love the sun, and—does no one love you enough to give me Life?"

"He is no longer here, he has left me."

"Then I will take you to him, we will go together, to-night."

"Yes, to-night; I shall sleep, and I shall dream you take me but 'who can take a dream for a truth?'"

"Some one wrote that, I heard it in the other world, it's nonsense, we all said so."

Joy is full of idealism, he "believes in love, believes in loveliness, believes in belief"; he grows so weary of the problem, that he falls asleep among his cushions. Does he dream of truths?

Sometimes they both come to me on the island, and then all problems are forgotten, and I have to play at Red Indians; Joy

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pursues me round Peter's pedestal. I always have to play the ignominious part of a squaw and protect my papoose ; at least, Joy thinks it is ignominious, but I do not mind. At other times St. Pierre is a fort, and when I have lifted Joy on to his knees he pretends I am a company of marines who have landed to seize the island, but the island cannot be taken until the fort has surrendered, and Joy never surrenders. That is to say, we agree beforehand I will not take it, and that if I do it will not be fair. We also agree that he climbed on to the fortress all by himself without help.

It is a complicated game, there are so many conditions to be observed. However varied are the means by which the fortress is assailed, the victory is always Joy's, and the celebration of it rather a dramatic one according to prescribed rules: Joy, the victorious king, appears on the battlement, and shows Félicité lying on his shield to the multitudes below. (I am really by his side holding the baby in my arms, but we pretend I am dead.) He addresses the conquered marines. "Behold your future King!" The Prince of Wales is so young that they do not know he is a girl, and the baby is acclaimed by an enthusiastic throng.

Joy has heard that something of the sort occurred in English History, but it is so long ago that he cannot remember the name of the King.

If I do not play the game strictly according to rule, he gets very cross and says: "I am not really a king, it is all make-believe; in reality we are in a Convent, and as men are not allowed in Convents I will go, but you may keep Félicité because she is going to be a girl." And he runs away over the bridge and across the field. When I have caught him, we both fall among the daisies, and although Joy is really angry he cannot help joining in my laughter ; this arouses the attention of Julien who comes and scolds me because I am laying the grass now ready for the scythe.

When they are tired I take Félicité in my arms, and Joy nestles to my side and asks for a story of battle. It is always a very sad story, and sometimes when real tears come into my eyes he is delighted, for then he feels it is true. If I will not allow him to add horrible details he goes to sleep before the end, and

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then I bury my face in his golden curls. That is the supremest moment of all for me, when he is neither a Red Indian nor a victorious King, but merely a sleeping child.

When I am once more alone with St. Pierre I beseech him passionately: "Look at me—look at me well that you may know me again when I come to the gates, for you have let him through, you will surely let me through also," and I fancy there is a loo of compassion in the eyes of St. Pierre.

One night, in the stillness, I creep noiselessly from my room, and go to the Chapelle de la Ste. Vierge; the pink glimmering lights accentuate the dimness and suggest the transformation of stone into a living reality.

There is always one nun or more kneeling on the stone floor before the statue, they seem to prefer the side-chapel—as I do. Perhaps it is the Christ-child with outstretched arms who draws them. I find a novice there who is shortly to take her final vows; she is young, beautiful, and telling her beads, her eyes fixed on the Virgin. Does this novice realise what she is for ever renouncing, to consecrate herself to God; a stranger among strangers, wedded to the Church, sharing her sacrifice with the rest of her adopted sisters; without hope of a "Joy" to nestle to her breast; the children of strangers will call her "Mother" as though in mockery.

I long to ask her; "You—who have been brought up within these walls since childhood, who, having left it only for a year return to it now for ever—tell me, what do you know of the world that you renounce it so lightly?" I feel a longing to tell her about Joy, but she might not understand.

Her family come to witness her last vows, and to chant the funeral service over her. She lies prostrate upon the floor of the chapel, covered with the funeral pall. At the corners of it burn four tapers. I look at her mother, and then I realise that maternity may not be such a great happiness after all; here at least is a sorrow the novice will never know. I leave the chapel hurriedly and make my way into the garden.

Joy comes to me, and the faint sound of the organ is drowned by the song of a bird, but it seems to me no longer summer; Michaelmas daisies with big sad eyes look upon the darkening

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afternoon, and for them there is no long twilight evening. It seems as if the renunciation I have witnessed has changed the face of Nature. Everything from that moment begins to fade; the alder by the lake turns golden, the beech trees a dull copper, a tiny breeze showers us with withered leaves which chase one another noisily up the garden path; Nature revolts against the unnatural.

I hear a familiar sound—it is Julien who has at last found some leaves to sweep. They fall from the trees, dead or dying, and Joy, as he walks along, scatters them with his feet, and tosses Julien's heaps. We find some dahlias blackened by the night's frost, and in the midst of this lifelessness, Joy redoubles his demand for Life. He has found two people who love, they have loved for several years but no Joy has come to them; the woman is young and she weeps with longing, the man is strong and works untiringly—to forget. They have everything that the heart can desire, everything but Joy. If I release him, Joy says they will give him Life. That is what he asks of me; that I should renounce him, that I should lay him in the arms of another whom he would call Mother; he asks that I should give him to a stranger—and let her bury her face among his curls. I cannot give him Life.

Joy takes my hand: "What have you just seen in the chapel?" he asks. "Renunciation" I reply heedlessly, and then, "but renunciation is wrong, it is all wrong!" I cry. Joy is silent, his eyes look sad and thoughtful. Every day the garden becomes more intolerable, it is full of purple-robed nuns, and each one seems to represent renunciation; I see the word written in purple letters wherever I look.

Joy comes to me: "You can give two people happiness—you can give me my desire—it is in your power."

"Should I see you again?" I ask.

"I can come no more once I have left."

Before I can reply, he has laid his soft little face on my hand and added: "Come to-night and see her——" he is irresistible when he chooses.

That night I dream that he leads me to a house among trees; it is a lonely house, although it is in the heart of a city. "Why

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is it lonely ? " I ask him. " Because they are both alone," he replies.

We pass through the door into the hall, then through the inner gates and up the marble stairs. We find the room, where the two sleep hand in hand, but their faces are turned away. Her pillow is wet, and her eyelashes glisten, he sleeps dreamlessly.

Joy leaves my side and places his hand on hers as though to make certain she is real, then he kisses her softly, she smiles, he claps his hands with delight and forgets the looker-on.

When the birds begin to wake in the square I call him away, but he implores: " May I not stay ? Now that you have seen her would you not choose her for my Mother ? She is sad, you can make her happy. May I not stay ? "

When I awake Joy is no longer with me. The day passes, and the next, still he does not come. " But who can take a dream for a Truth ? " who knows—perhaps Joy was right, and there is Truth in dreams after all.

In the garden there is no more Joy, and Félicité does not come alone. A wintry mist rises from the lake and envelops me in a shroud. It hides everything except the darkness under the trees. " But St. Pierre, I want Joy, Joy, Joy ! " The mist hides from me the face of St. Pierre. I cross the bridge and find my way across the garden to the iron gate, and pass through into the world.

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The Pathologist in the Street

By S. Squire Sprigge

All of us look at the world with a prejudiced eye; we are ready with our judgments before we take in the view. We see that which we expect upon previous report to see or that which we are equipped by special instruction to see, and we make consequently our visual estimates in a biassed way, and in accordance with personal limitations. Now we persuade ourselves that we have observed what we think we should observe; now, having been trained to note certain matters, we note them so clearly that the picture as a whole gets out of drawing, unimportant things assuming for themselves a paramount place. Nobody can be without personal limitations, that is to say that nobody is both all-seeing and all-understanding. To look about him with an absolutely unprejudiced eye a man must be a good deal blind or very ignorant, in which cases he will not only see so little, but be content to see so little that there will be little call upon a fallible imagination to fill up the blanks. He will not be aware of any blanks, and while taking no risks of speculative sort will take no profits in the shape of interesting deductions. The more we do see and the more we do understand, the greater become our opportunities for appreciation and misappreciation. In proportion to the breadth of our sympathies it grows exciting for the imagination to try to fill the blanks which are now not hopelessly large, but rather are obvious and stimulating: the jig-saw puzzle grows amusing as the solution begins to develop, and the more a man knows of his fellow man the more is he tempted to guess at what is hidden. This is what may make a walk in the street quite an exciting experience for the pathologist.

I can imagine the artist being in a somewhat similar position,

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with a comparable endowment and also a comparable liability to error through prejudice.

Both the artist and the pathologist possess special information of a far-reaching sort which leads them to see some things and infer others, while it may betray them into disproportionate estimates of the importance of these things. But they are less liable than the majority to errors arising in this way because the range of their sympathies is so inclusive. The sky, the air, the outline, the colour, the movement—each and all of these demand attention from the artist: the pathologist looking at his fellow men can find in their frame, gait, clothes, deportment, and general appearance revelations as to their physical condition. Both have before them things which, though they are exposed to the gaze of all who pass, yet go unnoticed because they have to be looked at with special knowledge before they can be truly seen. The special knowledge is essential, and there should be no suggestion that the artist or the pathologist is in any way cleverer than his fellow men. This claim is not made for them; their harvest of observation, when walking the pavement, is due to their habits of mooning and gaping, instead of striding sternly to business, looking neither to the right hand nor the left. It is not clever or admirable to moon and gape, and wiser persons avoid such habits; but these are forced upon the artist and the pathologist by the ever-present claims of their particular equipments.

The artist must generally look about him in his professional manner—the artist's manner. He is to be judged by what he records; he sees what his prejudices make him see, the range and accuracy of his record of course depending upon his sympathies, his knowledge, and his technical equipment. It must be remembered that the artist as a chronicler is a man of deliberate artifice; the suppression of things unnecessary to a central conception of composition must always be occurring in his work, and for the highest reason, namely, because he is aiming at an effect which can only be obtained by omitting certain things which obscure that effect. Artists aiming at different main effects will, consequently, reproduce the same scene in very different ways; but in the case of the man who is trying to set down all

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that he sees, adding nothing and subtracting nothing, we shall find that, however conscientious he is, his personality as well as his deftness will influence his picture. Not only do no two composers desire to see a scene in the same way, but to no two artists does the same scene appear alike, though the conditions under which their experience is obtained may be exactly similar. Two equally honest and capable draughtsmen do not convey in their drawings the same idea of so concrete a thing as a tower —one will show us especially its height, another especially its massiveness, though both are drawing the tower as it strikes them. When we come to colouring we know that equally conscientious painters see things actually of different hues. I do not refer to the moral any more than to the physical defaults of the executants. There are, of course, painters who are purposely perverse, as there are painters who are physically deficient in colour-sense—at least it is kind to believe that the colouring of some, who none the less exhibit in quite good company, is their misfortune and not their fault. But let us suppose that two men, alike sane in judgment and alike able to pass the Holmgren wool tests, sit down on the same day and at the same hour to paint the same obvious object from the same point of view—some building which offers no technical difficulty to either. Is it not certain that the two paintings would have many points of difference? The painters actually do not see the object alike. The reason for this is usually that, while each paints to some extent what he is compelled to paint by the model, each seizes on the thing in that model which he loves best to express, and elaborates that thing. Sometimes the pride of the workman gets ahead of the sense of artistic truth; sometimes the deftness or ease with which certain things by long practice can be done leads the artist to select them for record to the unconscious subordination of other things. Here, of course, the ordinary dictation of trade may be influential. If the crocket on the spire, or the veins on the marble, or the multi-coloured creeper can stream from a painter's brush at the maximum of speed with the minimum of effort, and if these are the items of his achievement which the public have decided to admire in his pictures, he will be a rarely conscientious person

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if he does not let them stream. A picture in which these details are conspicuously brought out represents for him the least trouble and the greatest chance of reward. But all the time he may be a perfectly honest painter, unaware wherein his pictures differ from the truth. He believes that he sees things like that. The pathologist in the streets is in something the same position as the artist. The artist is trained to take in the story of line and colour in detail and in mass, to note where lights and shadows fall and their effect, often their unexpected effect, on line and colour. The rest of the world sees some of this, and it is the great achievement of the painter to assist in the revelation, but between the artist and the rest of the world there is a great gulf. The rest of the world is not looking for any of these effects and contrasts, and misses, because of indifference of gaze, a thousand things which are revealed to the artist, wholly or partially according to his limitations and moods. The artist may not keep his eyes open in the colloquial sense; he may have his pocket picked; he may walk beyond the post-office which he imagines himself to be looking out for, he may be run into on the pavement, or run over in the road, but all the time he is seeing. But the more observant rest of the world is for the most part not seeing, save within narrow limitations. The pathologist is in the artist's plight. As he takes his walks abroad there are revealed to him by countless signs and symptoms details concerning his fellow men which he cannot fail to observe and which he will interpret, first, in accordance with his general knowledge, and, secondly, in accordance with his personal prejudices. Many of these things are as visible to the rest of the world as to himself, but, having no significance for the non-medical spectator call for no attention.

The position, it seems to me, is not quite the same when any other calling is concerned. For though all must notice that in which they are interested by their training, the observations to which expert knowledge in the case of most professions or trades leads are of a much more limited character. They are not provoked by everything; they are not elicited by every conceivable situation. When made they may be very exact as far as they go, but they cannot go far. To the lawyer as he walks the streets

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many of the circumstances of his professional work may be present mentally, but they cannot be brought to mind often by what he sees. His concern is so invariably with the unrevealed qualities of what lies before him, rather than with what is bare to his inspection, that his legal reflections are not called up by his particular environment. He feels that no concentration of gaze, no accentuation of interest, will enable him to arrive at the unrevealed qualities. A house to a lawyer is good property or bad property, or decently profitable property, but he knows that he cannot tell by the look of it to which category it belongs. Grandeur or dilapidation is no just criterion—nothing that can be seen is any criterion. A lawyer cannot tell by inspection whether a house is leasehold or freehold, mortgaged or not, under-rented or over-rented. The lawyer's mind may be full of general ideas on the creation of urban estates or particular ideas on the rating of a certain area, but the environment in which he finds himself, the appearance of neither houses nor men around him, can with any frequency compel him to think professionally in regard to the particular houses or the particular men that he sees. To do so would be waste of time, for what the eye alone can tell is worth nothing to him as a motive for either thought or action. He may feel sure that the streets represent a certain average of acquiescence in the law, and a certain average of revolt against it, and so be led to think generally of the administration of justice. Oppressors and oppressed, also in their certain average, rub elbows with him on the pavement, but he cannot pick out unhesitatingly by inspection one man who has committed an illegal act. He differs absolutely from the artist and from the medical man in that the outside tells him so little, and enables him to guess so little.

The observant clergyman can gauge whether he is in a good neighbourhood or a bad neighbourhood as he passes through it, and if he has a little familiarity with the world he will know that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and the traffickers in its marts are of a certain level of virtue and therefore of wickedness. But he cannot diagnose individual instances; virtue wears no languid lilies and vice no rapturous roses making discrimination a visual test. He cannot accost the complacent merchant and

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tell that valuable citizen that he is a callous, selfish fellow. Manners might not prevent him from doing this, if he were in earnest, but the limits of his understanding forbid him. He does not know and he cannot guess whether the merchant is an altruist or a pig, or at what point between these extremes he may be found. Generalities he may assume; the particular is as beyond him as it is beyond the lawyer.

Whether the medical man likes it or not he must always be regarding his fellow man, when he meets him in the street, in the light of a potential patient as inevitably as the artist must always find in the scene the motive of a picture. It is a misfortune for him in some ways, though it is his pleasure in others, that the toils of his profession hold him very tightly. The outsides of men thrust themselves upon the pathologist and demand his attention from every point of view, and from inspection of the outsides he is forced to reflection upon all that he cannot see. He never escapes the penalty of his familiarity with the meaning of symptoms. All who occupy the pavements as he passes will group themselves for him into clinical pictures, and the interesting nature of these pictures will be revealed to him, just as the usual or unusual effect of some light or shade may be revealed to the painter. This position is described usually, by those of the public who think of it, as an exceedingly painful one, however intellectually interesting. But it carries a big privilege as well as its penalties, and is by no means so gruesome as many seem to suppose. I do not refer, as among its privileges, to the consciousness of being well informed—to the feeling that what is revealed to the medical eye is another's most cherished secret, or a matter which, if he knew it, would alter the whole tenor of his ways: my own belief is that such feelings are foreign to the medical mind. The privilege conferred on the pathologist by his equipment is his sure knowledge that the tragedies which unfold themselves are balanced by compensating comedies. The nature of what is made patent to the medical man by his expert knowledge is sometimes very grim, for to him superficial appearances are often no disguise at all, and the sinister truth becomes apparent when the evidence is of the slightest. Who would suspect, not being able to estimate the evidence before him, the sword of Damocles that

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is hanging over this red-faced, cheerful fellow or see in his cheeks the signal of a fruit over-ripe? To the lay mind this portly person stands for all that is prosperous and confident and his appetite is the envy of many of his dyspeptic friends—who will send wreaths to his funeral. See the bluff and kindly manner with which he hands his shilling to a thin-faced woman selling boot-laces in the gutter. It is only the medical man who would dare to prophesy white hairs for her long after her benefactor has been gathered to his fathers. Here is a sunburnt cheek that makes all these other circling faces look pallid and worn by contrast. It is natural for the passer-by to covet this brown-red hue, but the medical man may recognise the imprint of the health-resort, and be confirmed in the idea by other things pointing to an ominous diagnosis. These are two instances where the medical view is black. The lightning diagnosis may be wrong in the case of the merchant, and unduly pessimistic concerning the case of tuberculosis, but there are many less ominous cases of hepatic and renal disease (for example) where the medical man can with considerable likelihood of being right prophesy, and prophesy in gloomy vein. Many of these persons do not know their own position, which is perhaps a merciful fact; and some have been told the worst, sometimes to find that an unnecessarily depressing forecast of their chances has been made. Especially may that be the case with certain forms of nervous disease. We have all of us seen a man in the prime of life titupping along the pavement with legs kept close together and with hesitating steps and scarcely lifted toes. As long as his lesion remains in the state which merely affects his legs, life is far more endurable to him than the sympathetic onlookers imagine; and, while it is more than probable that he has learned that his paralysis may spread, and that with its spread muscular atrophy and a dread train of symptoms may supervene, he knows also that he may remain in his present state for many years. Each day's respite brings him an accession of hope; and in many cases familiarity with the limitations imposed on him by his disease serves him well by enabling him to contrive for himself many things which make his plight more tolerable. I do not belittle the trials and sufferings of the spastic subject, but his

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physical circumstances are very usually much easier than his appearance warrants, and his chance of outliving many of his florid athletic contemporaries is quite a good one. Sympathy he commands, but he is far from ready for the grave which seems to yawn for him, and when he goes there it is quite frequently at the bidding of some intercurrent disease which arrives before his nervous lesion makes any vicious development. In such instances the pathologist has his compensations, for his knowledge, instead of serving to rack him with pity, allows him to judge more fairly the calamity before him. Not infrequently where the layman sees no particular reason for sympathy the pathologist is aware of the presence of a tragedy; but, on the other hand, where the uninstructed are readiest to offer consolation the pathologist may see no veritable cause for sympathy. He does not share the pity that runs through the crowd as a chalk-faced man, with his arm in a sling, makes his cautious way along, keeping his damaged side against the wall, and being ready with his sound limb to fend off those who press against him. Clinical experience shows him this same man, two or three months hence, wielding a spade or hunting four days a week, according to his rank in life. In the same way the medical man escapes much harrowing of his feelings by the professional mendicant whose claim upon our purses is founded upon his appalling physical ills. The knotted cripple, as he drags his misshapements before the eyes of a pitying world, is recognised by the pathologist, despite his countenance full of long-drawn anguish, to be often no great sufferer; his ankylosed joints are causing him no pain, his tuberculous trouble is arrested, and there is no longer any acute mischief present to warrant the appeal of his features. Sad it is, certainly, to look upon the ruined form, and sad to speculate what a closing up of the channels of usefulness and happiness the deformities must mean; but it is idle to regard the matter from this point of view only, while it is an unnecessary excitement of gloomy thoughts to imagine these cases the perpetual victims of ill fortune. In most cases of the begging cripple we are dealing with no slave to grinding pain, nor even with one bereft of home affections and denied employment because of his physical and æsthetic defaults. His calling

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is regularly followed, his contorted body is his well-displayed advertisement, and the comfortable lady in a potato-coloured ulster, who accompanies him, is the wife of his bosom, who has married him despite his scoliosis, and on the strength of his ability as an "asker." There are pot-bellied financiers who have been married on similar grounds.

Others besides the artist and the pathologist have their professional ardour aroused now and again when walking the streets, but these two, though as oddly paired as a walrus and a carpenter, can be placed in a category by themselves, because of the comprehensive nature of their interests and because of the room for individual view and individual error which is thus signified. The tailor, no doubt, is a keen critic of the garments which he passes by: he grieves over the split tails of the badly fitting frock-coat, diagnoses the age of our blue serge suit, and changes his mood from cynicism to gladness when that rare animal the dandy saunters by with his gleaming hat, thoughtful necktie, and well-folded trousers. But it does not require a man to be a tailor to see that another man is ill dressed or well dressed. In the same way all craftsmen may have their professional instincts stirred by what they see, but it is not often possible for them to look behind or beyond what they see, to read hidden meanings into their observations, or to group and interpret these observations until they amount to revelation. These are the things which the pathologist is regularly invited to do. The Dupins, Lecoqs, and Holmeses, of course, behave like this in real life as well as in novels, but observe that it is their business to do so, which puts the whole matter on a different basis. The pathologist's business is not to pry into the health of strangers, but to heal those who apply to him. His detective work is outside his calling, but is forced on him by that calling. Tailors or lawyers, tinkers or clergymen, merchants or dog-fanciers, being in the street, may happen to make, or not to make, certain observations because of something connected with their occupation which attracts their attention, but what they can see, as far as their work is concerned, gives scant play for deduction or analysis. The detective and to some extent the journalist are actively stirred in these directions, and so are both the pathologist

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and the artist, but the former couple are exercising their calling deliberately, while the latter are acting involuntarily, their science leading them by the nose.

And the errors of the artist, committed in accordance with various influences which prejudice his judgment, have their counterpart in the errors of the pathologist, whose claim to infallibility is not made by himself. There is often not much obviousness about the deduction which the medical man has to draw when guessing at the physical condition of those with whom he finds himself in accidental and brief association; the number of mistakes that he who risks a diagnosis on the pavement is liable to make is well illustrated by the varying aspect given to any definite object by different artists. It is unlikely that many medical men would agree about a given obscure case, when the information was derived from casual inspection. Upon certain points there could be no difference of opinion, upon others there could be wide difference; while equally good pathologists, yielding to the bias acquired by the particular direction of their studies, would see things in different lights, or would receive varying impressions from the same objects. It is this which, while it keeps the attention of the medical man on the stretch, prevents any too great feeling of depression at what he sees. There is so generally a brighter side.

Diagnoses at sight can often be made, but the wider the medical range of the observer the more surely he feels that such diagnoses are not always right, and the more ready he will be to confess that in his surmises he may be swayed by personal feelings. That this should be so is contrary to the general opinion, which appears to think that the pathologist's estimate of the health of those whom he passes in the street is nearly infallible and usually gloomy.

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The Last Day

By Dennis Ames

Only a glim rose-red light shone through the sheet-like clouds, and the huge floating icebergs hissed and grew more compact every hour while the ice was forming in the waters, and all around the crash and boom of pushing ice-floes rent the crags and reverberated in the gullies with the roar of thunder. A few seals peeped up through their breathing-holes in the young ice now rapidly covering the bay, looking for all the world like human beings with their long whiskers glinting in the frost-rime which rose in a veil of mist. Down the precipitous rocks a flock of auks flew screeching seawards.

"Another hour, I reckon," said the whaler to himself aloud. He glanced at the skyline, thrust his hands deep into his padded fur coat, and resumed the contemplation of the forming ice.

The great glacier at the extremity of Cross Bay, on the island of Spitzbergen, fell sheer into the water, rising here with straight convex front, there in pinnacled serac, some sixty feet high, unfolding into the clouds in vast serrated fields of ice and snow. At the sea margin the caves and chasms gleamed with the iridescence of an opal. On the opposite side of the water, a range of mountain peaks rose some two thousand feet out of the sea, a glistening mass of glaciated gneiss rock-fronts, ravined with snow tongues, their jagged crests jutting sharp as needle-points into the grey floccus clouds which clung around them. These ravines gleamed like polished steel; some of them pink with red snow, giving the huge precipice, splashed on its summits with slate and mica-sheets, the character of some Oriental coat of mail, striated and crescented with silver.

Peaks, ice, snow, rocks everywhere. The whaler looked upwards at the riven crags with their *débris* of black shales, on the

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fissiparous walls of rock falling into the blue of the icebergs where the sea lapped and chafed them with a hissing noise. A tern, a dovekie, a pair of looms skimmed across the bay, otherwise all was desolation. Here a steep rock fended into cloud. The clamp of winter lay upon the scene and seemed to throttle it with awe and silence. In the rose-light only the coves and crannies, the caves and corries scintillated against the frowning precipices, while the heavy ice drifting down into the bay, accumulating, piling, hummocked and rolling upon the thin new ice, whistled and boomed with ceaseless intonations, sent back re-echoing through the hills.

Perhaps only music, music as sound not hitherto conceived by man, could render the colour, the wildness, the superb design of this hidden bay clad in its long winter mantle. In sound possibly the silence of the place might be expressed, its solitude, desolation, strength and solemnity and the grandeur of those beetling rocks bitten by centuries of ice and snow articulate with a melody like the harmonies in the glacial caves.

A thin trail of smoke, hanging like a pennon under the white cumuli clouds, marked the departure of the last whaler pushing her way homewards through the descending ice. Outside the bay, the pack-ice lay in white unending line, like a mirage, yet living with its forms and mutations, its moods and seasons, and against its front the long rollers broke and thundered, crackled and hissed, and where the waves cut the ice into strange, cavernous shapes it coruscated with blue and greenish tints against the foam and spray, while the loose blocks danced like marionettes in a puppet-show.

Even the whales, the great "Right" whales of the North, had migrated southwards. Spitzbergen, "no-man's land," was shut up, as it were, for the winter. The rose-red light grew softer. The clouds crept down over the peaks. Within a few hours all would be still, frozen with the long Polar night, in the chain of pack-ice stretching to the Pole, wrapped in the silence of the dead.

The whaler turned slowly from his contemplation and passed into the little log-hut by the mountain-side.

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Seven months of solitude lay before him, some four of them being practically without light. There was nothing in all the world so dark, so solemn, so cruel. He knew that for once before he had stayed up there, some five years ago, after he had lost his wife. Now he was without care in the world, alone with his nets and his wood-carving and a few old illustrated newspapers that visitors had left behind them during the summer season. Never having learnt to read, he was not troubled with imagination. No sense of fear troubled him, but he knew from experience what those lonely months of vigil meant both to the mind and body.

Within a few hours of the coming of the darkness the sense of time vanished. He would not have a clock with him this winter—the marking of the slow hours had unnerved him before, and after the first month he had ceased to wind the clock up. Perhaps the first few days were the hardest to bear—after that the mind seemed to grow dulled. One entered into the spirit of the darkness with the silence. Very soon one gave up speaking to oneself aloud, shouting, singing or whistling—such artificial sound jarred upon the nerves and sounded utterly trivial. During those months he had never laughed or smiled, or, after the first few days, uttered any sound whatever. It was better so he has found. A man finds companionship in silence. Sometimes the mind wandered vaguely backwards, and episodes of his boyhood flitted across it, but he had never given way to such weaknesses; once only had he broken down and wept when a young blue-fox, that he had caught and reared and tendered with the care of a mother, had died; then, for a moment, the sight of the dead creature unstrung him utterly.

But there was an endless consolation in the warmth and smoke of the stove. He could sit upon his wooden bench with his back and head leaning against it, and listen to the howling of the blizzards across the bay. There were days and nights when it was certain death to venture outside the door. Then there would come a calm of strange and infinite beauty, and at such times the stars pierced through the banks of cloud, and there were mock suns, mock moons, mock shapes, and the lights that the whalers called the "dead men's dances." He would

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gaze by the hour at these illuminances, now shooting up like rockets across the sky, at times hanging with long pendent streamers, at others crossing and recrossing, skimming across the sky as if on giant skis, ever changing, locking and interlocking, coiling and uncoiling like twining pythons, now linked in plaited design, now in long streaks stayed as a chess-board, dissolving and revolving, assuming all kinds of earthly forms and presentations to disappear as suddenly as they arose.

At times they resembled spectral battlefields of squibs and sperm-whales, sharks and writhing tentacles of huge sea-monsters illuminant in the death-grapple of agony; then they would change, as it were, into a playground of phosphorescent skeletons, bright as the illuminations in the hot seas. These were great occasions; and he found keener solace in them than in the plangent pipe of the Arctic birds in their hollows, or even in the howling of a stray ice-bear. With time, too, the frozen world seemed to have a voice, a tone like music. To speak oneself would have been a desecration. As time went on, he would feel the pulse of it. He would listen to the aching silence around him, or dwell speculatively upon the frozen carpet leading northwards to the magic Pole. While he was about, mending his nets, chopping wood, carving, cooking, he felt no sense of time. Even the solitude of his life, the silence, the desolation, gradually lost the strain of monotony. To be sure, he was not a prisoner; he could go out when the blizzards were not blowing; he was his own master, a man alone with primitive Nature. After a while it was sound rather that disturbed him, and for that reason, to avoid the clinking of his knife and fork, he ate his food with his fingers.

When the whaler had shut the door, he threw off his fur coat, and sat down, close to the stove, with his hands folded upon his knees. He sat there a long time, immovable, as if lost in reverie, yet he was not thinking, only seeking to attune himself to the reality of the life that lay before him. From time to time he passed his fingers pensively through his grey, grizzled beard, otherwise he gave no sign of emotion. "A man might do worse for himself," he kept saying inwardly; "a man might do worse."

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The enveloping darkness grew deeper and deeper upon the bay, enshrouding all things in its winter pall. Quietly, thickly, the snowflakes fell. Softly the rose-red light melted into the long Polar night. The waters churned against the ice no longer, frozen now in solid pack. Only the ice-blink glimmered faintly in refraction. A guillemot shrieked.

The whaler looked up, a great yearning burning in his eyes.

He moved to the door, opened it and looked out. Outside it was pitch black.

Slowly he shut and bolted the door, lit the hanging oil-lamp, and sat down again before the stove.

Then, with great deliberation, he pulled out and stopped his battered pipe, which was to be his solitary companion during the long dark months until the return of the boats next year, and blew thick clouds of smoke.

It was the last day.

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The New Machiavelli

By H. G. Wells

BOOK THE FOURTH: ISABEL

CHAPTER THE FIRST

LOVE AND SUCCESS

§ 1. And now I come to the most evasive and difficult part of my story, which is to tell how Isabel and I have made a common wreck of our joint lives.

It is not the telling of one simple disastrous accident, but of a vein in our natures, and how gradually and at this point and that it crept to the surface. A thing so pervasive has necessarily a thousand aspects and a thousand values. One may indeed see it in the form of a catastrophe as disconnected and conclusive as a meteoric stone falling out of heaven upon two friends and crushing them both. But I do not think that is true to our situation or ourselves. We were not taken by surprise. The thing was in us and not from without, it was akin to our way of thinking and our habitual attitudes; it had, for all its impulsive effect, a certain necessity. We might have escaped, no doubt, as two men at a hundred yards may shoot at each other with pistols for a considerable time and escape. But it isn't particularly reasonable to talk of the contrariety of fate if they both get hit.

Isabel and I were dangerous to each other for several years of friendship, and not quite unwittingly so.

In writing this, moreover, there is a very great difficulty in steering my way between two equally undesirable tones in the telling. In the first place I do not want to seem to confess my sins with a penitence I am very doubtful if I feel. Now that I have got Isabel we can no doubt reckon the cost and feel unquenchable regrets, but I am not sure whether, if we could be put back now into such circumstances as we were in a year ago, or two years ago, whether with my eyes fully open I should not do over again very much as I did. And on the other hand I do not want to justify. We are two bad people, we have acted badly, and quite apart from any other considerations, we've largely wasted our own very great possibilities. But it is part of a queer humour that underlies all this, that I find myself slipping again and again into a sentimental treatment of our case that is as unpremeditated as it is insincere. It seems almost the natural way of telling of irregular love. It is certainly the easiest way, and when I am a little tired after a morning's writing I find getting into every other

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sentence the faint suggestion that our blunders and misdeeds embodied, after the fashion of the prophet Hosea, profound moral truths. Indeed, I feel so little confidence in my ability to keep this altogether out of my book that I must warn the reader here that in spite of anything he may read elsewhere in the story, intimating however shyly an esoteric and exalted virtue in our proceedings, the plain truth of this business is that Isabel and I wanted each other with a want entirely formless, inconsiderate, and overwhelming. And though I could tell you countless delightful and beautiful things about Isabel, were this a book in her praise, I cannot either analyse that want or account for its extreme intensity.

I will confess that in my mind is a belief in a sort of wild rightness about any love that is fraught with beauty, but that eludes me and vanishes again, and is not, I feel, to be put with the real veracities and righteousnesses and virtues, into the paddocks and menageries of human reason. . . .

We have already a child, and Margaret was childless, and I find myself particularly prone to insist upon that as if it was a justification. But, indeed, when we became lovers there was small thought of Eugenics between us. Ours was a mutual and not a philoprogenitive passion. Old Nature behind us may have had such purposes with us, but it is not for us to annex her intentions by a moralising afterthought. There isn't, in fact, any decent justification for us whatever—at that the story must stand.

But if there is no justification there is at least a very effective excuse in the mental confusedness of our time. The evasion of that passionately thorough exposition of belief and of the grounds of morality, which is the outcome of the mercenary religious compromises of the late Victorian period, the stupid suppression of anything but the most timid discussion of sexual morality in our literature and drama, the pervading cultivated and protected muddle-headedness, leaves mentally vigorous people with relatively enormous powers of destruction and little effective help. They find themselves confronted by the habits and prejudices of manifestly commonplace people, and by that extraordinary patched-up Christianity, the cult of that "Bromsteadised" deity, diffused, scattered, and aimless, which hides from examination and any possibility of faith behind the plea of good taste. A god about whom there is delicacy is far worse than no god at all. We are *forced* to be laws unto ourselves and to live experimentally. It is inevitable that a considerable fraction of just that bolder, more initiatory section of the intellectual community, the section that can least be spared from the collective life in a period of trial and change demanding the utmost versatility, will drift into such emotional crises and such disaster as overtook us. Most perhaps will escape, but many will go down, many more than the world can spare. It is the unwritten law of all our public life, and the same holds true of America, that an honest open scandal ends a career. England in the last quarter of a century has wasted half a dozen statesmen on this score; she would, I believe, reject Nelson now if he sought to serve her. She would turn her back upon Wellington.

Is it wonderful that to us fretting here in exile this ostracism should seem the cruellest, as well as the most foolish, waste of necessary social elements? It destroys no vice, for vice hides by nature. It not only rewards dulness as if it were positive virtue, but sets an enormous premium upon hypocrisy. That is my case, and that is why I am telling this side of my story with so much explicitness.

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§ 2. Ever since the Kinghamstead election I had maintained what seemed a desultory friendship with Isabel. At first it was rather Isabel kept it up than I. Whenever Margaret and I went down to that villa, with its three or four acres of garden and shrubbery about it, which fulfilled our election promise to live at Kinghamstead, Isabel would turn up in a state of frank cheerfulness, rejoicing at us, and talk all she was reading and thinking to me, and stay for the rest of the day. In her shameless liking for me she was as natural as a savage. She would exercise me vigorously at tennis, while Margaret lay and rested her back in the afternoon, or guide me for some long ramble that dodged the suburban and congested patches of the constituency with amazing skill. She took possession of me in that unabashed, straightminded way a girl will sometimes adopt with a man, chose my path or criticised my game with a motherly solicitude for my welfare that was absurd and delightful. And we talked. We discussed and criticised the stories of novels, scraps of history, pictures, social questions, socialism, the policy of the Government. She was young and most unevenly informed, but she was amazingly sharp and quick and good. Never before in my life had I known a girl of her age or a woman of her quality. I had never dreamt there was such talk in the world. Kinghamstead became a lightless place when she went to college. Heaven knows how much that may not have precipitated my abandonment of the seat!

At that time I think we neither of us suspected the possibility of passion that lay like a coiled snake in the path before us. It seemed to us that we had the quaintest, most delightful friendship in the world; she was my pupil, and I was her guide, philosopher, and friend. People smiled indulgently—even Margaret smiled indulgently—at our attraction for one another.

Such friendships are not uncommon nowadays—among easy-going, liberal-minded people. For the most part there's no sort of harm, as people say, in them. The two persons concerned are never supposed to think of the passionate love that hovers so close to the friendship, or if they do, then they banish the thought. I think we kept the thought as permanently in exile as any one could do. If it did in odd moments come into our heads we pretended elaborately it wasn't there.

Only we were both very easily jealous of each other's attention, and tremendously insistent upon each other's preference.

I remember once during the college days an intimation that should have set me thinking, and I suppose discreetly disentangling myself. It was one Sunday afternoon, and it must have been about May, for the trees and shrubs were gay with blossom, and fresh with the new sharp greens of spring. I had walked talking with Isabel and a couple of other girls through the wide gardens of the place, seen and criticised the new brick pond, nodded to the daughter of this friend and that in the hammocks under the trees, and picked a way among the scattered tea parties on the lawn to our own circle on the grass under a Siberian crab near the great bay window. There I sat and ate great quantities of cake, and discussed the tactics of the Suffragettes. I had made some comments upon the spirit of the movement in an address to the men in Pembroke, and it had got abroad, and a group of girls and women dons were now having it out with me.

I forget the drift of the conversation or what it was made Isabel interrupt me. She did interrupt me. She had been lying prone on the ground at my right hand, chin on fists, listening thoughtfully, and I was

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sitting beside old Lady Evershead on a garden seat. I turned to Isabel's voice, and saw her face uplifted, and her dear cheeks and nose and forehead all splashed and barred with sunlight and the shadows of the twigs of the trees behind me. And something—an infinite tenderness—stabbed me. It was a keen physical feeling, like nothing I had ever felt before. For the first time in my narrow and concentrated life another human being had really thrust into my being and gripped my very heart.

Our eyes met perplexed for an extraordinary moment. Then I turned back and addressed myself a little stiffly to the substance of her intervention. For some time I couldn't look at her again.

From that time forth I knew I loved Isabel beyond measure.

Yet it is curious that it never occurred to me for a year or so that this was likely to be a matter of passion between us. I have told how definitely I put my imagination into harness in those matters at my marriage, and I was living now in a world of big interests, where there is neither much time nor inclination for deliberate love-making. I suppose there is a large class of men who never meet a girl or a woman without thinking of sex, who meet a friend's daughter and decide: "Mustn't get friendly with her—wouldn't *do*," and set invisible bars between themselves and all the wives in the world. Perhaps that is the way to live. Perhaps there is no other method than this effectual annihilation of half—and the most sympathetic and attractive half—of the human beings in the world, so far as any frank intercourse is concerned. I am quite convinced anyhow that such a qualified intimacy as ours, such a drifting into the sense of possession, such untrammelled conversation with an invisible, implacable limit set just where the intimacy glows, is no kind of tolerable compromise. If men and women are to go so far together, they must be free to go as far as they may want to go, without the vindictive destruction that has come upon us. On the basis of the accepted code the jealous people are right, and the liberal-minded ones are playing with fire. If people are not to love, then they must be kept apart. If they are not to be kept apart, then we must prepare for an unprecedented toleration of lovers.

Isabel was as unforeseeing as I to begin with, but sex marches into the life of an intelligent girl with demands and challenges far more urgent than the mere call of curiosity and satiable desire that comes to a young man. No woman yet has dared to tell the story of that unfolding. She attracted men, and she encouraged them, and watched them, and tested them, and dismissed them, and concealed the substance of her thoughts about them in the way that seems instinctive in a natural-minded girl. There was even an engagement—amidst the protests and disapproval of the college authorities. I never saw the man, though she gave me a long history of the affair, to which I listened with a forced and insincere sympathy. She struck me oddly as taking the relationship for a thing in itself, and regardless of its consequences. After a time she became silent about him, and then threw him over; and by that time, I think, for all that she was so much my junior, she knew more about herself and me than I was to know for several years to come.

We didn't see each other for some months after my resignation, but we kept up a frequent correspondence. She said twice over that she wanted to talk to me, that letters didn't convey what one wanted to say,

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and I went up to Oxford pretty definitely to see her—though I combined it with one or two other engagements—somewhen in February. Insensibly she had become important enough for me to make journeys for her.

But we didn't see very much of one another on that occasion. There was something in the air between us that made a faint embarrassment; the mere fact, perhaps, that she had asked me to come up.

A year before she would have dashed off with me quite unscrupulously to talk alone, carried me off to her room for an hour with a minute of chaperonage to satisfy the rules. Now there was always some one or other near us that it seemed impossible to exorcise.

We went for a walk on the Sunday afternoon with old Fortescue, K.C., who'd come up to see his two daughters, both great friends of Isabel's, and some mute inglorious don whose name I forget, but who was in a state of marked admiration for her. The six of us played a game of conversational entanglements throughout, and mostly I was impressing the Fortescue girls with the want of mental concentration possible in a rising politician. We went down Carfax, I remember, to Folly Bridge, and inspected the Barges, and then back by way of Merton to the Botanic Gardens and Magdalen Bridge. And in the Botanic Gardens she got almost her only chance with me.

"Last months of college," she said.

"And then?" I asked.

"I'm coming to London," she said.

"To write?"

She was silent for a moment. Then she said abruptly, with that quick flush of hers and a sudden boldness in her eyes: "I'm going to work with you. Why shouldn't I?"

§ 3. Here, again, I suppose I had a fair warning of the drift of things. I seem to remember myself in the train to Paddington, sitting with a handful of papers—galley proofs for the *Blue Weekly*, I suppose—on my lap, and thinking about her and that last sentence of hers, and all that it might mean to me.

It is very hard to recall even the main outline of anything so elusive as a meditation. I know that the idea of working with her gripped me, fascinated me. That my value in her life seemed growing filled me with pride and a kind of gratitude. I was already in no doubt that her value in my life was tremendous. It made it none the less that in those days I was obsessed by the idea that she was transitory, and bound to go out of my life again. It is no good trying to set too fine a face upon this complex business, there is gold and clay and sunlight and savagery in every love story, and a multitude of elfish elements peeped out beneath the fine rich curtain of affection that masked our future. I've never properly weighed how immensely my vanity was gratified by her clear preference for me. Nor can I for a moment determine how much deliberate intention I hide from myself in this affair.

Certainly I think some part of me must have been saying in the train: "Leave go of her. Get away from her. End this now." I can't have been so stupid as not to have had that in my mind. . . .

If she had been only a beautiful girl in love with me, I think I could

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have managed the situation. Once or twice since my marriage and before Isabel became of any significance in my life, there had been incidents with other people, flashes of temptation—no telling is possible of the thing resisted. I think that mere beauty and passion would not have taken me. But between myself and Isabel things were incurably complicated by the intellectual sympathy we had, the jolly march of our minds together. That has always mattered enormously. I should have wanted her company nearly as badly if she had been some crippled old lady; we would have hunted shoulder to shoulder, as two men. Only two men would never have had the patience and readiness for one another we two had. I had never for years met any one with whom I could be so carelessly sure of understanding or to whom I could listen so easily and fully. She gave me, with an extraordinary completeness, that rare, precious effect of always saying something fresh, and yet saying it so that it filled into and folded about all the little recesses and corners of my mind with an infinite, soft familiarity. It is impossible to explain that. It is like trying to explain why her voice, her voice heard speaking to any one—heard speaking in another room—pleased my ears.

She spent the summer in Scotland and Yorkshire, writing to me continually of all she now meant to do, and stirring my imagnation. She came to London for the autumn session. For a time she stayed with old Lady Colbeck, but she fell out with her hostess when it became clear she wanted to write, not novels, but journalism, and then she set every one talking by taking a flat near Victoria and installing as her sole protector an elderly German governess she had engaged through a scholastic agency. She began writing, not in that copious flood the undisciplined young woman of gifts is apt to produce, but in exactly the manner of an able young man, experimenting with forms, developing the phrasing of opinions, taking a definite line. She was, of course, tremendously discussed. She was disapproved of, but she was invited out to dinner. She got rather a reputation for the management of elderly distinguished men. It was an odd experience to follow Margaret's soft rustle of silk into some big drawing-room and discover my snub-nosed girl in the blue sack transformed into a shining creature in the soft splendour of pearls and ivory-white and lace, and with a silver band about her dusky hair.

For a time we did not meet very frequently, though always she professed an unblushing preference for my company, and talked my views and sought me out. Then her usefulness upon the *Blue Weekly* began to link us closelier. She would come up to the office, and sit by the window and talk over the proofs of the next week's articles, going through my intentions with a keen investigatory scalpel. Her talk always puts me in mind of a steel blade. Her writing became rapidly very good; she had a wit and a turn of the phrase that were all her own. We seemed to have forgotten the little shadow of embarrassment that had fallen over our last meeting. Everything seemed natural and easy between us in those days; a little unconventional, but that made it all the brighter.

We developed something like a custom of walks, about once a week or so, and letters and notes became frequent. I won't pretend things were not keenly personal between us, but they had an air of being innocently mental. She used to call me "Master" in our talks, a monstrous and engaging flattery, and I was inordinately proud to have her as my pupil.

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Who wouldn't have been? And we went on at that distance for a long time—until within a year of the Handitch election.

After Lady Colbeck threw her up as altogether too "intellectual" for comfortable control, Isabel was taken up by the Balfes in a less formal and compromising manner, and week-ended with them and their cousin, Leonora Sparling, and spent large portions of her summer with them in Herefordshire. There was a lover or so in that time, men who came a little timidly at this brilliant young person with the frank manner and the Amazonian mind, and, she declared, received her kindly refusals with manifest relief. And Arnold Shoesmith struck up a sort of friendship that oddly imitated mine. She took a liking to him because he was clumsy and shy and inexpressive; she embarked upon the dangerous interest of helping him to find his soul. I had some twinges of jealousy about that. I didn't see the necessity of him. He invaded her time, and I thought that might interfere with her work. If their friendship stole some hours from Isabel's writing, it did not for a long while interfere with our walks or our talks or the close intimacy we had together.

§ 4. Then suddenly Isabel and I found ourselves passionately in love.

The change came so entirely without warning or intention that I find it impossible now to tell the order of its phases. What disturbed pebble started the avalanche I cannot trace. Perhaps it was simply that the barriers between us and this masked aspect of life had been wearing down unperceived.

And there came a change in Isabel. It was like some change in the cycle of nature, like the onset of spring—a sharp brightness, an uneasiness. She became restless with her work; little encounters with men began to happen, encounters not quite in the quality of the earlier proposals; and then came an odd incident of which she told me, but somehow, I felt, didn't tell me completely. She told me all she was able to tell me. She had been at a dance at the Ropers', and a man, rather well known in London, had kissed her. The thing amazed her beyond measure. It was the sort of thing immediately possible between any man and any woman, that one never expects to happen until it happens. It had the surprising effect of a judge generally known to be bald suddenly whipping off his wig in court. No absolutely unexpected revelation could have quite the same quality of shock. She went through the whole thing to me with a remarkable detachment, told me how she had felt—and the odd things it seemed to open to her.

"I *want* to be kissed, and all that sort of thing," she avowed. "I suppose every woman does."

She added after a pause: "And I don't want any one to do it."

This struck me as queerly expressive of the woman's attitude to these things. "Some one presently will—solve that," I said.

"Some one will perhaps."

I was silent.

"Some one will," she said, almost viciously. "And then we'll have to stop these walks and talks of ours, dear Master. . . . I'll be sorry to give them up."

"It's part of the requirements of the situation," I said, "that he should

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be—oh, very interesting! He'll start, no doubt, all sorts of new topics, and open no end of attractive vistas. . . . You can't, you know, always go about in a state of pupilage."

"I don't think I can," said Isabel. "But it's only just recently I've begun to doubt about it."

I remember these things being said, but just how much we saw and understood, and just how far we were really keeping opaque to each other then, I cannot remember. But it must have been quite soon after this that we spent nearly a whole day together at Kew Gardens, with the curtains up and the barriers down, and the thing that had happened plain before our eyes. I don't remember we ever made any declaration. We just assumed the new footing. . . .

It was a day early in the year—I think in January, because there was thin, crisp snow on the grass, and we noted that only two other people had been to the Pagoda that day. I've a curious impression of greenish colour, hot, moist air, and huge palm fronds about very much of our talk, as though we were nearly all the time in the Tropical House. But I also remember very vividly looking at certain orange and red spray-like flowers from Patagonia, which could not have been there. It is a curious thing that I do not remember we made any profession of passionate love for one another; we talked as though the fact of our intense love for each other had always been patent between us. There was so long and frank an intimacy between us that we talked far more like brother and sister or husband and wife than two people engaged in the war of the sexes. We wanted to know what we were going to do, and whatever we did we meant to do in the most perfect concert. We both felt an extraordinary accession of friendship and tenderness then, and, what again is curious, very little passion. But there was also, in spite of the perplexities we faced, an immense satisfaction about that day. It was as if we had taken off something that had hindered our view of each other, like people who unvisard to talk more easily at a masked ball.

I've had since to view our relations from the standpoint of the ordinary observer. I find that vision in the most preposterous contrast with all that really went on between us. I suppose there I should figure as a wicked seducer, while an unprotected girl succumbed to my fascinations. As a matter of fact, it didn't occur to us that there was any personal inequality between us. I knew her for my equal mentally; in so many things she was beyond comparison cleverer than I; her courage outwent mine. The quick leap of her mind evoked a flash of joy in mine like the response of an induction wire; her way of thinking was like watching sunlight reflected from little waves upon the side of a boat, it was so bright, so mobile, so variously and easily true to its law. In the back of our minds we both had a very definite belief that making love is full of joyous, splendid, tender, and exciting possibilities, and we had to discuss why we shouldn't be to the last degree lovers.

Now, what I would like to print here, if it were possible, in all the screaming emphasis of red ink, is this: that the circumstances of my upbringing and the circumstances of Isabel's upbringing had left not a shadow of belief or feeling that the utmost passionate love between us was in itself intrinsically *wrong*. I've told with the fullest particularity just all that I was taught or found out for myself in these matters, and

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Isabel's reading and thinking, and the fierce silences of her governesses and the breathless warnings of teachers, and all the social and religious influences that had been brought to bear upon her, had worked out to the same void of conviction. The code had failed with us altogether.

We didn't for a moment consider anything but the expediency of what we both, for all our quiet faces and steady eyes, wanted most passionately to do.

Well, here you have the state of mind of whole brigades of people, and particularly of young people, nowadays. The current morality hasn't gripped them; they don't really believe in it at all. They may render it lip-service, but that is quite another thing. There are scarcely any tolerable novels to justify its prohibitions; its prohibitions do, in fact, remain unjustified amongst these ugly suppressions. You may, if you choose, silence the admission of this in literature and current discussion; you will not prevent it working out in lives. People come up to the great moments of passion crudely unaware, astoundingly unprepared, as no really civilised and intelligently planned community would let any one be unprepared. They find themselves hedged about with customs that have no organic hold upon them, and mere discretions all generous spirits are disposed to despise.

Consider the infinite absurdities of it! Multitudes of us are trying to run this complex modern community on a basis of "Hush" without explaining to our children or discussing with them anything about love and marriage at all. Doubt and knowledge creep about in enforced darknesses and silences. We are living upon an ancient tradition which everybody doubts and nobody has ever analysed. We affect a tremendous and cultivated shyness and delicacy about imperatives of the most arbitrary appearance. What ensues? What did ensue with us, for example? On the one hand was a great desire, robbed of any appearance of shame and grossness by the power of love, and, on the other hand, the possible jealousy of so and so, the disapproval of so and so, material risks and dangers. It is only in the retrospect that we have been able to grasp something of the effectual case against us. The social prohibition lit by the intense glow of our passion, presented itself as preposterous, irrational, arbitrary, and ugly, a monster fit only for mockery. We might be ruined! Well, there is a phase in every love affair when death and ruin are agreeable additions to the prospect. It gives the business a gravity, a solemnity. Timid people may hesitate and draw back with a vague instinctive terror of the immensity of the oppositions they challenge, but neither Isabel nor I are timid people.

We weighed what was against us. We decided, just exactly as scores of thousands of people have decided in this very matter, that if it were possible to keep this thing to ourselves there was nothing against it. And so we took our first step. With the hunger of love in us, it was easy to conclude we might be lovers, and still keep everything to ourselves. That cleared our minds of the one persistent obstacle that mattered to us —the haunting presence of Margaret.

We took that step at last—with all the tremulous joy, the clean abandon, of lovers in Paradise.

And then we found, as all those scores of thousands of people scattered about us have found, that we could not keep it to ourselves

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Love will out. All the rest of this story is the chronicle of that. Love with sustained secrecy cannot be love. It is just exactly the point people do not understand.

§ 5. But before things came to that pass, some months and many phases and a sudden journey to America intervened.

"This thing spells disaster," I said. "You are too big and I am too big to attempt this secrecy. Think of the intolerable possibility of being found out! At any cost we have to stop—even at the cost of parting."

"Just because we may be found out!"

"Just because we may be found out."

There followed a struggle of immense insincerity between us. It is hard to tell who urged and who resisted.

I fled absurdly. That is the secret of the futile journey to America that puzzled all my friends.

I ran away from Isabel. I took hold of the situation with all my strength, put in Britten with sketchy, hasty instructions to edit the paper, and started headlong and with luggage, from which, among other things, my shaving things were omitted, upon a tour round the world.

Preposterous flight that was! I remember as a thing almost farcical my explanations to Margaret, and how frantically anxious I was to prevent the remote possibility of her coming with me, and how I crossed in the *Tuscan*, a bad, wet boat, and mixed sea-sickness and ungovernable sorrow. I wept—tears. It was inexpressibly queer and ridiculous—and, good God! how I hated my fellow passengers!

New York inflamed and excited me for a time, and when things slackened I whirled westward to Chicago—eating and drinking, I remember, in the train from shoals of little dishes, with a sort of desperate voracity. I did the queerest things to distract myself—no novelist would dare to invent my mental and emotional muddle. Chicago also held me at first, amazing lapse from civilisation that the place is! and then abruptly, with hosts expecting me, and everything settled for some days in Denver, I found myself at the end of my renunciations, and turned and came back headlong to London.

Let me confess it wasn't any sense of perfect and incurable trust and confidence that brought me back, or any idea that now I had strength to refrain. It was a sudden realisation that after all the separation might succeed; some careless phrasing in one of her jealously read letters set that idea going in my mind—the haunting perception that I might return to London and find it empty of the Isabel who had pervaded it. Honour, discretion, the careers of both of us, became nothing at the thought. I couldn't conceive my life resuming there without Isabel. I couldn't, in short, stand it.

I don't even excuse my return. It is inexcusable. I ought to have kept upon my way westward—and held out. I couldn't. I wanted Isabel, and I wanted her so badly now that everything else in the world was phantom-like until that want was satisfied. Perhaps you have never wanted anything like that. I went straight to her.

But here I come to untellable things. There is no describing the reality of love. The shapes of things are nothing, the actual happenings are nothing, except that somehow there falls a light upon them and a wonder.

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Of how we met, and the thrill of the adventure, the curious bright sense of defiance, the joy of having dared, I can't tell—I can but hint of just one aspect, of what an amazing *lark*—it's the only word—it seemed to us. The beauty which was the essence of it, which justifies it so far as it will bear justification, eludes statement.

What can a record of contrived meetings, of sundering difficulties evaded and overcome, signify here? Or what can it convey to say that one looked deep into two dear, steadfast eyes, or felt a heart throb and beat, or gripped soft hair softly in a trembling hand? Robbed of encompassing love, these things are of no more value than the taste of good wine or the sight of good pictures, or the hearing of music—just sensuality and no more. No one can tell love—we can only tell the gross facts of love and its consequences. Given love—given mutuality, and one has effected a supreme synthesis and come to a new level of life—but only those who know can know. This business has brought me more bitterness and sorrow than I had ever expected to bear, but even now I will not say that I regret that wilful home-coming. We loved—to the uttermost. Neither of us could have loved any one else as we did and do love one another. It was ours, that beauty; it existed only between us when we were close together, for no one in the world ever to know save ourselves.

My return to the office sticks out in my memory with an extreme vividness, because of the wild eagle of pride that screamed within me. It was Tuesday morning, and though not a soul in London knew of it yet except Isabel, I had been back in England a week. I came in upon Britten and stood in the doorway.

"*God!*" he said at the sight of me.

"I'm back," I said.

He looked at my excited face with those red-brown eyes of his. Silently I defied him to speak his mind.

"Where did you turn back?" he said at last.

§ 6. I had to tell what were, so far as I can remember, my first positive lies to Margaret in explaining that return. I had written to her from Chicago and again from New York saying that I felt I ought to be on the spot in England for the new session, and that I was coming back—presently. I concealed the name of my boat from her, and made a calculated prevarication when I announced my presence in London. I telephoned before I went back for my rooms to be prepared. She was, I knew, with the Bunting Harblows in Durham, and when she came back to Radnor Square I had been at home a day.

I remember her return so well.

My going away and the vivid secret of the present had wiped out from my mind much of our long estrangement. Something, too, had changed in her. I had had some hint of it in her letters, but now I saw it plainly. I came out of my study upon the landing when I heard the turmoil of her arrival below, and she came upstairs with a quickened gladness. It was a cold March, and she was dressed in unfamiliar dark furs that suited her extremely and reinforced the delicate flush of her sweet face. She held out both her hands to me, and drew me to her unhesitatingly and kissed me.

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"So glad you are back, dear," she said. "Oh! so very glad you are back."

I returned her kiss with a queer feeling at my heart, too undifferentiated to be even a definite sense of guilt or meanness. I think it was chiefly amazement—at the universe—at myself.

"I never knew what it was to be away from you," she said.

I perceived suddenly that she had resolved to end our estrangement. She put herself so that my arm came caressingly about her.

"These are jolly furs," I said.

"I got them for you."

The parlourmaid appeared below dealing with the maid and the luggage cab.

"Tell me all about America," said Margaret. "I feel as though you'd been away six years."

We went arm in arm into her little sitting-room, and I took off the furs for her and sat down upon the chintz-covered sofa by the fire. She had ordered tea, and came and sat by me. I don't know what I had expected, but of all things I had certainly not expected this sudden abolition of our distances.

"I want to know all about America," she repeated, with her eyes scrutinising me. "Why did you come back?"

I repeated the substance of my letters rather lamely, and she sat listening.

"But why did you turn back—without going to Denver?"

"I wanted to come back. I was restless."

"Restlessness," she said, and thought. "You were restless in Venice. You said it was restlessness took you to America."

Again she studied me. She turned a little awkwardly to her tea-things, and poured needless water from the silver kettle into the teapot. Then she sat still for some moments looking at the equipage with expressionless eyes. I saw her hand upon the edge of the table tremble slightly. I watched her closely. A vague uneasiness possessed me. What might she not know or guess?

She spoke at last with an effort. "I wish you were in Parliament again," she said. "Life doesn't give you events enough."

"If I was in Parliament again, I should be on the Conservative side."

"I know," she said, and was still more thoughtful.

"Lately," she began, and paused. "Lately I've been reading—you."

I didn't help her out with what she had to say. I waited.

"I didn't understand what you were after. I had misjudged. I didn't know. I think perhaps I was rather stupid." Her eyes were suddenly shining with tears. "You didn't give me much chance to understand."

She turned upon me suddenly with a voice full of tears.

"Husband," she said abruptly, holding her two hands out to me, "I want to begin over again!"

I took her hands, perplexed beyond measure. "My dear!" I said.

"I want to begin over again."

I bowed my head to hide my face, and found her hand in mine and kissed it.

"Ah!" she said, and slowly withdrew her hand. She leant forward

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with her arm on the sofa-back, and looked very intently into my face. I felt the most damnable scoundrel in the world as I returned her gaze. The thought of Isabel's darkly shining eyes seemed like a physical presence between us. . . .

"Tell me," I said presently, to break the intolerable tension, "tell me plainly what you mean by this."

I sat a little away from her, and then took my teacup in hand, with an odd effect of defending myself. "Have you been reading that old book of mine?" I asked.

"That and the paper. I took a complete set from the beginning down to Durham with me. I have read it over, thought it over. I didn't understand—what you were teaching."

There was a little pause.

"It all seems so plain to me now," she said, "and so true."

I was profoundly disconcerted. I put down my tea-cup, stood up in the middle of the hearthrug, and began talking. "I'm tremendously glad, Margaret, that you've come to see I'm not altogether perverse," I began. I launched out into a rather trite and windy exposition of my views, and she sat close to me on the sofa, looking up into my face, hanging on my words, a deliberate and invincible convert.

"Yes," she said, "yes." . . .

I had never doubted my new conceptions before; now I doubted them profoundly. But I went on talking. It's the grim irony in the lives of all politicians, writers, public teachers, that once the audience is at their feet, a new loyalty has gripped them. It isn't their business to admit doubts and imperfections. They have to go on talking. And I was now so accustomed to Isabel's vivid interruptions, qualifications, restatements, and confirmations. . . .

Margaret and I dined together at home. She made me open out my political projects to her. "I have been foolish," she said. "I want to help."

And by some excuse I have forgotten she made me come to her room. I think it was some book I had to take her, some American book I had brought back with me, and mentioned in our talk. I walked in with it, and put it down on the table and turned to go.

"Husband!" she cried, and held out her slender arms to me. I was compelled to go to her and kiss her, and she twined them softly about my neck and drew me to her and kissed me. I disentangled them very gently, and took each wrist and kissed it, and the backs of her hands.

"Good night," I said. There came a little pause. "Good-night, Margaret," I repeated, and walked very deliberately and with a kind of sham preoccupation to the door.

I did not look at her, but I could feel her standing, watching me. If I had looked up, she would, I knew, have held out her arms to me. . . .

At the very outset that secret, which was to touch no one but Isabel and myself, had reached out to stab another human being.

§ 7. The whole world had changed for Isabel and me; and we tried to pretend that nothing had changed except a small matter between us. We believed quite honestly at that time that it was possible to keep this thing that had happened from any reaction at all, save perhaps through

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some magically enhanced vigour in our work, upon the world about us! Seen in retrospect, one can realise the absurdity of this belief; within a week I realised it; but that does not alter the fact that we did believe as much, and that people who are deeply in love and unable to marry will continue to believe so to the very end of time. They will continue to believe out of existence every consideration that separates them until they have come together. Then they will count the cost, as we two had to do.

I am telling a story, and not propounding theories in this book; and chiefly I am telling of the ideas and influences and emotions that have happened to me—me as a sort of sounding-board for my world. The moralist is at liberty to go over my conduct with his measure and say, "At this point or at that you went wrong, and you ought to have done"—so-and-so. The point of interest to the statesman is that it didn't for a moment occur to us to do so-and-so when the time for doing it came. It amazes me now to think how little either of us troubled about the established rights or wrongs of the situation. We hadn't an atom of respect for them, innate or acquired. The guardians of public morals will say we were very bad people; I submit in defence that they are very bad guardians—provocative guardians. . . . And when at last there came a claim against us that had an effective validity for us, we were in the full tide of passionate intimacy.

I had a night of nearly sleepless perplexity after Margaret's return. She had suddenly presented herself to me like something dramatically recalled, fine, generous, infinitely capable of feeling. I was amazed how much I had forgotten her. In my contempt for vulgarised and conventionalised honour I had forgotten that for me there was such a reality as honour. And here it was, warm and near to me, living, breathing, unsuspecting. Margaret's pride was my honour, that I had had no right even to imperil.

I do not now remember if I thought at that time of going to Isabel and putting this new aspect of the case before her. Perhaps I did. Perhaps I may have considered even then the possibility of ending what had so freshly and passionately begun If I did, it vanished next day at the sight of her. Whatever regrets came in the darkness, the daylight brought an obstinate confidence in our resolution again. We would, we declared, "pull the thing off." Margaret must not know. Margaret should not know. If Margaret did not know, then no harm whatever would be done. We tried to sustain that. . . .

For a brief time we had been like two people in a magic cell, magically cut off from the world and full of a light of its own, and then we began to realise that we were not in the least cut off, that the world was all about us, and pressing in upon us, limiting us, threatening us, resuming possession of us. I tried to ignore the injury to Margaret of her unreciprocated advances. I tried to maintain to myself that this hidden love made no difference to the now irreparable breach between husband and wife. But I never spoke of it to Isabel or let her see that aspect of our case. How could I? The time for that had gone. . . .

Then in new shapes and relations came trouble. Distressful elements crept in by reason of our unavoidable furtiveness; we ignored them, hid them from each other, and attempted to hide them from ourselves. Successful love is a thing of abounding pride, and we had to be secret.

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It was delightful at first to be secret, a whispering, warm conspiracy; then presently it became irksome and a little shameful. Her essential frankness of soul was all against the masks and falsehoods that many women would have enjoyed. Together in our secrecy we relaxed, then in the presence of other people again it was tiresome to have to watch for the careless, too easy phrase, to snatch back one's hand from the limitless betrayal of a light, familiar touch.

Love becomes a poor thing, at best a poor beautiful thing, if it develops no continuing and habitual intimacy. We were always meeting, and most gloriously loving and beginning—and then we had to snatch at remorselessly ticking watches, hurry to catch trains, and go back to this or that. That is all very well for the intrigues of idle people perhaps, but not for an intense personal relationship. It is like lighting a candle for the sake of lighting it, over and over again, and each time blowing it out. That, no doubt, must be very amusing to children playing with the matches, but not to people who love warm light, and want it in order to do fine and honourable things together. We had achieved—I give the ugly phrase that expresses the increasing discoloration in my mind—"illicit intercourse." To end at that, we now perceived, wasn't in our style. But where were we to end? . . . .

Perhaps we might at this stage have given it up. I think if we could have seen ahead and around us we might have done so. But the glow of our cell blinded us. . . . I wonder what might have happened if at that time we had given it up. . . . We propounded it, we met again in secret to discuss it, and our overpowering passion for one another reduced that meeting to absurdity. . . .

Presently the idea of children crept between us. It came in from all our conceptions of life and public service; it was, we found, in the quality of our minds that physical love without children is a little weak, timorous, more than a little shameful. With imaginative people there very speedily comes a time when it is impossible for that to go on. We hadn't thought of that before—it isn't natural to think of that before. We hadn't known. There is no literature in English dealing with such things.

There is a necessary sequence of phases in love. These came in their order, and with them, unanticipated tarnishings on the first bright perfection of our relations. For a time these developing phases were no more than a secret and private trouble between us, little shadows spreading by imperceptible degrees across that vivid and luminous cell.

§ 8. The Handitch election flung me suddenly into prominence.

It is still only two years since that struggle, and I will not trouble the reader with a detailed history of events that must be quite sufficiently present in his mind for my purpose already. Huge stacks of journalism have dealt with Handitch and its significance. For the reader very probably, as for most people outside a comparatively small circle, it meant my emergence from obscurity. We obtruded no editor's name in the *Blue Weekly;* I had never as yet been on the London hoardings. Before Handitch I was a journalist and writer of no great public standing; after Handitch I was definitely a person in the little group of persons who stood for the Young Imperialist movement. Handitch was, to a very large

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extent, my affair. I realised then, as a man comes to do, how much one can still grow after seven-and-twenty. In the second election I was a man taking hold of things; at Kinghamstead, I had been simply a young candidate, a party unit, led about the constituency, told to do this and that, and finally washed in by the great Anti-Imperialist flood, like a starfish rolling up a beach.

My feminist views had earnt the mistrust of the party, and I do not think I should have got the chance of Handitch or indeed any chance at all of Parliament for a long time, if it had not been that the seat with its long record of Liberal victories and its Liberal majority of 3642 at the last election, offered a hopeless contest. The Liberal dissensions and the belated but by no means contemptible Socialist candidate were providential interpositions. I think, however, the conduct of Gane, Crupp, and Tarvrille in coming down to fight for me, did count tremendously in my favour. "We aren't going to win, perhaps," said Crupp, "but we are going to talk." And until the very eve of victory, we treated Handitch not so much as a battlefield as a hoarding. And so it was the Endowment of Motherhood as a practical form of Eugenics got into English politics.

Plutus, our agent, was scared out of his wits when the thing began.

"They're ascribing all sorts of queer ideas to you about the family," he said.

"I think the family exists for the good of the children," I said; "is that queer?"

"Not when you explain it—but they won't let you explain it. And about marriage——?"

"I'm all right about marriage—trust me."

"Of course, if *you* had children," said Plutus, rather inconsiderately. . . .

They opened fire upon me in a little electioneering rag called the *Handitch Sentinel*, with a string of garbled quotations and misrepresentations that gave me an admirable text for a speech. I spoke for an hour and ten minutes with a more and more crumpled copy of the *Sentinel* in my hand, and I made the fullest and completest exposition of the idea of endowing motherhood that I think had ever been made up to that time in England. Its effect on the press was extraordinary. The Liberal papers gave me quite unprecedented space under the impression that I had only to be given rope to hang myself; the Conservatives cut me down or tried to justify me; the whole country was talking. I had had a pamphlet in type upon the subject, and I revised this carefully and put it on the bookstalls within three days. It sold enormously and brought me bushels of letters. We issued over three thousand in Handitch alone. At meeting after meeting I was heckled upon nothing else. Long before polling day Plutus was converted.

"It's catching on like old age pensions," he said. "We've dished the Liberals! To think that such a project should come from our side!"

But it was only with the declaration of the poll that my battle was won. No one expected more than a snatch victory, and I was in by over fifteen hundred. At one bound Cossington's papers passed from apologetics varied by repudiation to triumphant praise. "A renascent England, breeding men," said the leader in his chief daily on the morning after the polling, and claimed that the Conservatives had been ever the pioneers in sanely bold constructive projects.

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I came up to London with a weary but rejoicing Margaret by the night train.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

THE IMPOSSIBLE POSITION

§ 1. To any one who did not know of that glowing secret between Isabel and myself, I might well have appeared at that time the most successful and enviable of men. I had recovered rapidly from an uncongenial start in political life; I had become a considerable force through the *Blue Weekly*, and was shaping an increasingly influential body of opinion; I had re-entered Parliament with quite dramatic distinction, and in spite of a certain faltering on the part of the orthodox Conservatives towards the bolder elements in our propaganda, I had loyal and unenvious associates who were making me a power in the party. People were coming to our group, understandings were developing. It was clear we should play a prominent part in the next general election, and that, given a Conservative victory, I should be assured of office. The world opened out to me brightly and invitingly. Great schemes took shape in my mind, always more concrete, always more practicable; the years ahead seemed falling into order, shining with the credible promise of immense achievement.

And at the heart of it all, unseen and unsuspected, was the secret of my relations with Isabel—like a seed that germinates and thrusts, thrusts relentlessly.

From the onset of the Handitch contest onward, my meetings with her had been more and more pervaded by the discussion of our situation. It had innumerable aspects. It was very present to us that we wanted to be together as much as possible—we were beginning to long very much for actual living together in the same house, so that one could come as it were carelessly—unawares—upon the other, busy perhaps about some trivial thing. We wanted to feel each other in the daily atmosphere. Preceding our imperatively sterile passion, you must remember, outside it, altogether greater than it so far as our individual lives were concerned, there had grown and still grew an enormous affection and intellectual sympathy between us. We brought all our impressions and all our ideas to each other, to see them in each other's light. It is hard to convey that quality of intellectual unison to any one who has not experienced it. I thought more and more in terms of conversation with Isabel; her possible comments upon things would flash into my mind, oh!—with the very sound of her voice.

I remember, too, the odd effect of seeing her in the distance going about Handitch, like any stranger canvasser; the queer emotion of her approach along the street, the greeting as she passed. The morning of the polling she vanished from the constituency. I saw her for an instant in the passage behind our Committee rooms.

"Going?" said I.

She nodded.

"Stay it out. I want you to see the fun. I remember—the other time."

She didn't answer for a moment or so, and stood with face averted.

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"It's Margaret's show," she said abruptly. "If I see her smiling there like a queen by your side——! She did—last time. I remember." She caught at a sob and dashed her hand across her face impatiently. "Jealous fool, mean and petty, jealous fool! . . . Good luck, old man, to you. You're going to win. But I don't want to see the end of it all the same. . . ."

"Good-bye!" said I, clasping her hand as some supporter appeared in the passage. . . .

I came back to London victorious, and a little flushed and coarse with victory; and so soon as I could break away I went to Isabel's flat and found her white and worn, with the stain of secret weeping about her eyes. I came into the room to her and shut the door.

"You said I'd win," I said, and held out my arms.

She hugged me closely for a moment.

"My dear," I whispered, "it's nothing—without you—nothing!"

We didn't speak for some seconds. Then she slipped from my hold.

"Look!" she said, smiling like winter sunshine. "I've had in all the morning papers—the pile of them, and you—resounding."

"It's more than I dared hope."

"Or I."

She stood for a moment still smiling bravely, and then she was sobbing in my arms. "The bigger you are—the more you show," she said—"the more we are parted. I know, I know——"

I held her close to me, making no answer.

Presently she became still. "Oh, well," she said, and wiped her eyes and sat down on the little sofa by the fire; and I sat down beside her.

"I didn't know all there was in love," she said, staring at the coals, "when we went love-making."

I put my arm behind her and took a handful of her dear soft hair in my hand and kissed it.

"You've done a great thing this time," she said. "Handitch will make you."

"It opens big chances," I said. "But why are you weeping, dear one?"

"Envy," she said, "and love."

"You're not lonely?"

"I've plenty to do—and lots of people."

"Well?"

"I want you."

"You've got me."

She put her arm about me and kissed me. "I want you," she said, "just as if I had nothing of you. You don't understand—how a woman wants a man. I thought once if I just gave myself to you it would be enough. It was nothing—it was just a step across the threshold. My dear, every moment you are away I ache for you—ache! I want to be about when it isn't love-making or talk. I want to be doing things for you, and watching you when you're not thinking of me. All those safe, careless, intimate things. And something else—" She stopped. "Dear, I don't want to bother you. I just want you to know I love you. . . ."

She caught my head in her hands and kissed it, then stood up abruptly.

I looked up at her, a little perplexed.

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"Dear heart," said I, "isn't this enough? You're my councillor, my colleague, my right hand, the secret soul of my life——"

"And I want to darn your socks," she said, smiling back at me.

"You're insatiable."

She smiled. "No," she said. "I'm not insatiable, Master. But I'm a woman in love. And I'm finding out what I want, and what is necessary to me—and what I can't have. That's all."

"We get a lot."

"We want a lot. You and I are greedy people for the things we like, Master. It's very evident we've got nearly all we can ever have of one another—and I'm not satisfied."

"What more is there?"

"For you—very little. I wonder. For me—everything. Yes—everything. You didn't mean it, Master; you didn't know any more than I did when I began, but love between a man and a woman is sometimes very one-sided. Fearfully one-sided! That's all. . . .

"Don't *you* ever want children?" she said abruptly.

"I suppose I do."

"You don't!"

"I haven't thought of them."

"A man doesn't, perhaps. But I have. . . . I want them—like hunger. *Your* children, and home with you. Really, continually you! That's the trouble. . . . I can't have 'em, Master, and I can't have you."

She was crying, and through her tears she laughed.

"I'm going to make a scene," she said, "and get this over. I'm so discontented and miserable; I've got to tell you. It would come between us if I didn't. I'm in love with you, with everything—with all my brains. I'll pull through all right. I'll be good, Master, never you fear. But to-day I'm crying out with all my being. This election—— You're going up; you're going on. In these papers—you're a great big fact. It's suddenly come home to me. At the back of my mind I've always had the idea I was going to have you somehow presently for myself—I mean to have you to go long tramps with, to keep house for, to get meals for, to watch for of an evening. It's a sort of habitual background to my thought of you. And it's nonsense—utter nonsense!" She stopped. She was crying and choking. "And the child, you know—the child."

I was troubled beyond measure, but Handitch and its intimations were clear and strong.

"We can't have that," I said.

"No," she said, "we can't have that."

"We've got our own things to do."

"*Your* things," she said.

"Aren't they yours too?"

"Because of you," she said.

"Aren't they your very own things?"

"Women don't have that sort of very own thing. Indeed, it's true! And think! You've been down there preaching the goodness of children, telling them the only good thing in a state is happy, hopeful children, working to free mothers and children——"

"And we give our own children to do it?" I said.

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"Yes," she said. "And sometimes I think it's too much to give—too much altogether. . . . Children get into a woman's brain—when she mustn't have them, especially when she must never hope for them. Think of the child we might have now!—the little creature with soft, tender skin, and little hands and little feet! At times it haunts me. It comes and says, Why wasn't I given life? I can hear it in the night. . . . The world is full of such little ghosts, dear lover—little things that asked for life and were refused. They clamour to me. It's like a little fist beating at my heart. Love children, beautiful children. Little cold hands that tear at my heart! Oh, my heart and my lord!" She was holding my arm with both her hands and weeping against it, and now she drew herself to my shoulder and wept and sobbed in my embrace. "I shall never sit with your child on my knee and you beside me—never, and I am a woman and your lover!" . . .

§ 2. But the profound impossibility of our relation was now becoming more and more apparent to us. We found ourselves seeking justification, clinging passionately to a situation that was coldly, pitilessly impossible and fated. We wanted quite intensely to live together and have a child, but also we wanted very many other things that were incompatible with these desires. It was extraordinarily difficult to weigh our political and intellectual ambitions against those intimate wishes. The weights kept altering according as one found oneself grasping this valued thing or that. It wasn't as if we could throw everything aside for our love, and have that as we wanted it. Love such as we bore one another isn't altogether, or even chiefly, a thing in itself—it is for the most part a value set upon things. Our love was interwoven with all our other interests; to go out of the world and live in isolation seemed to us like killing the best parts of each other; we loved the sight of each other engaged finely and characteristically, we knew each other best as activities. We had no delusions about material facts; we didn't want each other alive or dead, we wanted each other fully alive. We wanted to do big things together, and for us to take each other openly and desperately would leave us nothing in the world to do. We wanted children indeed passionately, but children with every helpful chance in the world, and children born in scandal would be handicapped at every turn. We wanted to share a home and not a solitude.

And when we were at this stage of realisation, began the intimations that we were found out, and that scandal was afoot against us. . . .

I heard of it first from Esmeer, who deliberately mentioned it, with that steady grey eye of his watching me, as an instance of the preposterous falsehoods people will circulate. It came to Isabel almost simultaneously through a married college friend, who made it her business to demand either confirmation or denial. It filled us both with consternation. In the surprise of the moment Isabel admitted her secret, and her friend went off "reserving her freedom of action."

Discovery broke out in every direction. Friends with grave faces and an atmosphere of infinite tact invaded us both. Other friends ceased to invade either of us. It was manifest we had become—we knew not how—a private scandal, a subject for duologues, an amazement, a perplexity, a vivid interest. In a few brief weeks it seemed London passed from

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absolute unsuspiciousness to a chattering exaggeration of its knowledge of our relations.

It was just the most inappropriate time for that disclosure. The long smouldering antagonism to my endowment of motherhood ideas had flared up into an active campaign in the *Expurgator*, and it would be altogether disastrous to us if I should be convicted of any personal irregularity. It was just because of the manifest and challenging respectability of my position that I had been able to carry the thing as far as I had done. Now suddenly my fortunes had sprung a leak, and scandal was pouring in. . . . It chanced, too, that a wave of moral intolerance was sweeping through London, one of those waves in which the bitterness of the consciously just finds an ally in the panic of the undiscovered. A certain Father Blodgett had been preaching against social corruption with extraordinary force, and had roused the Church of England people to a kind of competition in denunciation. The old methods of the Anti-Socialist campaign had been renewed, and had offered far too wide a scope and too tempting an opportunity for private animosity, to be restricted to the private affairs of the Socialists. I had intimations of an extensive circulation of "private and confidential" letters. . . .

I think there can be nothing else in life quite like the unnerving realisation that rumour and scandal are afoot about one. Abruptly one's confidence in the solidity of the universe disappears. One walks silenced through a world that one feels to be full of inaudible accusations. One cannot challenge the assault, get it out into the open, separate truth and falsehood. It slinks from you, turns aside its face. Old acquaintances suddenly evaded me, made extraordinary excuses; men who had presumed on the verge of my world and pestered me with an intrusive enterprise, now took the bold step of flat repudiation. I became doubtful about the return of a nod, retracted all those tentacles of easy civility that I had hitherto spread to the world. I still grow warm with amazed indignation when I recall that Edward Crampton, meeting me full on the steps of the Climax Club, cut me dead. "By God!" I cried, and came near catching him by the throat and wringing out of him what of all good deeds and bad, could hearten him, a younger man than I and empty beyond comparison, to dare to play the judge to me. And then I had an open slight from Mrs. Millingham, whom I had counted on as one counts upon the sunrise. I had not expected things of that sort; they were disconcerting beyond measure; it was as if the world were giving way beneath my feet, as though something failed in the essential confidence of life, as though a hand of wet ice had touched my heart. Similar things were happening to Isabel. Yet we went on, working, visiting, meeting, trying to ignore this gathering of implacable forces against us.

For a time I was perplexed beyond measure to account for this campaign. I went about watchful, alert, raging internally. I suspected every one. For a time I will confess I turned my thoughts to Altiora Bailey. There was a certain reason in that. The Baileys had never forgiven me my abandonment of the Young Liberal group they had done so much to inspire and organise; their dinner-table had long been a scene of hostile depreciation of the *Blue Weekly* and all its allies; week after week Altiora proclaimed that I was "doing nothing," and found other causes

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for our by-election triumphs; I counted Chambers Street a dangerous place for me. Always I had been a wasp in their spider's web, difficult to claim as a tool, critical, antagonistic. I admired their work and devotion enormously, but I had never concealed my contempt for a certain childish vanity they displayed, and for the frequent puerility of their political intrigues. Yet it scarcely seemed consistent with a certain gallantry in Altiora's character that she should use a private scandal against me.

Then with a real feeling of relief towards her, I came upon the culprits, the Booles, those queer rivals and allies and understudies of the Baileys. It was odd I didn't think of the Booles from the outset, but I didn't. Counting on a certain physical resemblance to Altiora Mrs. Boole had set herself quite deliberately to plagiarise her success, and had contrived the oddest duplication. It is one of the penalties of success, this usurpation of a personality, and Mrs. Boole managed to carry it even to a similarity of intonation and a travesty of Altiora's relations to her husband. But she had none of that largeness of mind one admired in Altiora; she was a vulgar careerist aiming only at prominence, and perhaps her best quality was a real unreasoning devotion to what she imagined were her great exemplar's interests. She felt no doubt that what injured Altiora must necessarily injure her. And these Booles, more galled by my manifest disregard of Baileyism than the Baileys could ever have been, set themselves industriously with all the loyalty of parasites to disseminate a highly coloured scandal against me. It was almost entirely their doing; I am persuaded; at the worst the Baileys were guilty only of a passive acquiescence. But the Booles certainly needed no help. Boole, I found, was warning fathers of girls against me as a "reckless libertine," and his wife, flushed, roguish, and dishevelled, was sitting on her fender curb after dinner, and pledging little parties of five or six women at a time with infinite gusto not to let the matter go further. Our cell was open to the world, and a bleak, distressful daylight streaming in.

I had a gleam of a more intimate motive in Mrs. Boole from the reports that came to me. Isabel had been doing a series of five or six articles in the *Political Review* in support of our campaign, the *Political Review* which had hitherto been loyally Baileyite. Quite her best writing up to the present, at any rate, is in those papers, and no doubt the Baileyites had had not only to read her in those invaded columns, but listen to her praises in the mouths of the tactless influential. Mrs. Boole is a person of literary ambitions herself, but she writes a poor and slovenly prose and handles an argument badly; the literary gift even of Altiora herself is not above criticism, and Isabel has her University training behind her and wrote from the first with the stark power of a clear-headed man. "Now we know," said Mrs. Boole on her curb, with just a gleam of malice showing through her brightness, "now we know who helps with the writing!"

She revealed astonishing knowledge.

For a time I couldn't for the life of me discover her sources. I had, indeed, a desperate intention of challenging her, and then I bethought me of a youngster named Curmain, who had been my supplementary typist and secretary for a time, and whom I had sent on to her before the days of our breach. "Of course!" said I, "Curmain!" He was a tall, drooping, sidelong youth with sandy hair, a little forward head, and a long thin neck. He stole stamps, and, I suspected, rifled my private letter

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drawer, and I found him one day on a turn of the stairs looking guilty and ruffled, with a pretty Irish housemaid of Margaret's manifestly in a state of hot indignation. I saw nothing, but I felt everything in the air between them. I hate this pestering of servants, but at the same time I didn't want Curmain wiped out of existence, so I had packed him off without unnecessary discussion to Mrs. Boole. I had intended him for Altiora at first, and Mrs. Boole came in as an afterthought. He was quick and cheap anyhow, and I thought Altiora's general austerity ought to redeem him if anything could; the Chambers Street housemaid wasn't for any man's kissing and showed it, and the stamps and private letters were looked after with an efficiency altogether surpassing mine. But alas! he fell to Mrs. Boole—I didn't reflect on what the difference meant—and she, I've no doubt left now whatever, pumped this young undesirable about me, and scenting a story, had him to dinner alone one evening to get to the bottom of the matter. She got quite to the bottom of it—it must have been a queer duologue. She read Isabel's careless, intimate letters to me, so to speak, by this proxy, and she wasn't ashamed to use this information in the service of the bitterness that had sprung up in her since my political breach with the people to whom she had attached herself. It was essentially a personal bitterness; it helped no public purpose of theirs to get rid of me. My downfall in any public sense was sheer waste—the loss of a man. She knew she was behaving badly, and so, when it came to remonstrance, she behaved worse. She'd got names and dates and places; the efficiency of her information was irresistible. And she set to work at it marvellously. Never, in all her pursuit of efficient ideals, had Altiora achieved such levels of efficiency as her understudy attained in this pursuit. I wrote a protest that was perhaps ill-advised and angry, I went to her and tried to stop her. The woman wouldn't listen, she wouldn't think, she denied and lied, she behaved like a naughty child of six years old which has made up its mind to be hurtful. It wasn't only, I think, that she couldn't bear our political and social influence; she also—I realised at that interview—couldn't bear our loving. It seemed to her the sickliest thing—a thing quite unendurable. While such things were, the virtue had gone out of her world.

I've the vividest memory of that call of mine. She'd just come in and taken off her hat, and she was grey and dishevelled and tired, and in a businesslike dress of black and crimson, a frank adoption of Altiora's colours, that didn't suit her and was muddy about the skirts. She'd a cold in her head and sniffed penetratingly, she avoided my eye as she talked and interrupted everything I had to say; she kept stabbing fiercely at the cushions of her sofa with a long hat-pin and pretending she was overwhelmed with grief at the *débâcle* she was deliberately organising.

"Then part," she cried, "part. If you don't want a smashing up,—part! You two have got to be parted. You've got never to see each other ever, never to speak." There was a zest in her voice. "We're not circulating stories," she denied. "No! And Curmain never told us anything—Curmain is an *excellent* young man; oh! a quite excellent young man. You misjudged him altogether." . . .

I was equally unsuccessful with Boole. I caught the little wretch in the League Club, and he wriggled and lied. He tried to get past me

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as though he hadn't seen me. He wouldn't say where he had got his facts, he wouldn't admit he had told any one. When I gave him the names of two men who had come to me astonished and incredulous, he attempted absurdly to make me think they had told *him*. He did his horrible little best to suggest that honest old Quackett, who had just left England for the Cape, was the real scandal-monger. That struck me as mean, even for Boole. I've still the odd vivid impression of his fluting voice, excusing the inexcusable, his big shifty face evading me, his perspiration-beaded forehead, the shrugging shoulders, and the would-be exculpatory gestures—Houndsditch gestures—of his enormous ugly hands.

"I can assure you, my dear fellow," he lisped; "I can assure you we've done everything to shield you—everything." . . .

§ 3. Isabel came after dinner one evening and talked in the office. She made a white-robed, dusky figure against the deep blues of my big window. I sat at my desk and tore a quill pen to pieces as I talked.

"The Booles don't intend to let this drop," I said. "They mean that every one in London is to know about it."

"I know."

"Well!" I said.

"Dear heart," said Isabel, facing it, "it's no good waiting for things to overtake us; we're at the parting of the ways."

"What are we to do?"

"They won't let us go on."

"Damn them! To be separated by people like that!"

"They are *organising* scandal."

"It's no good waiting for things to overtake us," I echoed; "they have overtaken us." I turned on her. "What do you want to do?"

"Everything," she said. "Keep you and have our work. Aren't we Mates?"

"We can't."

"And we can't!"

"I've got to tell Margaret," I said.

"Margaret!"

"I can't bear the idea of any one else getting in front with it. I've been wincing about Margaret secretly——"

"I know. You'll have to tell her. Yes . . .

She leant back against the bookcase under the window.

"We've had some good times, Master," she said, with a sigh in her voice.

And then for a long time we stared at one another in silence.

"We haven't much time left," she said.

"Shall we bolt?" I said.

"And leave all this?" she asked, with her eyes going round the room. "And that?" And her head indicated Westminster. "No!"

I said no more of bolting.

"We've got to screw ourselves up to surrender," she said.

"Something."

"A lot."

"Master," she said, "it isn't all sex and stuff between us?"

"No!"

"I can't give up the work. Our work's my life."

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We came upon another long pause.

"No one will believe we've ceased to be lovers—if we simply do," she said.

"We shouldn't."

"We've got to do something more parting than that. We've got to part—part thoroughly, openly, finally."

I nodded, and again we paused. She was coming to something.

"I could marry Shoesmith," she said abruptly.

"But——" I objected.

"He knows. It wasn't fair. I told him."

"Oh, that explains," I said. "There's been a kind of sulkiness—— But—you told him?"

She nodded. "He's rather badly hurt," she said. "He's been a good friend to me. He's curiously loyal. But something, something he said one day—forced me to let him know. . . . That's been the beastliness of all this secrecy. That's the beastliness of all secrecy. You have to spring surprises on people. But he keeps on. He's steadfast. He'd already suspected. He wants me very badly to marry him. . . ."

"But you don't want to marry him?"

"I'm forced to think of it."

"But does he want to marry you at that? Take you as a present from the world at large?—against your will and desire? . . . I don't understand him."

"He cares for me."

"How?"

"He thinks this is a fearful mess for me. He wants to pull it straight."

We sat for a time in silence, with imaginations that obstinately refused to take up the realities of this proposition.

"I don't want you to marry Shoesmith," I said at last.

"Don't you like him?"

"No."

"He's a very clever and sturdy person—and very generous and devoted to me."

"And me?"

"You can't expect that. He thinks you are wonderful—and, naturally, that you ought not to have started this."

"I've a curious dislike to any one thinking that but myself. I'm quite ready to think it myself."

"He'd let us be friends—and see each other at times."

"Let us be friends!" I cried, after a long pause. "You and me!"

"He wants me to be engaged soon. He wants our parting to be clear and conclusive. Then, he says, he can go round fighting these rumours, defending us both—and force a quarrel on the Booles.

"I don't understand him," I said, and added, "I don't understand you."

I was staring at her face. It seemed white and set in the dimness.

"Do you really mean this, Isabel?" I asked.

"What else is there to do, my dear?—what else is there to do at all? I've been thinking day and night. You can't go away with me. You can't smash yourself suddenly in the sight of all men. I'd rather die than that should happen. Look what you are becoming in the country! Look

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at all you've built up!—me helping. I wouldn't let you do it if you could. I wouldn't let you—if it were only for Margaret's sake. *This* . . . closes the scandal, closes everything."

"It closes all our life together," I cried.

She was silent.

"It never ought to have begun," I said.

She winced. Then abruptly she was on her knees before me, with her hands upon my shoulder and her eyes meeting mine.

"My dear," she said very earnestly, "don't misunderstand me! Don't think I'm retreating from the things we've done! Our love is the best thing I could ever have had from life. Nothing can ever equal it; nothing could ever equal the beauty and delight you and I have had together. Never! You have loved me; you do love me. . . .

"No one could ever know how to love you as I have loved you; no one could ever love me as you have loved me, my king. And it's just because it's been so splendid, dear; it's just because I'd die rather than have a tithe of all this wiped out of my life again—for it's made me, it's all I am—dear, it's years since I began loving you—it's just because of its goodness that I want not to end in wreckage now, not to end in the smashing up of all the big things I understand in you and love in you. . . .

"What is there for us if we keep on and go away?" she went on. "All the big interests in our lives will vanish—everything. We shall become specialised people—people overshadowed by a situation. We shall be an elopement, a romance—all our breadth and meaning gone! People will always think of it first when they think of us; all our work and aims will be warped by it and subordinated to it. Is it good enough, dear? Just to specialise. . . . I think of you. We've got a case, a passionate case, the best of cases, but do we want to spend all our lives defending it and justifying it? And there's that other life. I know now you care for Margaret—you care more than you think you do. You have said fine things of her. I've watched you about her. Little things have dropped from you. She's given her life for you; she's nothing without you. You feel that to your marrow all the time you are thinking about these things. Oh, I'm not jealous, dear. I love you for loving her. I love you in relation to her. But there it is, an added weight against us, another thing worth saving."

Presently, I remember, she sat back on her heels and looked up into my face. "We've done wrong—and parting's paying. It's time to pay. We needn't have paid, if we'd kept to the track. . . . You and I, Master, we've got to be men."

"Yes," I said; "we've got to be men."

§ 4. I was driven to tell Margaret about our situation by my intolerable dread that otherwise the thing might come to her through some stupid and clumsy informant. She might even meet Mrs. Boole, and have it from her.

I can still recall the feeling of sitting at my desk that night in that large study of mine in Radnor Square, waiting for Margaret to come home. It was oddly like the feeling of a dentist's reception-room; only it was for me to do the dentistry with clumsy, cruel hands. I had left the door open so that she would come in to me.

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I heard her silken rustle on the stairs at last, and then she was in the doorway. "May I come in?" she said.

"Do," I said, and turned round to her.

"Working?" she said.

"Hard," I answered. "Where have *you* been?"

"At the Vallerys'. Mr. Evesham was talking about you. They were all talking. I don't think everybody knew who I was. Just Mrs. Mumble I'd been to them. Lord Wardenham doesn't like you."

"He doesn't."

"But they all feel you're rather big, anyhow. Then I went on to Park Lane to hear a new pianist and some other music at Eva's."

"Yes."

"Then I looked in at the Brabants' for some midnight tea before I came on here. They'd got some writers—and Grant was there."

"You *have* been flying round. . . ."

There was a little pause between us.

I looked at her pretty, unsuspecting face, and at the slender grace of her golden-robed body. What gulfs there were between us! "You've been amused," I said.

"It's been amusing. You've been at the House?"

"The Medical Education Bill kept me." . . .

After all, why should I tell her? She'd got to a way of living that fulfilled her requirements. Perhaps she'd never hear. But all that day and the day before I'd been making up my mind to do the thing.

"I want to tell you something," I said. "I wish you'd sit down for a moment or so." . . .

Once I had begun, it seemed to me I had to go through with it.

Something in the quality of my voice gave her an intimation of unusual gravity. She looked at me steadily for a moment and sat down slowly in my armchair. "What is it?" she said.

I went on awkwardly. "I've got to tell you—something extraordinarily distressing," I said.

She was manifestly altogether unaware.

"There seems to be a good deal of scandal abroad—I've only recently heard of it—about myself—and Isabel."

"Isabel!"

I nodded.

"What do they say?" she asked.

It was difficult, I found, to speak.

"They say she's my mistress."

"Oh! How abominable!"

She spoke with the most natural indignation. Our eyes met.

"We've been great friends," I said.

"Yes. And to make *that* of it. My poor dear! But how can they?" She paused and looked at me. "It's so incredible. How can any one believe it? I couldn't."

She stopped, with her distressed eyes regarding me. Her expression changed to dread. There was a tense stillness for a second, perhaps.

I turned my face towards the desk, and took up and dropped a handful of paper fasteners.

"Margaret," I said, "I'm afraid you'll have to believe it."

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§ 5. Margaret sat very still. When I looked at her again, her face was very white, and her eyes scrutinised me. Her lips quivered as she spoke. "You really mean—*that?*" she said.

I nodded.

"I never dreamt."

"I never meant you to dream."

"And that is why—we've been apart?"

I thought. "I suppose it is."

"Why have you told me now?"

"Those rumours. I didn't want any one else to tell you."

"Or else it wouldn't have mattered?"

"No."

She turned her eyes from me to the fire. Then for a moment she looked about the room she had made for me, and then quite silently, with a childish quivering of her lips, with a sort of dismayed distress upon her face, she was weeping. She sat weeping in her dress of cloth of gold, with her bare slender arms dropped limp over the arms of her chair, and her eyes averted from me, making no effort to stay or staunch her tears. "I am sorry, Margaret," I said. "I was in love. . . . I did not understand. . . ."

Presently she asked: "What are you going to do?"

"You see, Margaret, now it's come to be your affair—I want to know what you—what you want."

"You want to leave me?"

"If you want me to I must."

"Leave Parliament—leave all the things you are doing—all this fine movement of yours?"

"No." I spoke sullenly. "I don't want to leave anything. I want to stay on. I've told you, because I think we—Isabel and I, I mean—have got to drive through a storm of scandal anyhow. I don't know how far things may go, how much people may feel, and I can't, I can't have you unconscious, unarmed, open to any revelation——"

She made no answer.

"When the thing began—I knew it was stupid but I thought it was a thing that wouldn't change, wouldn't be anything but itself, wouldn't unfold—consequences. . . . People have got hold of these vague rumours. . . . Directly it reached any one else but—but us two—I saw it had to come to you."

I stopped. I had that distressful feeling I have always had with Margaret, of not being altogether sure she heard, of being doubtful if she understood. I perceived that once again I had struck at her and shattered a thousand unsubstantial pinnacles. And I couldn't get at her to help her, or touch her mind! I stood up, and at my movement she moved. She produced a little dainty handkerchief, and made an effort to wipe her face with it, and held it to her eyes. "Oh, my Husband!" she sobbed.

"What do you mean?" she said, with her voice muffled by her handkerchief.

"We're going to end it," I said.

Something gripped me tormentingly as I said that. I drew a chair beside her and sat down. "You and I, Margaret, have been partners,"

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I began. "We've built up this life of ours together; I couldn't have done it without you. We've made a position, created a work——"

She shook her head. "You," she said.

"You helping. I don't want to shatter it—if you don't want it shattered. I can't leave my work. I can't leave you. I want you to have—all that you have ever had. I've never meant to rob you. I've made an immense and tragic blunder. My character and accident have conspired—— We'll pay—in ourselves, not in our public service."

I halted again. Margaret remained very still.

"I want you to understand that the thing is at an end. It is definitely at an end. We—we talked—yesterday. We mean to end it altogether." I clenched my hands. "She's—she's going to marry Arnold Shoesmith."

I wasn't looking now at Margaret any more, but I heard the rustle of her movement as she turned on me.

"It's all right," I said, clinging to my explanation. "We're doing nothing shabby. He knows. He will. It's all as right—as things can be now. We're not cheating any one, Margaret. We're doing things straight—now. Of course, you know . . . We shall—we shall have to make sacrifices. Give things up pretty completely. . . . We shall have not to see each other for a time, you know. Perhaps not a long time. Or write—or just any of that sort of thing ever——"

Some subconscious barrier gave way in me. I found myself crying uncontrollably—as I have never cried since I was a little child. I was amazed and horrified at myself. And wonderfully, Margaret was on her knees beside me, with her arms about me, mingling her weeping with mine. "Oh, my Husband!" she cried, "my poor Husband! Does it hurt you so? I would do anything! Oh, the fool I am! Dear, I love you. I love you over and away and above all these jealous little things!"

She drew down my head to her as a mother might draw down the head of a son. She caressed me, weeping bitterly with me. "Oh! my dear," she sobbed, "my dear! I've never seen you cry! I've never seen you cry. Ever! I didn't know you could. Oh! my dear! Can't you have her, my dear, if you want her? I can't bear it! Let me help you, dear. Oh! my Husband! My Man! I can't bear to have you cry!" For a time she held me in silence. "I've thought this might happen, I dreamt it might happen. You two, I mean. It was dreaming put it into my head. When I've seen you together, so glad with each other. . . . Oh! Husband mine, believe me! believe me! I'm stupid, I'm cold, I'm only beginning to realise how stupid and cold, but all I want in all the world is to give my life to you." . . .

§ 6. "We can't part in a room," said Isabel.

"We'll have one last talk together," I said, and planned that we should meet for half a day between Dover and Walmer and talk ourselves out. I still recall that day very well, recall even the curious exaltation of grief that made our mental atmosphere distinctive and memorable. We had seen so much of one another, had become so intimate, that we talked of parting even as we parted with a sense of incredible remoteness. We went together up over the cliffs, and to a place where they fall towards the sea, past the white, quaint-lanterned lighthouses of the South Foreland.

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There, in a kind of niche below the crest, we sat talking. It was a spacious day, serenely blue and warm, and on the wrinkled water remotely below a black tender and six hooded submarines came presently, and engaged in mysterious manœuvres. Shrieking gulls and chattering jackdaws circled over us and below us, and dived and swooped; and a skerry of weedy, fallen chalk appeared, and gradually disappeared again, as the tide fell and rose.

We talked and thought that afternoon on every aspect of our relations. It seems to me now we talked so wide and far that scarcely an issue in the life between man and woman can arise that we did not at least touch upon. Lying there at Isabel's feet, I have become for myself a symbol of all this world-wide problem between duty and conscious, passionate love the world has still to solve. The sky, the wide horizon, seemed to lift us out of ourselves until we were something representative and general. She was womanhood become articulate, talking to her lover.

"I ought," I said, "never to have loved you."

"It wasn't a thing planned," she said.

"I ought never to have let our talk slip to that, never to have turned back from America."

"I'm glad we did it," she said. "Don't think I repent."

I looked at her.

"I will never repent," she said. "Never!" as though she clung to her life in saying it.

I remember we talked for a long time of divorce. It seemed to us then, and it seems to us still, that it ought to have been possible for Margaret to divorce me, and for me to marry without the scandalous and ugly publicity, the taint and ostracism that follow such a readjustment. We went on to the whole perplexing riddle of marriage. We criticised the current code, how muddled and conventionalised it had become, how modified by subterfuges and concealments and new necessities, and the increasing freedom of women. "It's all like Bromstead when the building came," I said; for I had often talked to her of that early impression of purpose dissolving again into chaotic forces. "There is no clear right in the world any more. The world is Byzantine. The justest man to-day must practise a tainted goodness."

These questions need discussion—a magnificent frankness of discussion—if any standards are again to establish an effective hold upon educated people. Discretions, as I have said already, will never hold any one worth holding—longer than they held us. Against every "shalt not" there must be a "why not" plainly put—the "why not" largest and plainest, the law deduced from its purpose. "You and I, Isabel," I said, "have always been a little disregardful of duty, partly at least because the idea of duty comes to us so ill-clad. Oh! I know there's an extravagant insubordinate strain in us, but that wasn't all. I wish humbugs would leave duty alone. I wish all duty wasn't covered with slime. That's where the real mischief comes in. Passion can always contrive to clothe itself in beauty, strip itself splendid. That carried us. But for all its mean associations there *is* this duty...."

"Don't we come rather late to it?"

"Not so late that it won't be atrociously hard to do."

We talked for a long time of Margaret, and I told Isabel of my new

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impressions of her quality. "I used in a manner to despise her," I confessed. "But, Isabel, she's so much better than we, so much cleaner and finer . . . not simply because she's simpler—but in grain. Think of her away there in London, knowing perhaps we are here. She *must* know we are here. The pride of her! Think of the sort of courage she shows, the conquest of jealousy—and mortification. She's been cheated, slighted. . . . Never once has she been for a second, base."

"It's queer to think of now," said Isabel. "Who could believe we did all we have done honestly? Well, in a manner honestly. Who could believe we thought this might be hidden? Who could trace it all step by step from the time when we found that a certain boldness in our talk was pleasing? We talked of love. . . . Master, there's not much for us to do in the way of Apologia that any one will credit. And yet if it were possible to tell the very heart of our story. . . .

"Does Margaret really want to go on with you?" she asked—"shield you—knowing of . . . *this*?"

"I'm certain. I don't understand—just as I don't understand Shoesmith, but she does. These people walk on solid ground which is just thin air to us. They've got something we haven't got. Assurances? I wonder." . . .

Then it was, or later, we talked of Shoesmith, and what her life might be with him.

"He's good," she said; "he's kindly. He's everything but magic. He's the very image of the decent, sober, honourable life. You can't say a thing against him or I—except that something—something in his imagination, something in the tone of his voice—fails for me. Why don't I love him?—he's a better man than you! Why don't you? *Is* he a better man than you? He's usage, he's honour, he's the right thing he's the breed and the tradition,—a gentleman. You're your erring, incalculable self. I suppose we women will trust his sort and love your sort to the very end of time. . . ."

We spent a long time talking of laws and customs, and how they might change in the coming years. We lay side by side and nibbled at grass stalks as we talked. It seemed enormously unreasonable to us that two people who had come to the pitch of easy and confident affection and happiness that held between us should be obliged to part and shun one another, or murder half the substance of their lives. We felt ourselves crushed and beaten by an indiscriminating machine which destroys happiness in the service of jealousy. "The mass of people don't feel these things in quite the same manner as we feel them," she said. "Is it because we're different in grain, or educated out of some primitive instinct?"

"It's because we've explored love a little, and they know no more than the gateway," I said. "Lust and then jealousy; their simple conception—and we have gone a little beyond that. . . ."

I remember that for a time we watched two of that larger sort of gull, whose wings are brownish white, circle and hover against the blue. And then we lay and looked at a band of water mirror-clear far out to sea, and wondered why the breeze that rippled all the rest should leave it so serene.

"And in this State of ours," I resumed.

"Eh!" said Isabel, rolling over into a sitting posture and looking out

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at the horizon. "Let's talk no more of things we can never see. Talk to me of the work you are doing and all we shall do—after we have parted. We've said too little of that. We've had our red life, and it's over. Thank Heaven!—though we stole it! Talk about your work, dear, and the things we'll go on doing just as though we were still together. We'll still be together in a sense—through all these things we have in common."

And so we talked about politics and our outlook. We were interested to the pitch of self-forgetfulness. We weighed persons and forces, discussed the probabilities of the next general election, the steady drift of public opinion in the north and west away from Liberalism towards us. It was very manifest that in spite of Wardenham and the *Expurgator*, we should come into the new Government strongly. The party had no one else, all the young men were formally or informally with us; Esmeer would have office, Lord Tarvrille, I . . . and very probably there would be something for Shoesmith. "And for my own part," I said, "I count on a backing on the Liberal side. For the last two years we've been forcing competition in constructive legislation between the parties. The Liberals have not been long in following up our Endowment of Motherhood lead. They'll have to give votes and lip service anyhow. Half the readers of the *Blue Weekly*, they say, are Liberals. . . ."

"I remember talking about things of this sort with old Willersley," I said, "ever so many years ago. It was some place near Locarno and we looked down the lake that shone weltering—just as now we look over the sea. And then we dreamt in an indistinct featureless way of all that you and I are doing now."

"I!" said Isabel, and laughed.

"Well, of some such thing," I said, and remained for a while silent thinking of Locarno.

I recalled once more the largeness, the release from small personal things that I had felt in my youth; statecraft became real and wonderful again with the memory, the gigantic handling of gigantic problems. I began to talk out my thoughts, sitting up beside her, as I could never talk of them to any one but Isabel; began to recover again the purpose that lay under all my political ambitions and adjustments and anticipations. I saw the State, splendid and wide as I had seen it in that first travel of mine, but now it was no mere distant prospect of spires and pinnacles, but populous with fine-trained, bold-thinking, bold-doing people. It was as if I had forgotten for a long time and now remembered with amazement.

At first, I told her, I had been altogether at a loss how I could do anything to battle against the aimless muddle of our world; I had wanted a clue—until she had come into my life questioning, suggesting, unconsciously illuminating. "But I have done nothing," she protested. I declared she had done everything in growing to education under my eyes, in reflecting again upon all the processes that had made myself, so that instead of abstractions and blue-books and bills and devices, I had realised the world of mankind as a crowd needing before all things fine women and men. We'd spoilt ourselves in learning that, but anyhow we had our lesson. Before her I was in a nineteenth-century darkness, dealing with the nation as if it were a crowd of selfish men, forgetful of women and children and that shy wild thing in the hearts of men, love, which

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must be drawn upon as it has never been drawn upon before, if the State is to live. I saw now how it is possible to bring the loose factors of a great realm together, to create a mind of literature and thought in it, and the expression of a purpose, to make it self-conscious and fine. I had it all clear before me, so that at a score of points I could presently begin. The *Blue Weekly* was a centre of force. Already we had given Imperialism a criticism, and leavened half the press from our columns. Our movement consolidated and spread. We should presently come into power. Everything moved towards our hands. We should be able to get at the schools, the services, the universities, the church; enormously increase the endowment of research, and organise what was sorely wanted, a criticism of research; contrive a closer contact between the press and creative intellectual life; foster literature, clarify, strengthen the public consciousness, develop social organisation and a sense of the State. Men were coming to us every day, brilliant young peers like Lord Dentonhill, writers like Carnot and Cresswell. It filled me with pride to win such men. "We stand for so much more than we seem to stand for," I said. I opened my heart to her, so freely that I hesitate so to open my heart even to the reader, telling of projects and ambitions I cherished, of my consciousness of great powers and widening opportunities. . . .

Isabel watched me as I talked.

She, too, I think, had forgotten these things for a while. For it is curious and I think a very significant thing that since we had become lovers, we had talked very little of the broader things that had once so strongly gripped our imaginations.

"It's good," I said, "to talk like this to you, to get back to youth and great ambitions with you. There have been times lately when politics has seemed the pettiest game played with mean souls for mean ends—and none the less so that the happiness of three hundred million people might be touched by our follies. I talk to no one else like this. . . . And now I think of parting, I think but of how much more I might have talked to you." . . .

Things drew to an end at last.

"We've talked away our last half-day," I said, staring over my shoulder at the blazing sunset sky behind us. "Dear, it's been the last day of our lives for us. . . . It doesn't seem like the last day of our lives. Or any day."

"I wonder how it will feel?" said Isabel.

"It will be very strange at first—not to be able to tell you things."

"I've a superstition that after—after we've parted—if ever I go into my room and talk, you'll hear. You'll be—somewhere."

"I shall be in the world—yes."

"I don't feel as though these days ahead were real. Here we are, here we remain."

"Yes, I feel that. As though you and I were two immortals, who didn't live in time and space at all, who never met, who couldn't part, and here we lie on Olympus. And those two poor creatures who did meet, poor little Richard Remington and Isabel Rivers, who met and loved too much and had to part, they part and go their ways, and we lie here and watch them, you and I. She'll cry, poor dear."

"She'll cry. She's crying now!"

"Poor little beasts! I think he'll cry, too. He winces. He could

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—for tuppence. I didn't know he had lachrymal glands at all until a little while ago. Poor mites! Silly little pitiful creatures! How we have blundered! Think how we must look to God! Well, we'll pity them, and then we'll inspire him to stiffen up again—and do as we've determined he shall do. We'll see it through—we who lie here on the cliff. They'll be mean at times and horrid at times; we know them! Do you see her, a poor little fine lady in a great house—she sometimes goes to her room and writes."

"She writes for his *Blue Weekly* still."

"Yes. Sometimes—I hope. And he's there in the office with a bit of her copy in his hand."

"Is it as good as if she still talked it over with him before she wrote it? Is it?"

"Better, I think. Let's play it's better—anyhow. It may be that talking over was rather mixed with love-making. After all, love-making is joy rather than magic. Don't let's pretend about that even. . . . Let's go on watching him. (I don't see why her writing shouldn't be better. Indeed I don't.) See! There he goes along the Embankment to Westminster just like a real man, for all that he's smaller than a grain of dust. What is running round inside that speck of a head of his? Look at him going past the policeman, specks too—selected large ones from the country. I think he's going to dinner with the Speaker—some old thing like that. Is his face harder or commoner or stronger?—I can't quite see. . . . And now he's up and speaking in the House. Hope he'll hold on to the thread. He'll have to plan his speeches to the very end of his days—and learn the headings."

"Isn't she up in the women's gallery to hear him?"

"No. Unless it's by accident."

"She's there," she said.

"Well, by accident it happens. Not too many accidents, Isabel Never any more adventure for us, dear, now. . . . They play the game you know. They've begun late, but now they've got to. You see it's not so very hard for them since you and I, my dear, are always here, always faithfully here on this warm cliff of love accomplished, watching and helping them under high heaven. It isn't so *very* hard. Rather good in some ways. Some people *have* to be broken a little. Can you see Altiora down there, by any chance?"

"She's too little to be seen," she said.

"Can you see the sins they once committed?"

"I can only see you here beside me, dear—for ever. For all my life, dear, till I die. Was that—the sin?" . . .

§ 7. I took her to the station, and after she had gone I was to drive to Dover and cross to Calais by the night boat. I couldn't, I felt, return to London. We walked over the crest and down to the little station of Martin Mill side by side, talking at first in broken fragments, for the most part of unimportant things.

"None of this," she said abruptly, "seems in the slightest degree real to me. I've got no sense of things ending."

"We're parting," I said.

"We're parting—as people part in a play. It's distressing. But I

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don't feel as though you and I were really never to see each other again for years. Do you ? "

I thought. "No," I said.

"After we've parted I shall look to talk it over with you."

"So shall I."

"That's absurd."

"Absurd."

"I feel as if you'd always be there, just about where you are now. Invisible perhaps, but there. We've spent so much of our lives joggling elbows." . . .

"Yes. Yes. I don't in the least realise it. I suppose I shall begin to when the train goes out of the station. Are we wanting in imagination, Isabel ? "

"I don't know. We've always assumed it was the other way about."

"Even when the train goes out of the station——! I've seen you into so many trains."

"I shall go on thinking of things to say to you—things to put in your letters. For years to come. How can I ever stop thinking in that way now ? We've got into each other's brains."

"It isn't real," I said ; "nothing is real. The world's no more than a fantastic dream. Why are we parting, Isabel ? "

"I don't know. It seems now supremely silly. I suppose we have to. Can't we meet ?—don't you think we shall meet even in dreams ? "

"We'll meet a thousand times in dreams," I said.

"I wish we could dream at the same time," said Isabel. . . . "Dream walks. I can't believe, dear, I shall never have a walk with you again."

"If I'd stayed six months in America," I said, "we might have walked long walks and talked long talks for all our lives."

"Not in a world of Baileys," said Isabel. "And anyhow——"

She stopped short. I looked interrogation.

"We've loved, dear one," she said.

I took her ticket, saw to her luggage, and stood by the door of the compartment. "Good-bye," I said a little stiffly, conscious of the people upon the platform. She bent over me, white and dusky, looking at me very steadfastly.

"Come here," she whispered. "Never mind the porters. What can they know ? Just one time more—I must."

She rested her hand against the door of the carriage and bent down upon me, and put her cold, moist lips to mine.

(To be continued)

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Labour or Socialism ?

THE Germans, who have had some experience, have a saying that Socialism "always has the devil's own luck," by which, of course, they mean that every country gets the Socialism that it deserves. Probably it does. Socialism, in the wide sense of the term, is far older than Capital, and though we have talked a good deal about it in recent years the red Continental thing is still in this country but an electioneering plank which went out, so to speak, with the eclipse of Mr. Grayson from the newspaper vocabulary. The Osborne judgment has brought it back. Never was a better propagandist cry offered to Social Democracy. Never before has Socialism in this country been presented with so gratuitous and powerful a weapon.

THE Trade Union Congress, which terminated its sittings ast month at Sheffield, brings this home to us with the fact, which has gradually been dawning on not a few close observers, that the political representation of the Labour Party is now threatened with extinction. So much for Socialism in this island. So much for the grave menace to industry threatened by the growth of organisation—a menace which now lies (in the words of the *Times*) rather in its "breakdown." The Osborne judgment revives the question not only of Socialism in this country, but of the political and economic status of Trade Unionism. Its immediate effect points to the temporary failure of the Trade Union organisation as a power—a power which has worked admittedly for peace alike to employer and employed. By paralysing the political power of the Unions, the Osborne judgment has blasted the whole economic ideal of Trade Unionism, which alone has kept the Labour movement in England so free from the Marxian gospel, as it has assured

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its collective independence. It has created precisely the situation that orthodox Socialists have longed for. It reduces Labour to a negation. It enables the Socialists to say to the men exactly what Bebel said to the German workmen twenty years ago: "I told you so. Without political power you can do nothing."

It comes to this. If we never had much Socialism before, the political hamstringing of Trade Unionism is about the best way to produce it. It is not to be expected that the Unions will accept the judgment—they won't. It is not to be expected that the great economic organisation of Labour in this country—mother of Trade Unionism evolved out of the old Guilds—will consent to be shorn of the right of political representation; neither is it well that it should do. There were technical grievances, no doubt. It is the fact that many of the men objected to the political use the Union levy was put to, objected, it may be, to the representatives, objected to their policy. It was certainly hard on a Tory workman to have to pay toll for a Labour Member, and at the same time to contribute to the Conservative party funds; it was equally hard on the follower of Mr. Asquith. But, on the whole, these were minor considerations. Majorities rule all Parliaments, all Assemblies, all decisions, no matter what equivocal justification be urged by dialecticians on behalf of minorities; and the majority of the men were, and are, in favour of the practice.

It is mere hair-splitting to argue otherwise. The question now is to find a solution, of which there are plainly three. First, there is the reversal of the judgment, unquestionably the solution the Unions will fight for. Secondly, there is the payment of Members, a suggestion which some of the Unionist organs are ready to support, but which does not appeal to the men, as the payment of Members would not cover the expenses of the elections. Thirdly, there is the idea of special political associations, a scheme which would obviously depend upon the willingness of the men to contribute, and which from the *bourgeois*

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Liberal and Conservative point of view may be regarded as highly unsatisfactory.

Such associations would necessarily be, as it were, floating arks of intrigue, divorced from the statutory functions of Trade Unionism as a force, and so out of control; might easily become a constant source of friction; would almost certainly be extremely liable to Socialist capture. The two-fund principle would be exploited by the Socialists as a permanent grievance and anomaly, a grievance of class, an anomaly of practice. More serious still, these associations, being in the possession of political power, would rapidly demoralise and disintegrate the Unions, for the representatives would follow the associations which supported them rather than the Unions. Moreover, if co-operation were effective it would not be decisive, so that the Unions, divested of political *kudos*, would inevitably shrink to a secondary position. Their leaders would not have the authority of the Parliamentary representatives of the Associations. But the worst feature of such a scheme is that by its very nature it postulates the existence of a class warfare which, as the kernel of the Social Democratic movement, is the root evil we have hitherto succeeded in keeping out of the national political life.

As a sign of the times the situation is very interesting, and not less so in that it is the exact obverse of that in Germany. It is characteristic of our paradoxical national idiosyncrasy that, having escaped Socialism so far, we would seem now to be standing very much where Bismarck was in the 'seventies when he introduced his notorious May Laws, which for all result led German Social Democracy to discard the national character it had inherited from Lassalle for the class subversive internationalism of Karl Marx, and to the gigantic Socialist vote of the present day. Yet till quite recently Trade Unionism in Germany was regarded as a mere amateur makeshift. In the year 1891 there were only 277,659 Trade Union members in Germany. To-day there are upwards of three millions, and whereas political Socialism there is trending more and more

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towards co-operation with the Unions, here we are blindly driving the Unions to Socialism. That is the lesson of the Osborne judgment. That, too, is the reason prompting the repudiation by the men of the payment of Members. That is the danger if, by deliberately depriving the Unions of a right they have enjoyed for many years, we force not Socialism into the rational crucible of Trade Unionism, but the Unions into the clutch of class doctrinaire Socialism.

THERE are relatively few signs of the existence of Socialism to-day, and there are cogent reasons militating against its introduction here. First of all there is what may be defined as the democratic idea, which, as De Tocqueville said, is antagonistic to pure Socialism, in that Socialism aims at making the State the agent, whereas Democracy would be the expression of individualism. With us, too, Democracy is so intricately blended and identified with Feudalism as exemplified by the enormous popularity of the Sovereign, by aristocratic rights and privileges, historic traditions, by the conservatism inherent in an island people, by time-honoured custom, social grades, constitutional practice, party politics, that the rise of a class-spirit in our political life must inevitably be a matter of slow growth, besides being alien to the whole conception of English life and the administrative body politic. Our national snobbery is still the pillar of our social fabric. And as Democracy is the expression of self-help, so is the spirit of self-help in the highest degree hostile to the mass organisation, discipline, and implicit collective obedience of the class Socialism in Germany, where service is the national design.

OUR love of freedom, fair play, of games, of adventure and the seas has made us what we are—the most individual people in the world, and, at the same time, quite logically, the most conservative, insular, and prejudiced, and, in a collective sense, the most unamenable to the idea of change, innovation, control, or organisation in any form whatever. It is therefore difficult

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to conceive the idea of the British workman accepting the "scientific" theory of the Socialist creed. Anybody who has ever had to do with English workmen is aware of the snobbery, the fierce jealousy, pride, and social feeling existing among them. The most inartistic and unimaginative people in Europe are not likely to accept much theorising of the "theory." We still love a lord. Probably many a Highland stag will be shot with impunity before the man on the bicycle has at all got hold of the potentialities of the great millennium.

As yet—we may congratulate ourselves—we have only got the economic side, the idea, the ideal of the thing; the political side, which is the agitation—class conspiracy, class organisation, class hatred—is still, for all practical purposes, non-existent. The difficulty lies, of course, in finding what constitutes the "minimum" of Socialism—for we are all Socialists to-day, even if, like Bismarck, many of us have not the time to be—how far, that is, the State is justified in protecting the poor because they are poor, and in securing for them a more equitable share in the product of labour, and even in the control of it. That is indeed the great question of modern English Liberalism.

Liberalism failed in Germany because it failed to find that minimum, and so it was left to the most autocratic and conservative Government in Europe to discover the mean in the State Socialism of Lassalle-Bismarck. It was because German Liberalism hung midway between the minimum of Marx—the socialisation of Capital and Society—and that of the Feudal idea of protection and paternal government so successfully inaugurated by Bismarck, that it has passed away into the militant national party—the ghost of fighting Liberalism of '48—which now sits in the Reichstag. It is an object-lesson to all trimmers. The stronger Socialism grows with us, the more Liberalism must be deflected into its orbit, and the less democratic—in the idealistic sense of the word—Liberalism will become. That is, the greater the influence of theoretical or class Socialism

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on the Liberal Party, the more Socialistic or collectivist Liberal legislation will grow: the less individualistic, the less true to its fundamental precepts of the rights of the individual as against the communism of the State. If, and when, Socialism appears as an appreciable force among us, then the unacceptable minimum to Liberalism will be there with all its party crises and consequences; and that is a contingency it is wise to consider.

Most certainly the Osborne judgment brings such a contingency a step nearer. Socialism, which has been described as the "economic philosophy of the labouring classes," is the bastard of capitalism and the characteristic note of this century. It is the doctrine of State, as against self-help, and, as before said, highly foreign to the national instinct because the class barriers that oppose it here are social rather than economic. But destroy the individualism of the Trade Unions as a political power, and, in the higher sense of the word, they will become Socialistic. Drive the Unions to seek for political power by means of separate political funds and associations, and already the culture of class political warfare is planted, ready for the insidious subversive propaganda. The sole danger of pure Socialism is this class warfare which places it in inveterate opposition to all other parties of order, as the *bourgeoisie* has come to be called, thereby making an economic condition a mass menace to the whole community. However little "science" there is left in the purified Socialism of a man like Bernstein, Socialism unquestionably contains a good deal of stimulating idealism wrapped up in specious nostrums which, if bad guides in this matter-of-fact world, are extremely powerful agencies. After all, the stern common sense of England is still a priceless asset. The country does not need Socialism; the working classes neither understand nor want it. But they do need political rights, the rights of voting, the rights of representation.

Hitherto the great labour force in this country has been that of the Unions. Absolutely the most foolish thing we can

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do is to deprive the working classes of the vanity of political representation, be it through a judicial technical finding or the fuzzy-wuzzy clatter of party politics. Both in France, where Socialism is a great power in politics, but has very little social power, and in Germany, where, for all the three million odd votes, the movement is essentially social and only potentially political, the trend of both parties is the same; and we find the militant Parliamentary Socialism in both countries abjuring Blanqui, the "cataclysm" theory, even the idea of force, for the more actual successes of the Unions, with more sociology and less orthodoxy, more economics and less politics, construction rather than destruction, immediate return in place of the old wooden prophetic dogma.

On the Continent—and we stand now in regard to Socialism as foreign nations did in the 'seventies—the trend is to reintroduce the ethical and opportunist purpose into the scheme and to bring the whole agitation more in harmony with the exigencies of the times. Thus in Germany there are now Jingo Socialists—Bebel himself has been dubbed the "chief revisionist"—there are Protectionist Socialists, Big Navy Socialists, Capitalist Socialists, even Anti-Women Suffrage Socialists; and the amalgam has harmed neither its unity nor its force. If it was Bismarck with his blunderbuss coercive policy that made Socialism in Germany, every German Socialist is aware to-day that the implacable Socialist policy of screech and negation is equally futile and detrimental. These things should be to us a solemn warning. Conditions and circumstances being radically different here from those obtaining on the Continent, we are not likely to get the same Socialism that Germany has, with her feudal, paternal Government, her tariff and martial policies, or France with her deep-rooted Republicanism and Latin revolutionary traditions. But the true "scientific" force of Socialism is its class creed and warfare, and that we have never had in England. We have never had it because of Free Trade, our national voluntary system, social, economic, and military, our snobbery, our island spirit, and, not least, because

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of the democracy of Trade Unionism, which, again, on account of its economic character, has not embroiled the women in the social political strife, as is the case abroad with the attractive gospel of fighting Socialism.

The blunder—and that it is a capital blunder we shall shortly come to see—of the Osborne judgment is that it provides just that Socialist class grievance which enabled the Socialists at the Congress to declare that "Labour has experienced through the Courts of Law one of those periodical attacks which it is accustomed to receive from those whose duty it is to hold the scales of justice evenly . . . the judgment being an undisguised attack upon the hitherto unchallenged right of the Trade Unions to engage in political work and to send forward and maintain representatives in Parliament." Nor can the assertion be disputed. The Unions have hitherto enjoyed the right. It is an infraction of their right. Politically, socially, and economically the judgment has foundered upon a snag; and it is there that our law-ridden practice fails at the call of statesmanship. It was this status and monopoly of the purse which gave to the Unions their power, their prestige, their independence from the political Labour organisation. The Law, with the blindness of the Law, has destroyed not only that power, but that independence. Form IV. passes into a virtue beside this decree of authority which makes directly for anarchy. Political stymies are all very well in the party game, but they are disastrous in a class struggle, the end of which is not Trade Unionism, but Socialism.

The whole position of Labour in this country has thus suddenly received a set-back which can only be to the advantage of those enthusiasts who would unite the whole movement in a common class war, as Mr. Keir Hardie once declared at Swansea. It is idle for the journals of the *bourgeoisie* to write pompously on the ethics of majorities and minorities—this is a material force-issue. The matter is so serious politically that redress in some form or other is a necessity, as already the

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Morning Post, with characteristic insight, has proclaimed. Both to Liberals and Conservatives the issue is the same, and to the party of would-be Protection it is vital. That issue is none other than the absorption of the Unions into Socialism as its direct and immediate consequence. The whole situation has been brought about largely by our modern machine-made party system, which, too, is the code of Social Democracy. As now constituted, Labour stands without a lead, money being essential to Parliamentary representation, and the Unions being by law now debarred from providing it. At last the Socialists have a *bona-fide* plank. They will not be slow to use it. They will be able to point mockingly to the failure of economic as against political-economic organisation. They will be able to ram home the plausible moral, prime the whole fusee of class combustion politics.

Let us not, those who are not Socialists, deceive ourselves—the Osborne judgment, if some remedy be not found quickly, will be to the Socialist movement in this country what Bismarck's May Laws were in Germany. This is not the time to pontificate about the rights of the individual in the Unions, who govern, as the Tory and Liberal Parties govern, rigidly by the majority. The thing to avert is the introduction here of the Socialist class spirit. Already the simple fact has been grasped alike by Conservative and Liberal, and the remedy proposed—the payment of Members—is sound and attractive. It has the merit of novelty. Most certainly it would contribute to break down the party machine, to infuse a new spirit into the political life, as into the drab disciplinarianism of modern Westminster. And it is fine testimony to the vitality of the Conservative Party that already their more advanced organs advocate an innovation which the party have hitherto pledged themselves to oppose. But it is also testimony to the seriousness of the situation created by the Osborne judgment. Its demerits are those of expense—which is an important consideration: of change, whereas we do nothing in this country except by precedent: of political tradition, which, however, with the withdrawal of Tory opposition, would now seem nugatory. Remains, therefore, the

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attitude of Labour, and this, as might be expected, is not conciliatory.

SMALL wonder, too, from their point of view, for the substitute is not by any means the same thing. Though Labour Members might be paid, the costs of electioneering, of organisation, "speeding up," propaganda, and what-not would not be defrayed by the State, nor are they in countries where Members are paid, as, for example, in Germany. There, however, the party chest is maintained and replenished mainly by the party press, the receipts of the chief organ, *Vorwärts*, being the buttress of the entire political fund, what, in fact, Posts and Telegrams are to the State revenue. As our manual classes do not read Socialist newspapers, that support does not exist. A separate political levy would therefore be necessary. The parleys and bickering that would ensue need not be insisted upon. Though Labour would be ill-advised to oppose the innovation, their hesitancy to accept it as a solution is natural enough. Nor, looking at it from the higher point of view of statesmanship, can it be so regarded, much though we approve of the innovation as a wise measure of political reform.

IT is not statesmanlike because it would leave the real question —the question of Labour as a political force or Socialism—in the main open. The culture of Socialism is oppression. Once let the men get it into their heads that the judgment is a piece of class repressive legislation—and they have got it into their heads—and we should have, precisely what we would avert, the creed of Socialism sapping the free thought and free play of the Unions, consolidating where hitherto it has disintegrated, undermining what up till now has proved the tower of Labour ethics in this country, the liberty of the individual and the party. That a Labour party should exist *qua* Labour is a perfectly healthy sign in these competitive, capitalistic days; that it will exist almost inevitable. The statesmanlike course is to help it to exist, to help it to see rightly and judge rightly. Given liberty of organisation and representation, the British

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workman, with his unimaginativeness and common sense, is not likely to turn to Marx in the absence of a Socialistic press, his adoration of a title, a horse, a football match, and the pictures of his favourite actress in the newspapers. Economic theory is not smoked with his clay pipe. But if we break the stem so close to the bowl that it will not draw any more, then the Socialists may provide him with another.

In the name of common sense, why give him the rope-end of Socialism to play with when all that he asks for is the liberty that is his country's charter to "muddle through" with the rest of us on peaceful British lines? Are we not, like the simpleton in the fable, craving for the black-pudding in our mouths? Maybe we shall find it sticking there unpleasantly enough before long, for by no freak of fate will the decision of the Law Lords be accepted by the men, and the sooner we grasp the fact the sooner we shall get out of the tangle. And we must get out of it. Frankly, the judgment seems to us illogical, impolitic, and entirely unnecessary. Indeed the wrath of Mr. Sydney Webb is justifiable. It is idle to preach the abstract virtues of Minorities. This is not an abstract question. We are dealing with the Masses with whom mass reason is alone practicable and intelligible.

Analyse the argument upon which the decision was based, and it will be seen at once to be a pettifogging quibble, for the whole issue turns on the political uses made of the Trade Union levy, what the professional dialecticians style the rights of minorities; or, in plain words, that the money raised by the Unions is misapplied because used politically and not economically. Now sift the legal *scoriæ* from that, and what does it come to? That the Law has set back the Law by thirty-six years, to the period of legal disability which existed up to the year 1875, when the Unions were set free from the trammels of the law—legal, political, social, and industrial. How Ruskin would have fulminated against such stupidity! We are told that the money is misapplied. Assume, technically, that it is; that

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there is a difference between the use of a shilling to support a striker and that to buy Mr. Keir Hardie a new red tie—and what then? Is it not wiser, better, that the funds of the Unions should be applied to the peaceful representation of Labour at Westminster, working on sound, orderly lines, than that they should be used to promote and support strikes up and down the country to the economic dislocation of industry within and without? And has it not been proved so time after time, so much indeed that one of the main causes of the present Trade Union unrest has been brought about by the system of collective bargaining, brought to a point with Mr. Lloyd George's Railway Conciliation Scheme a couple of years ago—a system which invariably accrues to the benefit of the employers, because it is based on the assumption of an equality which does not exist? No one who has followed the history of strikes in recent years will deny it. That, at any rate, was an "economic" use of forces and expenditure. To deny the Unions the political use is to cast into sheer discredit the whole policy of their leaders, and to reduce the dignity of collective bargaining to bankruptcy.

Take it, too, from the historical side, and the Law would seem equally distressing. Trade Union activity in the political sphere preceded Trade Union Law—at a time when the Unions stood outside its pale. Again, Labour Members sat in the House prior to the passing of the Trade Union Act of 1876 upon which the judgment has been based: the definition clause of the Act defining a Trade Union as an organisation for, "among other things," the regulation of relations between masters and workmen. Moreover, the searching inquiry into the organisation and rules of Trade Unions by the Royal Commission as long ago as 1867 found nothing in them to object to except that certain rules were alleged to be in violation of economic principle, in so far as they tended to "restraint of trade." As for the majority argument, "open lodge," or the show of hands of the majority, has always been the rule of Trade Union government, as it is of all popular Boards and Assemblies, and in recent years voting papers have been employed. Indeed,

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the whole principle of Trade Union law is based on the doctrines of self-help and self-reliance as against the orthodox Marxian collectivism or the paternal policy of State aid and regulation. It is that principle which has preserved the economic independence of the Unions in France and Germany against the inroads of Socialism. It is that very principle which the new purified Socialism of the Continent would seek to engraft upon the old dogma.

Let those who doubt read the somewhat jubilant article by Mr. Hyndman, who, as a sincere Socialist, wishes nothing better than that the Osborne judgment be maintained as the best piece of propaganda conceivable. And the rights of the sporadic dissenters in the Unions—what about them? Simply this. Their claims are untenable. Admit that quite a number of the men object to the political uses their contributions are applied to. What then? Do not Conservative ratepayers object very strongly to the rates imposed upon them by Liberal County and Town Councils, and do not Liberal ratepayers equally so object? Yet they pay them, otherwise government could not go on. Do not the Tories protest when Mr. Lloyd George blandly imposes his new taxes? And yet they pay them, even wealthy landowners, because the community stands higher than the individual, and government in this country is the government of the majority in power. A soldier may object to his officer's order, yet he obeys, for obedience is the soul of discipline.

Can any man, critically examining the facts, accept as wise or just the definition of a Law which provides that it is legal for money to be raised for purposes of industrial warfare, for hasty strikes, for general strikes, for terrorism in the economic sphere, whereas it is illegal to levy money for the achievement of the same rights and principles in the political sphere, which, as we all know, in these days of machine guns and exploded revolutionary "science," are eminently peaceful and evolutionary, and infinitely less harmful to the economic and social fabric? And what is one to say to the Law which rules out of the statute

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the very means—the political means—by which that statute became the law and a model to all Europe? Political representation is the ventilation chamber of industrial warfare, and the negation of physical force policy. After all, what are the actual achievements of political Social Democracy in Germany? With all his fire of oratory, what tangible result has Bebel attained? Less than Schultze-Delitsch. The result of thirty years' agitation has rather been the stupendous growth of the German Trade Unions and the sloughing by the party of its dynamic Marxian fatalism.

Tory and Liberal, we shall do well to view the situation created by Osborne honestly. We have no Socialist Party in this country—only the fitful agitation of it. Reversal of the judgment is the only sound policy, and if payment of Members is added so much the better. To leave the matter as it stands is to starve Labour for the benefit of class Socialist warfare.

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The Vitality of Drama

By Darrell Figgis

So sure is the present mind that we are on the eve, nay, already in the first flush of Dawn, of a great awakening in Drama, that it is well-nigh to venture a platitude to refer to it. By this is meant, not that Drama shall be given more heed to by the people, which indeed might well be difficult of achievement if the attendance at all that now boasts itself under the wide name of Drama be remembered, but rather that Drama shall wear a new inspiration on its brow; that it shall cease to deck itself in tawdry and ribbons of a day outworn, but shall be vestured in a clean sweet raiment but lately off the loom of inspiration. And it is expected that so, being now no echo but a voice, they that hear it shall heed it, and in this way new emotions and wider outlooks be begotten in the nation.

But while it may be a platitude to refer to the reawakening of Drama, it is very far from a platitude to suggest what her fashion will be when she reawakens. Rather, this is a theme full of excitement. The more so as that Drama, turning away from the past, and calling itself "new," which its apostles of a few years ago vaunted as being the hope of the English stage, is now itself being turned away from. Its apostles have advanced to riper years, expecting that the next generation would take the torch from them to pass on. But the next generation has arrived, and is refusing the torch. Moreover, the torch itself, in the hands of the apostles, is fading and flickering. *The Madras House* and *Misalliance* have succeeded to *Major Barbara;* but what the apostles are holding out as legitimate progress the younger generation is laughing at as failure. Which is, at best, a highly interesting state of affairs.

As one turns back, as far as one may legitimately turn back

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in a single review, two influences seem to stand out as pre-eminently full of disaster for the English stage. These two influences, while in some sense influences that sought only their expression in personalities, are better discovered and examined in the personalities who were their chief exponents and so their chief inspirers. These are Sir Henry Irving and George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw will doubtless rub his eyes somewhat to discover himself in such company. But the sequel relates.

So great is the average Englishman's love of great names and picturesque personalities that it will seem a little ungracious to speak of Sir Henry Irving in this connection. And, indeed, it is largely because of this very thing that enables a man, if he have sufficiently large a personality, not only to arrest and atrophy the legitimate because vital development of the movement he represents, but also to start and establish a tradition to that effect, with irreparable results. The very measure of his personal success becomes the very measure of the failure of his cause—or rather, the cause that should be his. If in the intensity of his effort he fuse himself into the movement of his large unselfish love, then the cause will be swelled out and enriched by just so much as he himself is in might and stature. But if he tower above his work idiosyncratically, then he must increase, but the movement he represents will be everlastingly the poorer. The ethics of this, though fascinating enough, are not the present business. It now only suffices to say that the truer artist is he, who, when he comes as the herald of a new thing and finds this new thing expanding above him, can say, "It must increase, and I must decrease," and be content at that.

An excellent test of this is afforded. If an artist has enriched and ennobled his art, then his art will in turn ensure his name and enshrine his personality. But if an artist has enfeebled and vitiated his art by the development of his idiosyncratic personality, then he must ensure himself, and by only one method. By the establishment of institutions and traditions. And therein lies his far-reaching effect of evil. For these institutions and traditions, even if they fail to perpetuate his

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name, nevertheless continue to vitiate the art of his profession, because it is the first law of their being to do so.

Of such institutions Sir Henry Irving established three that were noteworthy, though he did not originate them all. They were, Actor-managership, Single-part Plays, and Panoramic Scenery: each of which insidiously corrupted certain portions of Drama that were vital to its well-being; all of which have waxed more and more potent since the day of their establishment, until at this present moment, in that portion of Drama that may fitly be termed the Theatre of Commerce, they in their triune omnipotence have usurped the place of, and cast out the person of, authentic Drama.

I suppose were one to seek a definition of Drama that represented the general finding of thought, and yet contained the irreducible minimum of the opinion of all, it would shape itself in something of this fashion: A conflict of vital characters, either among themselves primarily, or among themselves secondarily and with an external society primarily, interpreted by actors for the benefit of an audience. This does not enter into the general metaphysic of Drama, but assumes to be what all drama aims at being. Nor does it touch upon the mere empiric of Drama in questions of ideal fulfilment in fit representation. It merely says: excellent drama is an excellent fulfilment of these conditions; poor drama is a poor fulfilment of these conditions.

Now, this being so, the part that accessories have to play is set out with a sure and inevitable hand. And, moreover, what are accessories is discovered with equal swiftness as being all those adjuncts that lie outside the borders of the definition. This is to say, all that lies outside the borders of the definition is only of value in so far as it aids the interpretation of all that lies within; and then only within the severe limits of apt function; that is, never being permitted to exceed to such an extent that it intrudes and attracts attention to itself. Otherwise the action will most inevitably be encumbered in its movement; or may possibly even be strangled to extinction. All this may sound ruthlessly dogmatic. But purporting to be the irreducible minimum, it is only dogmatic as first principles are dogmatic.

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In the light of this it will be profitable to examine the three institutions referred to that Sir Henry Irving exemplified most fully in his practice, and which he established so surely that to this day they remain supreme in the vast majority of our drama. It will be well to start with the midmost, that is to say, the matter of Single-part Plays.

In the heyday of Irving's success the ardent playgoer did not pay pilgrimage to the Lyceum to see the drama *Faust:* he went to see Sir Henry Irving as Mephistopheles in a play whose title chanced to be Faust, but might well have been Misalliance for all that it mattered to him. How far Shakespeare was concerned in *Henry VIII.* did not concern him, and properly so; but whether or not it was a good play equally well did not concern him, and improperly so. But that Sir Henry acted as Cardinal Wolsey in such a play was to him all and in all. The Man's the thing wherein to catch the reason of the Play, seemed a fitting maxim for such a mood. Indeed, so ardent was this movement that it mattered little to the appreciative audience that Cardinal Wolsey was but little likely to have his gait, speech, and manner vital and quivering with the mannerisms of a man born some few centuries after his decease, unsubdued and unrestrained. And so has this tradition grown that we find in the present year of grace an actor, happening by chance not to have a play before the footlights, compelling equally large and appreciative audiences at the variety theatre by repeating either plaintive or bombastic rhetoric before them!

The bearing of this on the definition we have accepted is obvious. How there can be any conflict of characters in an arrangement where one is underscored to vast predominance while all the rest are graciously and fittingly grouped round it, fails to appear. How there can be any clash of personalities (at least, that is to say, of such sufficient import as to draw a considerable number of people together in one place to view it) when one personality stalks highly and mightily through a host of comparative dwarfs, is another perplexity. The very basis of Drama is cut at. So much so that the mind pictures the actor declaring verse with fitting gesture before a music-

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hall audience as one who has boldly and fearlessly advanced to the logical conclusion of the movement.

This means two things. It means the debasing of pure emotion, which implies conflict, into weak sentiment, which implies maudlin opposition: a subject demanding subsequent and more detailed treatment. It means, too, that, since colour has been washed out of the vitality of character in this way, other and more adventitious aids must be employed to introduce colour. One such aid would be furious movement and excitable by-play. Another leads us to the third of Sir Henry Irving's institutions, that of Panoramic Scenery.

Well do I remember once seeing a certain entertainment that styled itself a "Miorama." As its title implies, it was chiefly scenic. In part of the entertainment the scenic effect consisted of a ship passing to and fro over a sea whose waters changed slowly from sunny jollity to awful fury. Meanwhile a dexterous sailor, standing somewhat to one side, sang us a pathetic ditty of a wreck, leading in conclusion to mighty words of its captain wherein he bade his sailors take to the boat, while he went down in the angry deep with the ship he loved, at which dire conclusion the ship with startling rapidity split in two and disappeared. The song was nothing; the scene was all. Indeed, had it not been that some months later the song arose to the dignity of a national favourite, I could never have recollected it. I wonder if such entertainments continue; I presume not, seeing that the stage has incorporated them as an institution.

It is inevitable that where panoramic scenery holds the boards strong acting must be dispensed with. In a recent and famous representation, for instance, of *The Merchant of Venice*, the first act was but simply staged in comparison to the others. The result was that the articulation of the words was clear, the gestures simple, the acting vibrant and strong. The whole act lives in my memory as powerful. In a later scene the ghetto was depicted with prodigal and elaborate scenic effect. The result was inevitable: for the acting was confused, strained, and turbulent; it was only when darkness fell over the scene, to blot out the nuisance of details, that anything like strength

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in acting was recovered. The scene lives chiefly in my memory by virtue of a certain curious rippling of water cleverly contrived in a far distant canal. And that this was all that concerned my neighbours I was made only too painfully aware of. They were not to blame; nor I: for the mind refuses to contain two strong things at one time; and certainly it justly refuses to give predominance to acting when sumptuous and elaborate scenery demands primary attention by sheer magnificence. And thus an accessory, something clearly without the bounds of our definition, something having nothing to do with Drama pure and simple, has thrust aside the conflict of characters and assumed priority of importance.

But this is not all. For panoramic scenery has brought other evils in its train, two of which, at least, are vitally important. Take, for instance, Construction! Modern drama has decreed that for a three hours' entertainment three or four changes of scene only are permissible. More may be accepted, but will be looked askance at; less will be welcomed. In other words, a subsidiary movement shall at least last a whole hour without change of scene! Either boredom ensues or confusion. In such a crude massing of movements what construction can there be? And the pity of pities is since construction of all others is the subtlest equipment of the dramatist. To write a whole play in one act, lasting an hour, is one thing: it is its own art, and has its own governing rules of beauty. But to write a play sufficiently lengthy to last three hours, and to compress it into three and four movements is to cast construction to the winds. But the difficulty of moving elaborate scenery many times in the time allotted has decided that it shall be so compressed.

Or take the question of Atmosphere! For a man in modern attire to step into a sumptuous modern drawing-room and indulge in soliloquy strikes unnaturally, for all that we have all known it done, and, may be, under powerful stress of emotion, have done it ourselves. Yet most dramatists possess a secret love for soliloquy, and lament its elimination in drama. And they are right. For soliloquy is an unfurling of soul, which unfurling is the main business of drama. Conflict has awoken it; but the conflict need not be afoot at that moment. Much action is

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born in reflection; but modern drama does not allow for reflection. And surely it is more proper for a man to unfurl his soul in loneliness, than for him to do so in dialogue with his mortal foe! But for a man to stand in some perfectly simple scene with no atmosphere save such as he himself shall create, and then to indulge in soliloquy, what impropriety or unfitness lives there? It is his words we hang on then, and they bring their own laws. In other words, Drama is creating its own conditions, and not having its conditions ruled out for it by accessory causes.

The same applies, for example, to such scenes as the last in *Hamlet*. This is objected to (and rightly) as a shambles. But would it be objected to as a shambles if the scenery was so simple, subtle, and remote of suggestion, that the audience were induced to see men as gods contending rather than men as courtiers wrangling? Indeed, the fact that so much of Shakespeare strikes one as violent when set in modern conditions is the severest indictment of modern conditions. They would not be violent if seen in the conditions for which they were written, and acted with vibrant simplicity and loftiness.

In fact, it is because of the elemental conditions of its setting that Shakespeare's drama is so vital; and it is because of these institutions that the type of drama under review now has been bled of all vitality. They have destroyed the only conditions under which pure emotion, and pure emotion in conflict, could exist; with the inevitable result that where emotion once reigned, sentimentality and froth are in querulous possession. Where words (the only medium of drama) once meant mighty emotion (as in *Othello*), they now mean only bombast (as in *The O'Flynn*). Nor could these two institutions referred to possibly have been maintained had it not been for Actor-managership. The native vitality of Drama, the most vital of all art-forms, would have burst them off had it not been for this incubus. The actor-manager decrees, and has the power to decree, that any play he accepts shall provide him with *the* noteworthy part, and that it shall be massed in construction.

At this juncture Mr. Shaw came along. (I speak of Mr. Shaw as I spoke of Sir Henry Irving, as being, in Mr. Arnold Bennett's elegant phrase, "The symbol of the whole shindy.")

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In so far as Mr. Shaw destroyed the baneful influences that prevailed in Drama all about him, he did doughty service indeed. But he did it in a curious way. For the baneful influences had resulted in turning the half of emotion out of character, leaving weak sentimentalism; so Mr. Shaw turned the other half out, leaving arid intellectualism. Which was lamentable; for it so happens that emotion in character is vitality in character. Character is the potentiality of emotion. Such emotion can only be directed into the sphere of practical operations through the agency of mind. If this mind be cultured and refined we speak of it as intellect. If it be not cultured we are content to speak of it merely as mind. But the important fact is that the point of collision in the impact between emotion and emotion is mind. Even in swordplay and fisticuffs it is so; but most manifestly is it so in that type of alert conflict with which drama has to do. So while mind seems to contend against mind, in reality it is not so; it is truly that emotion contends against emotion through the agency of mind.

That the point of conflict should be mind is important; but may well be over-important. It is important as serving to show that the higher the mind the sharper the conflict. It may well be over-important when the author's bodiless intelligence in one utterance comes into conflict with the author's characterless intelligence in another utterance; when, in fact, one point of view opposes another point of view to maintain the semblance of a conflict, while character, the body of emotion, is everywhere lacking. In such a case the agencies of conflict are there indeed, and it may be in vivid and witful oppugnancy; but they are directing into the field of combat nothing but themselves. No emotion and characters appear there; only wit and titles. It is not conflict, but oppugnancy. It may be very entertaining; but can scarcely be called great Drama.

For example, two of the most influential emotions in mankind, the two most primal and potent, the two that recur most persistently in History and absorb Art, are perhaps Religion and Love. Not theology and erotic standards, which are their appearance in intellect after the impact of action; but the

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native emotions of Religion and Love. An important distinction appears here. For mind directed them into operation in the sphere of will; but mind also codified its experience in the sphere of intelligence.

Now it so happens that in Mr. Shaw's best work its chief character professes to be actuated by these two very emotions. I allude to *Major Barbara*. Major Barbara professes to be swayed and ruled in the primary actions of her life by the forceful and unanswerable dictates of these two pure vitalities of character. And not only so. She professes to be their slave in their most illogical imperativeness. For Cusins, her betrothed (I was almost about to say "lover," except that that word strikes so preposterously across the facts of his course of action), is so wholly removed, both by social caste and by personal disposition, from Barbara's manner of life, seeming almost in some sense an adventurer, that to have chosen him for a life partner betokens in her an infatuation indeed. So for a young lady of society to take up with religious zealotry is scarcely the most common of experiences; but for such a lady to join the Salvation Army as an intense and active street propagandist, maintaining meanwhile her society life, is surely an uncommon case of religious fervour. These things are, however, the postulates of the play. But where does Barbara, in the action of the play, manifest either lover-like or any religious emotion? In other words, where does she demonstrate these to be the vital characteristics of a vital person? Who seeing her with Cusins would hazard any so wild and desperate a proposal as that she loved him? Who seeing her play the Major would imagine that Salvationism, let alone Christianity, had ever touched emotion or zeal in her? Where does vitality swell out her part? The play is, of course, fascinating and arrestive (it is Shavian), but Barbara is no more than a postulate in a theme to be worked out. But this is not Drama; it is an argument fascinatingly conducted.

So with *Man and Superman*. John Tanner protests at the conclusion that he does indeed love Ann. We would like very much to believe him; but after all is said and done there seems very little reason why he should marry Ann rather than Ann's mother. The chase after him was all very exciting; nevertheless

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Ann herself is not very convincing. Ann is not Ann; Tanner is not Tanner (that is to say, they have not vital personalities behind their names to ring conviction on their actions); Ann and Tanner are rather postulates in the argument that Man cannot be Superman because he is for ever enmeshed in the nets of sex. It is another argument fascinatingly conducted under the conditions of Farce. But this is not vitality; this is ingenuity. Men and women do not contend in stressful action, striving for mastery in forceful will power; but conception oppugns conception, accepting as their law an end foreseen and aimed at. If it be Drama, then it is only Drama in a subsidiary sense.

Indeed, Mr. Shaw is trying to impose the conditions of a new witful and intellectual Farce on the proper business of mighty Drama.

The end of all this could have been foreseen. For even as in *Man and Superman* the third act is in a sense the goal of the play, so *Getting Married* and *Misalliance* are the logical bent and intention of Mr. Shaw's development. In his earlier plays he preserved the pretence of action where the first rational cause of all action was lacking, vitality of character. The intellectual postulates went through all the semblance of potential and personal relationship; but the conditions were too full of unreality; they were annoying not less to their maker than to their hearers and readers. Therefore the conditions of poten tiality had to be dropped, and static conditions adopted. In other words, *Getting Married* had to succeed to *Major Barbara*. His characters had not to combine the semblance of loving and struggling; they had but to state their argumentative point of view. Which was an admirable and manly admission of his limitations by Mr. Shaw. But, with the air so cleared, to continue to claim for it the name of mighty Drama, whether by him or his disciples, is surely at this time of day somewhat egregious. Drama does not theorise.

Yet it is so claimed. And not only so, but in the circles of its omnipotence it is virtually impossible for vital drama to find a hearing. For the theatre of to-day is broadly divided into two unequal halves. Over the larger half Irvingism, or Actor-

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managership, sits supreme; and no play that is not constructed to its effete and sterilising conditions has the remotest chance of discovering if after all the public does not love it more than the usurper. Over the lesser half Shavianism squats astraddle, equally forbidding and equally unreceptive. The power of the first is obvious; the power of the latter is subtle and insidious: possibly few know how ramified it is, or how wide and deep are its limbs of obstruction. The first might be called the Theatre of Commerce; the second is known (appropriately enough; and ironically, too) as the Theatre of Ideas. But outside the doors of each is the Theatre of Vitality, and therefore of Conviction.

Sometimes to cast one's eyes backward is to cast one's eyes forward; and to cast one's eyes forward is to stand still. The future we do not know. Meanwhile the Past stands behind us full of lessons. The Future is the realm of unlearned precept: the Past is stout and buxom with healthy practice. Or to translate this into dramatic example: problem plays are no new things; *Lear* was a problem play. But it was not a *thesis* play; which is all the difference in the world, for a thesis play is not a problem play (however loudly it claim it), for by very virtue of its propounding a thesis the problem was satisfactorily concluded in the author's mind before ever the play was entered on. A problem play sets out the nature of the problem in the very personalities or agencies that constitute it, leaving them to contend according to the vital and stressful conditions of their own natures. The personality of the author does not intrude in the course of its action, though it may before the action in the choice of his characters—except in the minor sense of human frailty, that is, inability to express emotions outside the limits of his nature. The action is to proceed in the light of the sun, not in the limelight of the author's own mind. In this way a play is a problem as life is a problem, some fragment of life as seen by the dramatist's own radiant vision. All the conditions of the problem are there, sometimes in such poise and balance of contention as to confute all theorems set to fit it. But a thesis, being a thesis, deliberately sets aside some of the conditions and propounds a philosophy.

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Moreover, all problems are inseparably allied to emotions. Indeed, the problem only appears in the emotions that are caused by them. Theorems may have their place; but Drama is not the place for them. Why should Drama deal with cold theorems when it can embrace a warm humanity? Why should it set out a cold unsympathetic thesis when it can employ the agency of hot and sympathetic humanity. President Lincoln and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were more to anti-slavery than all the chop-logic of the ages, however it might have proclaimed itself as philosophy.

Similarly compare, with all the inequality of comparison between a comedy and a tragedy, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Man and Superman*. Assuming that in the latter the prospective superman is tripped up in his pursuit of potentiality by the subtle meshes of sex: we see it, perceive it, and, though the proposition may startle us and awaken thought, yet it leaves us no whit more touched than a proposition set verbally before us by apothegm or precept. But in seeing so mighty a man as Antony entrapped and brought to futility, pity is alive in us, the woe and calamity of it echo through our souls. Why? Because Antony lives for us. We see him struggling, loving, contending; we see Cleopatra: we know her for a woman, and perceive her in actual exercise of the eternal charm of her sex. We must love her too; and so our emotions are mingled, and sympathy brought nearer home to us. And when the catastrophe falls, and the man of mighty possibilities is spilt in the sands of futility, we are purged with pity and terror, as with awe and sorrow brought home to our very hearts. Actuality lives in it, burns in it, throbs through it. It is the sternest of realism: it is the only realism. It is actuality made tremendous. So-called and professing realism is gossamer and moonshine to it, without any of the weird beauty of gossamer and moonshine. And being actual, it is vital. The only vitality is that of realism throbbing with emotion. Romeo calling for his Juliet echoes to the end of time with sheer and eternal reality, voicing the experience of all realists, that is, men of heart and experience. "I hate this farmyard world of sex" is the utterance of a *blasé* sentimentalist.

Mr. Shaw has written against, and appealed against, Shake-

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speare. But he, more than any other man, is driving us back to Shakespeare (not the clipped and shorn Shakespeare of the Actor-manager). Shakespeare is not the end of all things. There is abundant room for greater than Shakespeare. Shakespeare's mistakes, in character, faulty conception, loose structure, bombast and wasteful speech, are before us to learn from. But there seems small chance of learning so long as Mr. Shaw's plays stand across the future to prove that in Shakespeare vital men and women moved and contended (the only basis of true conflict) in contradistinction to Mr. Shaw's postulates in an argument (the basis of artificial opposition).

But there is not only Shakespeare. There is Ibsen. The distinction between Ibsen and Shakespeare is one of species and degree; the difference between Mr. Shaw and Ibsen is one of genus and kind. Ibsen's characters may be, and are, vastly different to Shakespeare's; but each is a creator of living beings, that, being displayed in action, play out their own personalities. But the difference between *Man and Superman* and *The Master Builder* is precisely this: that Hilda and Solness really do sway each other's destinies by the impact of real life on real life, whereas John Tanner and Ann step their measures like puppets to their author's bidding. In one we know Hilda and Solness; in the other we only see Mr. Shaw's sardonic face.

Or there is J. M. Synge (not to touch at this time on living writers). His characters may be disembodied souls, but they are real disembodied souls; the disembodied souls of intensely true and vital beings. It is at least not Synge we see everywhere, but souls of men and women. He does not weary us with iteration of himself. It is only in living creation we can find vitality; and Actor-managership and Shavianism shut out living creation on one hand and the other. These two sit astride the present theatre like two great Colossi; and when the great awakening in Drama comes it will need to throw them aside. Yet when it does come, Mr. Shaw will be found to have done one inestimable service at least; he will have made us give close heed to that basis of all Drama: words. He will have made us to do more than merely to gaze: he will have taught us to hear.

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Trade Union Unrest and the Class War

By H. M. Hyndman

The present generation has become so accustomed to regard the Trade Unions of the skilled artisans in Great Britain as part of the recognised institutions of this country that it is difficult to realise that not so very long ago they were looked upon from a very different point of view. Although the right of combination was conceded to the working class in 1824—a right which I have always held would have been much less readily granted after the middle-class Reform Bill of 1832—Trade Unions and Trade Unionists were persecuted for fully fifty years afterwards, and every action they took to assert their claims to higher wages, or better conditions of labour, was denounced as little short of criminal. No effort indeed was spared to make the life of a really active member of a Trade Union a burden to him; while organised attempts were set on foot by the masters to exhaust the collective funds subscribed by the men for defence and mutual advantage by expensive prosecutions, in which all the resources of wealthy manufacturers and employers were brought to bear against the poor but obnoxious organisations of the working people. This bitter antagonism, manifesting itself frequently by violence on one side and unscrupulous repression on the other, went on throughout the first half of the last century. Even so late as 1866–70 the view of the educated classes, as reflected in nearly the whole of the newspaper press, was that Trade Unions were lawless and tyrannical secret societies which shrank from no outrage in order to enforce their despotic authority, and were quite as capable of terrorising the masters by incendiarism and personal attack as they were of intimidating the minority of their own fellow craftsmen,

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or competitors from outside, by maiming or murder. Nor can it be denied that many things were done in the course of the struggle of the skilled artisans for partial emancipation which put arguments for interference into the mouths of those who would gladly have suppressed Trade Unions altogether.

Men of the upper class, such as the Positivists, who boldly took the side of the Unions in stirring times, were denounced as traitors and sympathisers with crime, and at least one of these stalwart champions of fair play and free combination, Professor Beesly, was threatened with a motion for expulsion from the leading Liberal Club for upholding the right of Trade Unionists to withstand their employers and to strike against reductions of wages, or excessive enforcement of discipline by fines and discharge, whenever they thought proper to do so. Every incident which could tell against the men was paraded and exaggerated; the high-handed acts of the employing class, supported as they were at critical moments by the police and the army, being condoned and even approved. During the whole of this period, therefore, the Trade Unionists appeared to the world as carrying on a class war against the monopolists of the means of production, and, however ineffective or improper the weapons they used might be, nobody thought of proclaiming that the interests of the wage-earners and wage-reducers were identical.

It is noteworthy, nevertheless, that the leaders of the physical-force Chartists, with the remarkable foresight which they showed in many directions, warned the workers of Great Britain that if the skilled artisans formed an aristocracy of labour, divorced from, and even in some respects opposed to, the mass of the wage-earners; if also they held aloof from the political arena and confined themselves solely to the safeguarding of their immediate interests; they would become, sooner or later, a hindrance to the social advance of the whole people. So long as the Trade Unions of the skilled men were engaged in directly fighting the employers, and strikes were frequently resorted to by the Unions as their principal and indeed as their only means of attack under such conditions, the truth of their predictions was not recognised. The Trade Unions were con-

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sidered by themselves, and were certainly regarded upon the Continent of Europe as the best-organised, most capable and most persistent fighters in the world on the side of the people against capitalism and the capitalists. When, however, it was perceived that strikes were wasteful and dangerous, and that the combinations of employers were becoming more formidable than these combinations of men; when, simultaneously, the old school of Trade Union leaders became active members of one of the great political parties, and even took office as official representatives of that party, the workers at large, or a considerable proportion of them, awakened to the fact that what Ernest Jones, George Julian Harney, Henry Vincent, and Bronterre O'Brien foretold had come about, and that, unknown to themselves, the champions of the Trade Unions had become the buffers of the capitalist class.

In their friendly discussions with the owners of the machinery and raw material on which their fellow men exerted their labour-power, in order to make profit for these industrial overlords, the permanence of what the old Chartists challenged as the "wage-slave system" was tacitly admitted, and the interests of the workers and the "organisers of labour" were taken as identical under this assumption. Without actually quoting Bastiat's *Economic Harmonies*, the representatives of the aristocracy of labour were more and more inclined to accept the views of that sophistical Frenchman in their dealings with the dominant class of our day. Consequently they were congratulated all round upon their statesmanlike attitude; they were held up as an example to the world of all that judicious spokesmen of the working class should be, and it was almost taken for granted that the rule of the profit-maker would be the last word in the history of human industrial development, in Great Britain at any rate. This view of the matter, I say, was taken by the moderate leaders of the Trade Unions up to quite a recent date, and all who protested against it were held to be lightheaded and lightpursed superficialists, whose views were as of little account as their numbers were contemptible. Even the late James Maudslay, probably the ablest and best-equipped organiser of this school of Trade Unionists, said to me at the International

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Socialist and Trade Union Congress of London, in 1896, when taunted him in a friendly way with being a Tory: "I am no more a Tory at heart than you are, Mr. Hyndman; but I see no hope whatever of rousing the English working classes to the right conception of their own power in my day. I hate the Liberals with all my heart, as the most treacherous and unscrupulous enemies of the people. I am therefore a Tory because I can see no chance for your lot, and I cannot stand the Liberals."

Yet at the very moment when this energetic representative of the Lancashire cotton people was uttering these despondent sentences the change had already begun. On the one hand, the Trade Unionists were getting weary of defeat and surrender within; on the other hand, Socialism was steadily permeating their minds from without.

I do not think I exaggerate the importance of matters in which I myself have taken an active part, when I say that the establishment of the Democratic Federation, and the revival therewith of the ideas and propaganda of the class-war Chartists, combined with the scientific Socialism of the school of Marx, did usher in, as I wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* for January 1881, "The Dawn of a Revolutionary Epoch." At any rate, from that date onwards for just thirty years, Socialism has been preached continuously and vigorously to the workers of this island, and no pains have been spared to indoctrinate the Trade Unionists, alike nationally and locally, with collectivist conceptions, the propaganda inside being carried on by the ablest of the skilled artisans themselves. At the same time the agitation on behalf of the unemployed, and the organisation of certain branches of unskilled labour, such as the gas-workers and general labourers and the dockers, into Unions of their own, having a Socialist basis, which were undertaken and carried on almost exclusively by Social Democrats, convinced the working class, as a whole, that Socialists were strongly on their side, long before other organisations arose to spread similar teaching in a less definite shape. Independent political action also was entered upon at the General Election more than a quarter of a century ago, when Trade Unionists of definite Socialist views, among

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them Mr. John Burns, were put forward by the Social Democratic party, to fight the candidates of both the capitalist factions. But in spite of all the energy and activity displayed, not only in expounding theories, but in pushing to the front all the palliatives which have now entered the sphere of practical politics, Socialism, as an organised political force, made way very slowly, much more slowly than most of those anticipated who began the work. As the causes for this slow growth still exist, it may be well to enumerate some of them.

Most important of all, in my opinion, is the continuous stream of emigration of the more vigorous, capable and discontented of the working class to the United States and the Colonies for two whole generations. The less vigorous and capable have been left behind to reproduce their species in Great Britain. Then the miserable inferiority of our education, and the depressing effect of our shabby religionism have tended to enfeeble the intelligence of our people. The dexterity of the dominant class, which always gives way on unimportant issues and exercises no continuous pressure upon advanced opinion, striving rather to use it so as to consolidate the political power of the well-to-do, tells in the same direction. The maintenance of a political system, which is at least a hundred and twenty years behind our economic development, and is based upon pecuniary qualifications and payments which the mass of the people cannot command, is another serious hindrance. As a result, also, the mass of the toilers have accepted the teaching of their pastors and masters, until, as M. Clemenceau said to me four or five years ago, "*La classe ouvrière en Angleterre est une classe bourgeoise.*" Their conceptions of improvement are middle-class conceptions, and their co-operative societies, instead of being used as in Belgium to uplift the status of the workers, are merely "divy-hunting" institutions, which pander to the meaner side of their members and cannot, sad to say, be regarded as good employers of their servants and assistants. Nor is this all. The downfall of English agriculture, the consequent growth of hopeless slumdom, the increase and the permanence of unemployment in all departments depleting the Trade Union funds, rendered the situation a most difficult one for

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the organisations of skilled men to face, even if the position of the master class had remained what it was before.

But this, of course, is not so. In every branch of industry competition is finding, as Fourier foresaw and predicted it would in 1825, its logical term in monopoly. Federations of employers have become the rule in all our great branches of trade. Differences have been sunk in one common interest. This is apparent in the iron industry, in the cotton industry, in the wool industry, in the mining industry, as well as in the railways and other transport industries. While the workers still maintain their old distinctions of grades of labour, and the skilled engineer treats " his " labourers as inferior persons, the skilled bricklayer behaving in like manner to " his " assistants, the masters have exhibited far more sagacity by acting together as a class instead of dealing separately either as companies or as individuals. Moreover, the growth of pools, cartels, trusts and combines has been almost as marked in Great Britain under Free Trade, as in America or Germany under Protection, though this is often overlooked or forgotten. Yet the great International Cotton-Thread Trust, which now extends its ramifications all over the Continent as well as in America, is only one evidence of the fact that methods of taxation do not interfere with an inevitable economic development. All this tells against the power of British Trade Unions in the matter of revolt against conditions imposed by the capitalists, renders strikes more and more ineffective as a class weapon, and gives the employers, in many instances, opportunities for boycotting exceptionally active leaders of the men to such an extent as not infrequently to result in driving these strike leaders out of that branch of trade altogether. I have myself witnessed very hard cases of this sort.

Strikes then being recognised, win or lose, as increasingly futile and harmful to the workers, unless organised upon so great a scale as practically to be a first step towards a complete social revolution, there naturally arose a disposition to accept Conciliation Boards and lengthy terms of agreement with the employers as avoiding dislocations of trade leading to great hardship to the men and their families. This was virtually

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a surrender by the men of anything in the shape of a demand for the collective control of their own labour and an acceptance of the permanent domination of the owners of the means of production.

Hence, Trade Unionists who had imbibed some of the Socialist teaching in regard to the foolishness of abandoning the whole field of politics to the master class were compelled at last to admit that however honest and capable men like Messrs. Broadhurst, Burt, Fenwick, and others might be, they could not, as members of the Liberal party, adequately represent the mass of the skilled workers, when active leaders of that very party, like active leaders of the Tory party, were appearing as vigorous champions of the masters and able managers of huge lock-outs. The absolute necessity for independent labour representation on the floor of the House of Commons made itself felt, therefore, from many quarters at once. In fact it was the only possible course to be taken. The English workers, skilled or unskilled, are quite insufficiently organised at present to undertake a general strike, and thus impose on the whole nation an industrial interdict. To commence such a huge revolt with any hope of success, calls not only for laying in beforehand at least three weeks of food-supply, but a well-thought-out plan for action in the event of victory, and for some sort of retreat should the result be defeat. Those who talk glibly of a general strike under present conditions have never thought out anything. Similarly, with respect to actual warfare. On the Continent, where the whole population is trained to the use of arms, it is allowable to talk as if at a period of crisis a resort to military methods might not involve wholesale slaughter of the people. But in Great Britain, where the entire army is at the disposal of the possessing classes, and can be used at any moment against a threatening of violence by the wage-earners, who themselves have no weapons and no military training, it seems absurd to discuss street fighting, which could only end in one way. Consequently, direct action, as it is called, being ruled out for all practical purposes, and partial strikes having proved unavailing, independent political organisations became the only possible means of bringing pressure to bear. And the

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Trade Unions, though they constitute but a small minority of the entire working class of Great Britain, were alone sufficiently disciplined or had enough funds at command to enter upon the political struggle.

It had taken a long time to bring this home to the Trade Unionists, and when at last they accepted the truth they did so, as usual in this country, without having any real principles to work upon, and were therefore ready to compromise on the slightest excuse being given for the application of that favourite English device to obscure surrender. The Labour party, which owed its existence to the constant propaganda of out-and-out Socialists, refused when once constituted to adopt Socialism in any shape as its basis, owing to the opposing vote of one of the two large National Socialist bodies, and then, when the prospect of having a number of members of the House of Commons developed into realisation, declined to pledge itself to any programme whatsoever. Nevertheless, when thirty Members of Parliament, bound by no ties to either of the great political parties, were seen taking their seats, their election expenses having been paid and their remuneration assured from funds provided by the workers themselves, an immense effect was produced on the whole community, and the least optimist felt that there was now a very great opportunity for action that would greatly benefit the mass of the people. Even Social Democrats, who dislike the idea of mere sectional representation of particular trades, and much prefer payment of members and election expenses out of national funds for national services to levies upon the ill-paid Trade Unionists for such work, were hopeful that, when once they appreciated the dignity and importance of their position, the Labour M.P.s would rise to the level of their great mission. So the results of the General Election of 1906 were received with acclamation, not only by the working classes in Great Britain but by their fellow toilers over Europe.

At last it was said England, the most economically developed country, was beginning again to take the lead as it did from 1839 to 1849, in what old Dr. Rudolph Meyer designated in his exhaustive work, *The Fight for Freedom of the Fourth Estate.*

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But we had all underrated the enervating effect of the House of Commons atmosphere on men brought up and trained in a very different climate, as well as miscalculated the dexterity of the political leaders. When once the Taff Vale judgment, which interfered with the liberties of Trade Unionists, had been practically reversed, and the Old Age Pensions had been secured, the Labour party seemed to lose all its initiative and vigour, bowed down to the old rules of debate, specially formulated to crush out independent parties and capable men, caught "the tone of the House"—for them a dangerous disease—and with the best possible intentions became little better than a portion of the Liberal party. This tendency, of course, became more pronounced as the General Election drew near, seeing that most of the members owed their seats to Liberal votes, and the cleverest wire-puller of the party, himself not a working man, owed at least three-fourths of the votes polled for him to that source. It was the increasing closeness of this connection which led to the indifference to the fate of the men discharged from the Government works at Woolwich, and the apathy displayed in relation to the unemployed. Though, of course, it would be unreasonable to contend that the Government is bound to keep on producing munitions of war for which there is no need, it would at least appear to be the duty of a Labour party to demand that men and women so discharged should receive higher consideration than being just chucked out on the street, or to fall back, such of them as were Trade Unionists, upon Trade Union funds. Similarly, in regard to the unemployed generally. The Government might not be able at once to organise the labour of the out-of-works on co-operative principles, as was suggested by the Social Democrat party eight and twenty years ago; but they need not have grudged even a beggarly £100,000 for starting a better system of relief works, and then, with the tacit assent of the Labour party, spend £250,000 a year on establishing Labour Exchanges, managed by highly paid political persons who had served the Liberals before and during elections. These Labour Exchanges, turned practically into official State-supported "blackleg" agencies, have created far more serious disaffection with

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both Liberalism and Labourism than has yet appeared on the surface.

Taken as a whole, the Labour party has been a great disappointment to those who were at first its most active supporters, and its almost complete failure has tended to throw discredit upon all political methods, and to drive the discontented once more back upon that "direct action," for which, as already said, I consider neither the Trade Unionists nor the workers at large are yet prepared. This discouragement with the results of the endeavour to create a really independent working-class party is very regrettable. Many and great as may be the drawbacks of politics it is in this direction alone that a peaceful outlet for working-class aspirations can be found, and I do not hesitate to say that the Labour leaders, by destroying the confidence of the workers in their ability to make head as an independent force against the vast economic and political forces over against them, have been largely responsible for the growing disaffection. For the Labour party to be absorbed or neutralised by the Liberal party with its Furnesses, Monds, Cadburys, and Weetman Pearsons is just as bad as for it to be neutralised or absorbed by the Tory party with its similar array of industrial millionaires and heads of trade combinations. The Trade Union leaders of the Labour party have not led: they have followed. And this was not what they were sent to the House of Commons, at vast expense to the rank and file of Trade Unionists, to do. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget may have been the thin end of the wedge for the landlords in the future, but it was the thick end of the wedge for the workers in the present. This the Trade Union leaders of the Labour party refused to see, as they shut their eyes to the petty tyranny of bigoted teetotalers. These mistakes, I repeat, shook the confidence of the workers in their leaders all over the country, and account for a good deal of the restiveness which is now manifesting itself in every direction.

But there are, of course, other more immediate causes, too, for the breaking away from the guidance of the salaried officials. These men are quite honest, and it is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that they are ever in favour of strikes for

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striking's sake. Far from it. Their tendency is quite in the other direction. They are almost too anxious for peace and a quiet life. This is only natural. In ordinary times Trade Union secretaries have plenty to do and fully earn what they are paid by the men. But when strikes come they have two or three times the amount of work to get through, they incur every day and almost every hour responsibility of the most serious kind, and they run the risk, as Mr. George Barnes di when he opposed what he believed to be an unjustifiable strike of a section of the engineers, of losing the confidence of their fellows, and being displaced in consequence. It is quite absurd therefore to say—and I know what I am writing about—that the Trade Union leaders ever foment a strike. I have never known an instance, and I have watched the Trade Union movement for a great many years. No, the truth is that of late the Trade Union leaders have been almost too anxious to secure permanent peace between the wage-earners and their employers, and have been apt to forget that under existing conditions the capitalists always have the whip-hand of the labourers, skilled and unskilled. Quite unintentionally therefore, nay, with the very best intentions, they have put it in the power of managers and directors to make out that the men have broken agreements, when really they are only resenting and revolting against aggravating and unjust interpretations of arrangements that should never have been entered into at all.

Take the case of the railway men. Mr. Bell committed them to an agreement with the directors because, rightly or wrongly, he believed that, owing to the attitude of the older men, a strike was hopeless. But what has happened since? The railways, one and all, have been curtailing competition and reorganising their affairs in every direction. Quite right as a matter of business. There was, and is, an immense amoun of waste and useless haulage on English railways, as any one who has any knowledge of American railway management is well aware. But the result of these changes has scarcely been satisfactory to the men, however advantageous they may be to the shareholders. Granting that the Directors are bound to do their best for their companies, the employees cannot be expected

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to look at the matter from their point of view. When also, as I am assured is the case, advantage has been taken of the settlement to try to force the men by petty annoyances into ill-advised action, we cannot be surprised that patience has its limits even though the men themselves admit that the strike is no remedy. The same reasoning applies to the Welsh pitmen. These invaluable and hard-worked public servants—for such they are just as much as the railway men, or the post office employees, or the workers in the dockyards and arsenals—engaged in dangerous and ungrateful toil, are face to face with a huge coal combination or federation which differs little, if at all, from a Coal Trust, handled by capitalists who certainly cannot be accused of having any excessive amount of sympathy with their men. Yet the Trade Union leaders have pledged the rank and file, regardless of changing economic conditions, to a five years' agreement with the coal-owners. And these colliers, thus turned over for that period to what they call "five years' penal servitude," have learned that there is no compelling necessity for them to be slave-driven as they are; but that by combination and co-operation on their side, and the control of the forces of nature and society by the producers, all might enjoy a happy, useful, contented life. Is it surprising then that even the most moderate are joining in the growing revolt? The same remarks apply with little modification to the cases of the boiler-makers and cotton-workers. They are bestirring themselves because they feel that they have been sacrificed to the yearning of their leaders for peace. One thing is quite certain: no great organisation of the workers will ever accept a long term agreement again. They did not understand what was being accepted in their name, and even if they had understood, conditions have changed.

Conditions have changed. The steady rise in the money value of the articles which go to make up the standard of life of our working class is a very serious matter indeed for them. What the precise percentage of reduction may be in the purchasing power of their wages, which are estimated on a gold basis, I do not pretend to say; but it is very considerable, and equally certain is it that this great modification, to the disadvantage

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of the wage-earners, was not contemplated when the long-term arrangements were entered into. The wages even of the bulk of the skilled workers are at all times far too near to the mere subsistence level; but when this level is suddenly brought down some 10 or 15 per cent., at least, all round, owing to the depreciation of the value of gold by greater production at decreased cost, and the workers are inhibited under agreement from taking any steps to adjust their remuneration for their sole commodity labour-power to the increased cost of its maintenance in effective working order—why then " unrest " of a very serious character indeed is likely to follow. And, in my opinion, this decrease in the purchasing power of wages estimated on a gold basis is certain to continue, and accounts for the clamour not only in this country but all over the world against the enhanced cost of living.

Beside these important economic and social matters the Osborne judgment, as it is called, is a small issue. And yet, as often happens, it is creating, perhaps, more stir than anything else, and has finally shaken the confidence of the mass of the workers in the fairness of our judges where class questions are involved. It is taken as a blow at majority rule in Trade Union organisations, which are, and always have been, governed by such majority rule. If such trying and important issues as strike or no strike, levy or no levy for foreign workers are decided by the vote of the majority, no matter how active and able the minority may be, surely it is preposterous to argue that no Trade Union has the right to apply its funds to political purposes fo the benefit, real or supposed, of all the members and even for the whole working class.

I have not often the advantage of agreeing with Mr. Sidney Webb, but on this point he and I are absolutely at one. The judgment is disgraceful and ought to be cancelled by Parliament at once. But that does not in the least alter the fact that if the M.P.s of the Labour party had been worthy of the position to which they were elected and had fulfilled, even partially, the anticipations of their followers, they could have afforded to laugh heartily at this class-made judicial decision. At Copenhagen the Labour members of the House of Commons claimed that they represented, and spoke for no fewer than, 1,500,000

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enthusiastic supporters. Very well. Why then should they be so desperately chagrined at losing the right of compulsion by majority? The pitiful sum of 4*d.* per head would give the Labour party £25,000 a year, and that ought to be enough to keep forty members and leave a fair margin for election expenses. And I say this in no carping spirit, seeing that I have agitated for thirty years past, and am agitating still, for payment of members and all reasonable election expenses out of the National Exchequer: a reform which the Labour party itself could have forced from the Liberal party had it taken the matter up in earnest and pushed it to the front from 1906 onwards.

But whatever may be the causes of the general discontent and ill-feeling which now prevail, there can be no doubt of their existence. They are not confined to Trade Unionists, nor are they immediately the outcome of Socialist propaganda. That, of course, has had a widespread effect, but it has not brought about this wave of unrest by itself. Other minor, but more direct, influences have been at work. Yet that Socialism will gain ground in consequence of this more or less spasmodic and unorganised revolt is unquestionable. Socialists alone have told the working class, in season and out of season, that, even if all the palliatives which they themselves have so long advocated were carried into effect, no permanent good could result to the proletariat as a whole until the power of one class to employ and pay wages to another class should be finally put an end to. Having exhausted all the possibilities of error they are now coming to the conclusion that we are right, and the course of events is helping forward the realisation of collectivism and communism much more rapidly than seemed probable even a little time ago.

It is not too much to say that were the wage-earners of Great Britain as well educated as those of some of our Colonies, the greatest transformation of all the centuries from competition to co-operation would not long be delayed. The economic forms are ready: the intelligence to use them is lacking. Yet from all foreigners who come to England and thoroughly understand our language, I hear but one story, and that is that there is more floating Socialism in this country than in any other. Nowhere, they say, is Socialism so universally discussed and so

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generally admitted to be the next stage in the onward and upward progress of humanity. Though still a comparatively small minority among the mass of the people, the spread of our ideas cannot be at all measured by the numbers of our avowed adherents. Misrepresentation and opposition only strengthen our position, and any stir is better than apathy. If we are all ignorant, as some aver, how is it we steadily make way among the educated classes? If our object is to destroy and not to construct, how comes it that all our palliative suggestions are now well within the range of practical politics? What we all have most to fear is not the increasing acceptance of the truths, as we hold them to be, of scientific sociology, but that some shock from without should plunge us suddenly into the period of reconstruction before the possessing classes have realised that such reconstruction is inevitable, and before the disinherited classes have learned that in order to terminate the class war they must first discipline themselves. That the present Labour crisis will have an important influence on the workers in this direction is, I think, certain. Never, for more than a generation, were the issues so clear as they are to-day.

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Book Notices

THE MOND COLLECTION

THE MOND COLLECTION: AN APPRECIATION. By J. P. RICHTER, Ph.D. Two vols. and a portfolio. Murray. £15 15s. net.

Of the making of catalogues there is no end, nor very often is a high level of perfection even aimed at by those responsible for them. On the other hand, the compilation by Dr. J. P. Richter of the magnificent catalogue of the famous collection of pictures formed by the late Dr. Ludwig Mond is an achievement of the highest significance in the art world to-day. It is not merely that a permanent record has been made of the integral parts of the collection—a duty too often neglected by successive generations of collectors—but that a systematic and critical appreciation has been written on each of the pictures, a selection of the best, rarest, and most covetable of which will, in accordance with the terms of the will of their late owner, ultimately pass to the National Gallery.

The book before us contains some eighty photogravures, as well as many other reproductions of works by well-known painters. A large portfolio of forty-one plates accompanies the two volumes, in which are also included a number of illustrations that tend to throw additional light on some of the questions of attribution and identification that naturally arise.

In the Preface Dr. Richter tells us that Dr. Mond had "long wished to publish a critical and fully illustrated account of the pictures which contributed so largely to the pleasure and dignity of the hours in which he permitted himself respite from active work." The author points out, in well-chosen language, how happy he now is to offer to Mrs. Mond and her sons, Mr. Robert Mond and Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., the fruits of his labours, the pleasure of which is, however, dimmed by the knowledge that the book "cannot meet the eye of the friend for whom he worked so long."

In the Introduction Dr. Richter, after touching upon the historical, social, and psychological significance of art-collecting, proceeds to a survey of the widely divergent causes which have been in operation from the time when Charles I. formed his magnificent collection of Italian pictures—the finest, indeed, that has ever yet been formed by one man—down to the establishment of the National Gallery and, half a century later, the coming of the Morellian method of scientific criticism. Reference is made to the end which Dr. Mond had ever before him, and to his wish that the pictures which Dr. Richter bought for him, most often out of private collections in Italy and in this country, should be "of a quality entitling them to hang with honour in any public gallery." This would

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rather suggest that from the commencement it was his definite intention to benefit the National Gallery. He wished also that those works which for various causes did not meet with his requirements "should neither be flung into the market-place, and subjected to its perils, nor return to the obscurity from which they had so recently emerged, but should pass into some public gallery, there to enrich public life with a permanent and always accessible source of intellectual pleasure." In this way several soon passed by purchase, for very small sums, into the National Gallery between 1886 and 1889, while others in time found a haven of rest in the galleries of Munich and Berlin. It will, indeed, ever be a matter for regret that the trustees of our National Gallery should have allowed to slip through their fingers the now world-famous *Portrait of a Man* by that extremely rare and incomparably romantic painter Giorgione, which, needless to say, was readily purchased by the Kaiser Friedrich Gallery, Berlin. The catalogue of that museum, however, is content to give the picture's immediate *provenance* as "Erworben 1891 in Florenz."

It is, of course, natural that many of the traditional names under which the pictures were acquired were untenable, while other paintings modestly passed under the vague description of "Italian School." No surprise will be felt that the *Holy Family with the Infant St. John and a Donor* should have masqueraded as a Titian, although it in reality comes from the hand of his contemporary and imitator Polidoro Lanzani. Indeed, a picture of the same type and subject, as well as a *Holy Family and Saints*, still figure in the Louvre Catalogue under the name of the greater artist, although they are both accepted by critics as being by the younger and much less gifted painter. Nor is it altogether strange that the *Pietà* by Giovanni Bellini should have been ascribed to his brother-in-law, Andrea Mantegna, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

In 1884, when Dr. Richter entered upon his task, it was generally accepted as a guiding principle that only an artist was capable of forming a collection of paintings by Old Masters and was likely to detect the varying qualities and the manifold types of such pictures, the general belief being that by the practice of his profession the painter would be more likely than the connoisseur and critic to form a just estimate of the intrinsic value of a painting and its exact relationship to kindred works of the same school. That delusion has long ago been dispelled on the Continent and in art circles in this country, where, through the devitalising influence of an ever-criticised Academy, a popular belief of that nature dies hard.

The first volume is given up to the works of the Venetian, Paduan, Veronese, and Vicentine schools. The earliest of these is a small *St. Mark*, by Michele Giambono, the companion panel to which has in quite recent times been lost sight of. It is followed by two *Madonnas* and a *Pietà* by Giovanni Bellini, and an *Enthroned Virgin and Child* by his elder brother Gentile. Indeed these pictures, together with the precious and very late *Madonna and Child*, by Titian, and the *Imperator Mundi*, by Andrea Mantegna, have to be ranked among the gems of the whole collection.

In the second volume we study in detail the pictures of the Lombard, Tuscan, Umbrian, Bolognese, and Ferrarese Schools, as well as a *St. John the Baptist*, by Murillo; the *Effects of Jealousy*, by Cranach; and a superb *Moonlit Landscape*, by Rubens. We can well believe that Dr. Mond set

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much store by the drawing in black chalk on paper of the *Head of the Virgin*, by Leonardo da Vinci, who is here justly described as "one of the subtlest thinkers of his day." Nowhere in the whole work recently published are the critical comments and the comparative methods employed by Dr. Richter, and the generous number of illustrations to which he can refer the reader, seen to such advantage as in the case of the relatively unimportant *Infant Christ and the Infant St. John Embracing*, by Marco d'Oggiono, variants, replicas, and derivatives of which abound.

The two early panels illustrating *The Life and Miracles of St. Zenobius*, by Botticelli, the companion picture to which is evidently the predella-shaped picture in the Dresden Gallery, afford the author an opportunity for a short summary of the peculiarities of Tuscan art:

"It must not be forgotten that the Renaissance art of pictorial narrative was the outcome of traditions inherited through mediæval from classic art; it was pictographic rather than realistic in the sense of the modern snapshot, and aimed at presenting an idea to the intelligence, rather than at representing an event as it appeared to the eye at a given moment."

And again:

"Another peculiarity is the form of the groups silhouetted on this dispassionate, architectural background, which do not consist of persons drawn up in straight lines after the manner of which the frescoes by Masaccio, in the Brancacci Chapel of S. Maria del Carmine in Florence, furnish a classic example, but are dominated by the idea of the circle, or semicircle, which governed Florentine design during the last half of the Quattrocento, and was developed and illustrated by Leonardo, by Botticelli, by Filippino Lippi, and by their followers; indeed, by the whole artistic community of Florence."

One of the few unquestionably authentic Raphaels in a private collection in any country is the very early and Peruginesque *Crucifixion*, which was painted by Raphael at Città di Castello when he was only about eighteen years of age. This large panel, the earliest of Raphael's signed works, hung there for over three hundred years, until it was purchased in 1818 by Cardinal Fesch, who, like his nephew Napoleon I., was a voracious collector or, rather, an arch-robber. This early work was eventually acquired at the memorable sale of the collection of the Earl of Dudley, which took place at Christie's in the summer of 1892, by Dr. Mond, who was not present at the sale but had deputed Dr. Richter to buy the panel, the present writer believes, *coûte que coûte*. The price at which it was knocked down, 10,600 guineas, was certainly a very reasonable one for a picture painted by the Divine Urbinate and possessing such an unassailable pedigree. After the Bellinis, the Mantegna, and the Titian to which reference has already been made, it is perhaps the most typical "museum-piece" in the collection, and will, no doubt, one day be given a prominent position at Trafalgar Square. It would, indeed, be interesting to compare the winged angels holding vases to receive the blood issuing from the wounded hands of Christ with the angels seen in the lunette of Raphael's *Madonna di Sant' Antonio*, which is rather later in date and has long been lent to the National Gallery by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

The work now under review will certainly be regarded by the discerning critic, the exacting collector, and the professed student as a monument of scholarship and a model of method. For the *provenance* of many of the

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pictures it will also have to be freely consulted by those officials at Trafalgar Square who at some future—we may hope very distant—period will have the guardianship and the cataloguing of so many of Dr. Mond's most treasured possessions. In the meantime it was in every way desirable that a book of this character should be supplied by the critic who had been instructed to form the collection, and that the family who have made this achievement possible should also have their share in the fulfilment of so pleasurable and instructive an undertaking.

In conclusion, mention must be made of the invaluable assistance rendered to the author, and, doubtless, also to Mr. Murray, the publisher, by Dr. Richter's fellow worker, Miss A. Cameron Taylor. A publication of this kind, which has hitherto been only too rarely considered necessary by even the most ardent collectors in this country, once more indicates in unmistakable fashion the leading place occupied by well-chosen examples of Italian painting in the history of Western Art and Human Thought.

MAURICE W. BROCKWELL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL VAUGHAN. By T. G. Snead-Cox. Two volumes. Herbert and Daniel.

The life of Cardinal Vaughan was worth writing—it was worth writing bravely. Mr. Snead-Cox has just failed where he should have taken courage. A man like Vaughan could stand the composure of publicity. It would have been so intensely interesting to know something of his mind-working, to get into his soul if he was a headstrong, hustling, almost American business-man kind of Catholic, one who thought that he could do no wrong, and often did wrong, and as often repented. This book cannot be said to be more than the official Catholic biography, a whole-hearted *te deum*. We only get the virtue where we would have the man. But there is a good account of Vaughan's early life in America—which shaped his destiny; and now and then we creep behind the arras and see the fine, fighting priest with his superb head and energies wrestling with himself and life, fastening a steel-wire bracelet on his arm, living pugnaciously the life of God. It is a pity there is not more humanity: Vaughan's soul assuredly can take care of itself. But then that is the way of modern biographies.

THE LIFE OF MARIE AMÉLIE, LAST QUEEN OF THE FRENCH, 1782–1866. By C. C. DYSON. John Long, Ltd. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

The wife of Louis Philippe had the attraction which always attaches to the unfortunate lady of royal birth. The caprice of Fortune extends to her own family as well as the one she married into, for her father, Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, was twice restored to his kingdom by Nelson (who was so much a hero at the Court that the eldest boy used to stand before his portrait and say, "Great Nelson, make me like you!"). She married Louis Philippe in 1809, went to Paris with her husband on the Restoration, and went into exile with him after the revolution of '48. Her last years, like her exiled husband's, were spent, by the kindness of Queen Victoria, at Claremont. Mr. Dyson gives a straightforward account of a career of some virtues and many vicissitudes.

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DRAMA

THE QUEST. A DRAMA OF DELIVERANCE IN SEVEN SCENES AND A VISION. By DOROTHEA HOLLINS. (London: Williams and Norgate. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is sad to think that all Miss Hollins' earnestness cannot produce a stronger emotion than this; that all her desire for a new world can inspire nothing better than this muddle of vague words and childish allegory.

Oozing stilted blank verse at every pore, various seekers strive to open the gates of the Enchanted Castle, which are guarded by Death, Pain, and Ignorance. Thus come Arthur and Galahad with a key called "Purity;" Dante and Beatrice with an alabaster key labelled "Guidance"; More and Raphael Hythloday with a key named "Humanism"; Giordano Bruno and Sir Philip Sidney with an iron key gemmed with opals and named "Learning"; and finally in Scene VII. "Mary, a Rich Woman of the Twentieth Century" and "Martha, a Poor Woman of the same Epoch." The latter is armed only with a leaden house-key, but Mary "has in her girdle a dagger, whose hilt sparkles with rubies, and a key of rock-crystal." For a moment we hoped that she was going to stab Ignorance, who would turn out to be a Cabinet Minister. But the scene fizzles out in an argument about Love and Freedom, which is choked off by distant Choruses of Toilers and Comrades and Women. One might, of course, have had several other scenes, representing, for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Pease with a key made of cheese and red brick, labelled "Education of the Middle Classes"; or Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb with a key called "Break-up of the Poor-Law." But the time has come for the final "Vision," in which the gates of the castle are opened by a little child; offspring of a garrulous pair who, though called "The Father" and "The Mother," have apparently discovered a better method of producing children than that which these names imply. (But the blank verse becomes more than usually vague at this point, so that we may have been misled by all the talk about Sense and Flesh, Spirit and Soul).

The Princess comes forth; Death, Pain, and Ignorance turn into Life, Love, and Light; and the Transformation Scene is brought to an end by a Grand Chorus of Eutopians and Deliverers, all kneeling.

We need say nothing of the "lyrics" as we are told in the preface that "being designed for music they are purposely less close wrought than the blank verse."

But we wonder if Miss Hollins realises how futile it all is. If only she could be persuaded that to waste her time and energy on a production of this sort does not bring us materially (or spiritually) nearer to the Deliverance we all desire!

FICTION

CELT AND SAXON. BY GEORGE MEREDITH. Constable and Co. Ltd. 6*s.*

Turning to a new book by Meredith, even though it be but a fragment, from the general run of novels that wag most loudly in the public ear at the present time, is like turning to a clean crisp champagne from a stale *vin ordinaire*, if so cheap a comparison may be permitted. Moreover, praise is found difficult of achievement, for all the noisy superlatives have

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been stolen for inferior work. Nevertheless, this is a book worthy of the highest praise, which is to say it is worthy of Meredith ; and this despite the fact that it leaves one with all the annoyance and unsated hunger of an unfinished because ill-constructed piece of work. Indeed, the student of Meredith's novels might well have prognosticated the existence of some such work as this among his papers. For it was obvious to the reader of *The Amazing Marriage* and *Diana* that his imagination had been inflamed with the temperamental psychology of Celts and Saxons. And in this book he traces this out with a plot and skill that would have made it bid fair to rank among his best. In it his style is at times as fascinating as in *Diana*, as gnarled and elliptic as in *One of our Conquerors*, and as direct as in *Lord Ormont*. Its characters are in the true Meredithian tradition. And if his Irishmen have sometimes a little too much of burlesque, as in *Captain Con*, or too much of mental hardness as in *Patrick*, we must not grumble. This hardness is more true of the Welsh Celt than the Irish Celt. But to atone for this we have (for the first time in Literature ?) that curious, passionate, almost brooding, strength of reserve, in Phllip, th at characterises so many educated Irishmen. The Saxon characters have less of interest, partly intrinsically, partly because they have not been worked out to a finish. The characters are naturally of main interest, since the plot is apocopated. Short though the work is, we nevertheless get a Meredithian "interlude" that bids fair to be famous; and since the subject is John Bull it is, of course, vital and alert. The scene in which the three Irishmen are together untrammelled by conventionalities makes one hunger for a Celtic Bohemia in London. Who will establish it ? For not till it is established will John Bull wake up, as Meredith well saw.

REST HARROW. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Macmillan and Co. Ltd. *6s.*

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is, quite definitely, of the school of George Meredith. And in this book, apart from John Senhouse to whom he has introduced his readers before and who perhaps would find blood relations in the stories of Mr W. J. Locke, we have not only the Meredithian style and treatment, but the very characters and situations which the late master might have portrayed.

Mr. Hewlett need not feel hurt by the comparison. He, assuredly, is no mere imitator or caricaturist. He touches, honourably, with his lance, the shield of a champion, and he does not lose by the encounter.

It is the school not of incident, or of plot, but of psychological study. There are the same unusual people treading unfrequented paths by the light of rare and skilfully portrayed temperaments. And there is the same arresting and compelling style, the same artistry in phrasing, the same subtle handling of complex emotions and the same scorching insight for common motives and conduct.

The story is woven round one woman and two men—perhaps we should say three men ; because (as in *The Stooping Lady*, though this time as a minor character) Mr. Hewlett has shown us a man of the people turned from his path by love for a woman of quality.

Mr. Hewlett can paint a lover as perhaps no living writer can. But his lover in this book hands over the woman of his heart to a coarse-fibred brute and when her hour of trouble comes, he, knowing of it, continues to rhapsodise in his hut upon the Wiltshire downs until she seeks him.

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Sanchia the woman—and perhaps never has the glory of a woman been sung in prose as Mr. Hewlett sings it here—goes to live with the brute from pity, refuses to marry him from pique, reconsiders and decides to marry him for convention, but finally and in time flies to her poet lover on the downs.

It is fair to say that the glamour of Mr. Hewlett's treatment and the melody of his style carry the reader across each difficult pass, but the thought flashes through the mind that poetry and vain imaginings are obscuring these people to the light of day.

Once indeed Mr. Hewlett cuts his own cobwebs with a knife. "She's got the experience of all nature behind her from the poultry yard to the House of Lords. You'll find that the Ten Commandments are rigidly enforced among the cocks and hens. Why, bless my soul, I don't need the Church to tell me that I mustn't run away with a married man. I can learn that from the pigeons in the piazza at Venice."

Perhaps Mr. Hewlett puts these words into the mouth of an old lady to let us perceive that his own views of love and honour, duty and conduct may not be so perplexing as are the epigrams and sophistries, brilliant though they are, that cluster round the poet of *Rest Harrow* and his fascinating Sanchia.

THE TWISTED FOOT. By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT. Constable and Co. Ltd. 6*s*.

Here is a book that transports the reader at once to the tropics; to forests of a gorgeous and deadly vegetation, lovely isles, smooth, moonlit seas; to the courts of Malay Princes and the perilous strife of pearl merchants. It bears a breath of adventure and strangeness into our secure and prosaic life; and Mr. Rideout is entitled to take his place next to Mr. Kipling and Mr. Conrad. Perhaps Mr. Kipling's influence is felt rather too much in the book, in the superabundance of technical and local dialect, in the rather forced bluntness, the rather strained realism of the style: but Mr. Rideout has also inspired himself with Kipling's boyish joy in danger and his intense imaginative vision.

This form of fiction, these tales of unknown Jungle and Asiatic grandeur, is one of the most original, and one of the best products of English literature during the last generation: Mr. Rideout may well be proud of the contribution he has made to it. Each chapter is like the successive scenes of some gorgeous and breathless dream where the hero is poised on the brink of death. David Bowman is his name and he slips off the deck one night by accident into the calm Sulu Sea: he is hunted by and hunts ruthless pearl merchants who believe him to have a necklace of them in his possession—till they discover his only pearl is a trifling coral necklet. The book is one of the most exhilarating excitement.

HISTORY

THE FALL OF ABD-UL-HAMID. By FRANCIS MCCULLAGH. With Preface by His Excellency Mahmud Shefket Pasha. Illustrated. Methuen. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mr. McCullagh was in Constantinople at the time of the reactionary *coup* in the spring of last year. He is a shrewd observer who has made himself acquainted with Turkish rather than European diplomatic opinion.

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He produces good evidence to show that Abd-ul-Hamid himself, supported by the so-called "Mohammedan League," engineered the mutiny, bribed the troops, and inflamed the citizens of Stamboul. He describes the prompt action of the Young Turks in despatching troops from Salonica, and glorifies the genius of Mahmud Shefket. This leads him to underestimate the work of the politicals. But it is a well-considered and instructive volume.

THE CAMPAIGN OF TRAFALGAR. By JULIAN S. CORBETT, LL.M. Lecturer in History to the Royal Naval War College. With charts and diagrams. Longmans, Green, and Co. 16*s*. net.

Mr. Corbett seeks to give, in the historical sense, a bird's-eye view of Trafalgar instead of the customary snapshot—in fact, to study it in its relation to contemporary events, and not *per se*. No great battle, he points out, was ever so barren of immediate result: "so incomprehensible was its apparent sterility that to fill the void a legend grew up that it saved England from invasion." A result not less important was that it secured the Mediterranean, and so our overseas possessions, thus justifying Pitt's policy. A sound book which takes large views and will contribute to orderly conceptions of history.

PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Authorised translation from the German by CECIL MAR. Constable and Co. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

Princess von Racowitza's claim to fame is the part she played as Hélène von Dönniger, in bringing about the death of Lassalle. Their friendship was regarded with extreme disfavour by the lady's family, who in the end managed to break off the match. Lassalle fought a duel with Racowitza, his rival, and (entirely by accident, the Princess assures us) received a fatal wound. She presently married the victor, who had been thrown over in favour of Lassalle. He lived only a few months, and the Princess afterwards appeared on the stage, wrote for the American newspapers, remarried and got a divorce and remarried again. She was a beautiful, passionate, and imperious person (owing not a little of her temperament, one imagines, to that enraged father who, when she ran away to Lassalle, dragged her by the hair across the street and nailed her up in her room), and her career is full of such adventures as those qualities invited. The story of the Lassalle tragedy has been made use of by George Meredith in *The Tragic Comedians*.

LITERATURE

THE HAPPY MORALIST. By HUBERT BLAND. T. Werner Laurie. 1*s*. net.

Here be light and easy—shall we, without offence, say post-prandial philosophisings by one whose subtle and active pen has before played delicately with problems of the hour.

Mr. Bland is catholic in his sympathies, tolerant in his judgment and felicitous in his expression. His happy humour embraces even tramps, who for him are not social problems, but amiable dilettantes cherishing an ideal called work—not to-day but to-morrow—not here but elsewhere—and ever guarding the fine fabric of their vision against gross contact with

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the actual. Mr. Bland dines, and moralises with his charming partner on the thousands who have laboured and suffered and contrived to make just that one little dinner possible. He breaks to mothers the futility of maternal supervision in the matter of love affairs. "'Janet,' she said, almost in tears, 'your father will never hear of it.' 'Oh yes, he will, mother,' Janet spoke with great decision, 'he'll hear of it when he comes home this evening.'" And when the skies are leaden, and the rain falls and the rest of us plod about our business through the London mud, he betakes himself to the cosy corner of a fire-lit drawing-room to exchange flippancies and confidences with the engaging ladies who form his enviable circle. Happy moralist! Happy Mr. Bland!

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE. By Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bt. Gay and Hancock, Ltd. *2s. 6d.* net.

This a book which makes the brain reel. Baconians we have met before, but none like unto this Baconian. The writer of it is steeped in his subject and requires another expert to grapple with him adequately. But for the ordinary person imbued with the usual traditions and prepossessions in favour of the hero and sole means of livelihood of Stratford-on-Avon, the effect of this work is simply bewildering. What it amounts to is this: Shakespeare *did* not write the plays because he *could* not have done so. Bacon *must* have written them because—once we have knocked out the divine William—there is no other Englishman of the period who had the requisite brains, knowledge, and opportunity. This thesis is supported by a coruscation of remarkable argument. Bacon dare not apparently own up to what he had written—or else not only incarceration but mutilation assuredly lay before him. So instead of adopting a *nom-de-plume*, he hired the use of the name of an obscure and disreputable actor and usurer called Shaxpur, and for the rest of his life was blackmailed by the ignorant and drunken person upon whom he was to confer immortality. Having taken this unwise step Bacon then proceeds to make sure of his own ultimate literary reputation by embodying cryptograms not only in the plays, but in pictures, puzzles and any other material which came under his hand. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence unravels these in a manner as convincing to himself as it is bewildering to the reader, and he is so dead certain and cocksure about it all that at intervals, unable to repress his exultation he prints in capital letters, "BACON IS SHAKESPEARE" as if he were shouting it at you.

It is difficult to give an idea of the proofs brought forward; the reader must be referred to the book itself. There is, for instance, the word "Honorificabilitudinitatibus" from *Love's Labour's Lost*, which conceals an anagram revealing the whole secret. And on the same page, if you add up the lines and words and the numerical values of the words, you will find that Bacon intended the discovery to be made in this very year of 1910, so that this book is quite miraculously opportune.

It is all very upsetting, and very dreadful to think how we have been misled, and it is difficult to see what is to be done. We are assured, however, that the discovery is an important one, and obviously matters are to be set right as far as possible.

There is one point upon which further enlightenment may respectfully be craved. The Baconians emphasise the fact that so little is known of

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Shakespeare's life. But a great deal is known of Bacon's life; he was poet, writer, scholar, statesman. He lived a crowded hour. These plays were not written lightly and easily or at odd times by anybody. Will they explain how and when Bacon wrote them before he resolved to bury their authorship in this maze of childish riddles and cryptograms?

THE NEWER SPIRITUALISM. By FRANK PODMORE. T. Fisher Unwin.

A careful and impartial estimate and criticism of the latest evidence put forward by the exponents of spiritualism. Mr. Podmore devoted the later years of his life—for his sudden and untimely end, even as his book is issued, has awakened general regret—to the study of a cult which has little of solid progress or sober credence to account for the wide interest it has evoked. He was perhaps alone amongst those who specialised in these matters in preserving to the end an open mind. In precise and unemotional terms the writer passes in review the various notabilities—from the egregious Daniel Home (pilloried for all time by Browning) down to the ecstatic Mrs. Piper—who have wrought marvels, and incidentally made a good thing for themselves in the name of the supernatural. There is not one of them who does not suffer under the scrutiny. But the peculiarity of spiritualists is that the detection of imposture never seems to weaken their faith, scarcely even to impair the reputation of the particular medium who has tripped in dexterous manipulation of his or her conjuring plant. The wire, the thread, the gauze, the stuffed glove, the phosphorus—one sickens to read the untimely discovery of these base adjuncts to revelations and communications professing, often in pathetic circumstances, to be from the dead. Yet the believers do not falter,and their excuses for the errant medium are amazing in their ingenuity.

There is no marvel dealt with in Mr. Podmore's book which can stand this test for a moment, and one recalls the vigorous language wherewith the scientists of some years back treated the pretensions of spiritualism: "Surely no baser delusion ever obtained dominance over the weak mind of man."

So Tyndall; and there is something refreshing about his downright and sledgehammer style when we compare it with the trimmed and guarded utterances of modern inquirers.

ESSAYS IN FALLACY. By ANDREW MACPHAIL. Longmans, Green, and Co. 6*s.* net.

Mr. Macphail discourses on "The Psychology of the Suffragette," "The American Woman," "the Fallacy in Education" and "The Fallacy in Biology" with a pen of some acerbity, and leaves the conviction that if critics with an equally keen eye for "fallacy" had been listened to in the past, the world would be pretty much where it was in the days of Noah. Probably progress is a fallacy: certainly the British constitution is a bundle of fallacies—yet we must make shift with them. Mr. Macphail is really very positive for a man who confesses that "At one time I possessed a sure conviction that two and two make four; but in an evil moment I allowed myself to become interested in a controversy upon the subject between Professor Taylor and a colleague. Now I am in despair that I shall ever attain to a finality of opinion upon the subject."

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BERNARD SHAW AS ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER: AN EXPOSITION OF SHAVIANISM. By RENEE M. DEACON. Fifield. 1s. net.

There is a danger that Mr. Shaw may become—what he says he found Shakespeare twenty years ago—a divinity and a bore. Miss Deacon will not even grant that he is cynical. She will only admit that to be true of him, indeed, which has apparently never been said of him before. We see the force of the statement that "he so hungered for the infinite goodness of God that he dedicated his life to man's attainment thereto." It would have been better, however, if the author had merely analysed Mr. Shaw's genius without trying to prove him to be inhumanly perfect. Judicious readers who can translate Miss Deacon's superlatives into reasonable positives will find some valuable critical suggestions in the book.

THE CASE AGAINST WAGNER: NIETZSCHE *contra* WAGNER. By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. T. N. Foulis. 1s. net.

These two pamphlets, in which Nietzsche attacks Wagner as a decadent with all the vehemence that was in him, are curiosities rather than serious criticisms—like Herbert Spencer's famous argument that Meyerbeer was a greater musician than Mozart because he used fewer scale passages: Nietzsche's preference for Bizet was no less personal, and proved nothing beyond the already unreliable state of the philosopher's judgment. The translator, however, holds by Nietzsche: shows that he was once all but destined for a musical career himself, that Wagner and he were close personal friends, and that the attack was a matter of conscience and not of malice; and finally insists that the case is proved and that it is we English who are wrong in still admiring Wagner.

STUDIES IN THE MARVELLOUS. By BENJAMIN P. KURTZ. Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

Professor Kurtz, of the University of California, gives us here four studies of the marvellous in literature. The interest of his book, however, is psychological and anthropological, rather than æsthetic. Beginning with a chapter on Greek criticism of fiction and marvel, he goes on to discuss the psychology of wonder, and from this he passes to a survey of the beginnings of wonder as seen in primitive mind, custom, and belief, and especially in Central Australia belief and story. Professor Kurtz is a keen-witted and suggestive pioneer in what ought to prove a rewarding branch of inquiry—the scientific inquiry into the origin and function of the wonder-element in literature.

POETRY

THE ODYSSEY. Translated by J. W. MACKAIL. Books XVII.-XXIV. Murray. 5s. net.

One is naturally prejudiced against the use of the Omar Khayyam quatrain for the purposes of narrative poetry; but in artistic matters one must judge by results not by prejudices, and the results justify Mr. Mackail in his dangerous experiment in verse translation. His quatrains have ease, movement, and variety, and, on the whole, one is inclined to agree with

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Mr. Andrew Lang that no better verse translation has appeared in English. To get Homer's poetry better in English, indeed, you have to turn to Mr. Lang's own prose. One may give as an example of the merits of Mr. Mackail's work such a verse—chosen almost at random—as that which describes the nurse's excitement on going to tell Penelope the news of Odysseus' return.

> But to the upper chambers made repair,
> To tell her mistress that her lord was there,
> The aged woman, laughing, and her knees
> Moved quickly, and her feet sped up the stair.

There is no unnecessary decoration, no pseudo-poetry here, and this is the chief negative quality of Mr. Mackail's translation. He is straightforward, simple and sure, and so he has given us a Homer that is really to some degree Homeric.

SOCIAL

A Modern Humanist. By B. Kirkman Gray. A. C. Fifield.

With its biographical introduction—a model of its kind—this volume of miscellaneous papers is the record not only of a point of view, but of a large hearted and generous life.

Kirkman Gray was not the first, and will not be the last, of whom it may be said, "the label of any sect seemed out of place when pinned on him."

First a Congregational minister, then a Unitarian, finally with no label at all, but filled with a passionate love for and faith in the common people, the writer of these papers found his vocation and seems to have broken his physical strength in work among the poor of north London.

This book reveals wherein lay his consolation and his reward. His paper on "Slum Theology" is full of insight and affords material for twenty sermons. His faith and confidence in humanity—even the mud-spattered humanity of the mean streets—were unquenchable and magnificent.

Senates and Upper Chambers. By Harold W. V. Temperley, M.A. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. 5s. net.

There can be no doubt of the timeliness of this work. The British Constitution—time-honoured, venerated, tested and proved through centuries of storm and stress—with some suddenness, but by consent apparently of all political parties, has been found to be in need of vital amendment.

There is no lack of weighty and modern authority on the subject. Anson, Dicey, Bagehot, Erskine May—to mention a few only, have expounded the peculiar excellence of our unwritten constitution. But their point of view has scarcely varied from the eulogistic attitude of Hallam, who, writing nearly two hundred years ago and tracing the spirit of our laws saw the constitution of England distinguished from all free governments of powerful nations by its manifesting after centuries, not merely no symptoms of decay, but a more expansive energy.

Mr. Temperley is not wanting in veneration, and, while he assists the

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reader by admitting that his own sentiments incline towards Liberalism, there is no trace of partisanship or unfairness in his study and presentment of the present political trouble.

But he is clear in his opinion that drastic alteration of our Upper Chamber is imperative, he sees deadly danger that it may become a haunt of capitalists, and he quotes Edmund Burke as having foreseen such a possibility, and as one, not usually accounted to have been a revolutionary, who was ready to proceed to civil war to prevent the country being ruled by a plutocracy.

Mr. Temperley is no believer in Single-Chamber government, and perhaps his most valuable contribution to the subject is his exposition and criticism of the Bicameral system as it obtains in Europe and in the English colonies.

THE RURAL LIFE PROBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES. NOTES OF AN IRISH OBSERVER. By SIR HORACE PLUNKETT. Macmillan. 5*s.* net.

In the United States, ordinary people fix their ambitions on the towns and "simple life" people go back to the land for the week-end. As a consequence, the country decays, or at any rate, stands still, and the towns, being progressive and vital and organised, dominate the national life and control national politics to a dangerous degree. Sir Horace Plunkett insists that the United States, like England and like Ireland, will not ultimately be able to hold its own in the world-competition unless it organises and reconstructs its rural life and preserves the country as a breeding-ground for efficient men and women. He recommends the adoption of the co-operative methods which have already done so much to stem the decay of country life in Ireland. Co-operation, he declares, means the restoration of something like the communal patriotism of the Middle Ages, and therefore of an ardent and many-sided local life. "Better farming, better business, better living," in Mr. Roosevelt's phase, are all needed in country places, and of these Sir Horace puts better business first in order of time. His book is the work of a practical man and throws much valuable light on the rural problem in countries over-richly blessed by the Industrial Revolution.

HOME RULE: SPEECHES OF JOHN REDMOND, M.P. Edited, with an introduction, by R. BERRY O'BRIEN. Portrait. Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Irish Parliamentary party has never produced a literature to explain its objects and justify its ideals as the Young Ireland party did in the 'forties of last century. Mr. Redmond's speeches, however, have a logic of construction and a dignity of phrasing that give them in their present form a not inconsiderable place in political literature. His is essentially a Parliamentary style: his eloquence appeals to the reason rather than to the passions.

His demand, as expressed in these pages, does not go so far as separation on the one hand nor will it be satisfied with mere "local," government on the other. Discussing a phrase of Lord Rosebery's in 1894, he said: "We mean by 'Home Rule' a government which would be consistent with the supremacy of this Parliament, and with a position in the Empire, a National Government with something of the pride and the honour

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attaching to a National Government and a National Parliament." In other speeches he exposes popular fallacies with regard to Irish crime and the prospects of Irish Protestants under a Home Rule Government. Not the least noteworthy of the speeches are those which deal with the financial relations between England and Ireland, Mr. Berry O'Brien in a pointed introduction compares the measures which Ireland has gained by Parliamentary, and those which she has gained by revolutionary, methods, and incidentally gives a very different account of Fenianism from that which the scaremongers have popularised.

MEMORIES OF A LABOUR LEADER: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN WILSON, J.P., M.P. With an Introduction by the Dean of Durham and an Appreciation by the Bishop of Durham. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

Mr. Wilson is a "self-made" man (if that phrase can be applied in a case where the motive has certainly not been self-seeking) and his way to the magistrate's bench and the House of Commons has been a hard one. In the squalid 'forties he was a pit-boy; later he took to seafaring, then migrated to the States, returned again to Durham mining, became a local preacher, took a prominent part in the great strike of 1879, and so, by degrees, acquired the influence and reputation which he now so deservedly enjoys. It is a plain and unpretentious narrative, with a notable absence of the egoism which will creep into the best autobiographies.

TRAVEL

AN ENGLISH STUDENT'S WANDER-YEAR IN AMERICA. By A. G. BOWDEN-SMITH. E. Arnold.

Miss Bowden-Smith, a graduate of Newnham, had the inspired audacity to spend a year in visiting American educational institutions. In the volume before us she has recorded what she saw, felt, read, and was told during her wanderings. She preserved throughout an alert and studiously impartial attitude which merits and should command the attention of English educationists. If it would be hard and perhaps inadvisable to domesticate most American methods in England, still we might learn much from the "George Junior Republic" in our treatment of precocious criminals. Nothing could be more admirable than its system of inculcating the principles of patriotism, self-reliance, and self-respect. One gathers that co-education, especially in the colleges, is by no means an unqualified success, and that the term "co-ed," as applied to a woman-student, has a derogatory connotation. That is worth the noting. Indeed, the whole book stimulates to thought. What is to be the outcome of this whole-hearted haste to be wise? A nation which is capable of the avowed intention of "making culture hum," is capable of anything, even culture itself.

A CORNER OF SPAIN. By WALTER WOOD. Illustrated by FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. Eveleigh Nash.

The sole, sufficient, and final test of a book of travels is, in our opinion, this: "Does it, or does it not, excite in the reader an itch to be off hot-foot in the author's tracks? Judged by this criterion the book before us

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has amply justified itself. Was it in our power, we would start for the Galicia of Mr. Wood and Mr. Mason to-morrow. The book strikes one as having been written from an inner and casual impulsion, from the author's genial desire to communicate his own enjoyment. It is easy and successive, full of engaging trivialities, concerned with the price of wine and cigarettes, with brown babies and swarthy brigands, with writers and washerwomen, and all the pleasant accidents of travel. History and legend there are too and even a little architecture, to remind us that we are not travelling wholly for our amusement, but that there are certain things that some day we shall rejoice to have seen, though, for the moment, we would prefer to be sunning ourselves at the *café*. Major Hume ushers in the volume with half a dozen pages of glowing prose, and Mr. Mason's sketches are almost riotous in their wealth of colouring.

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